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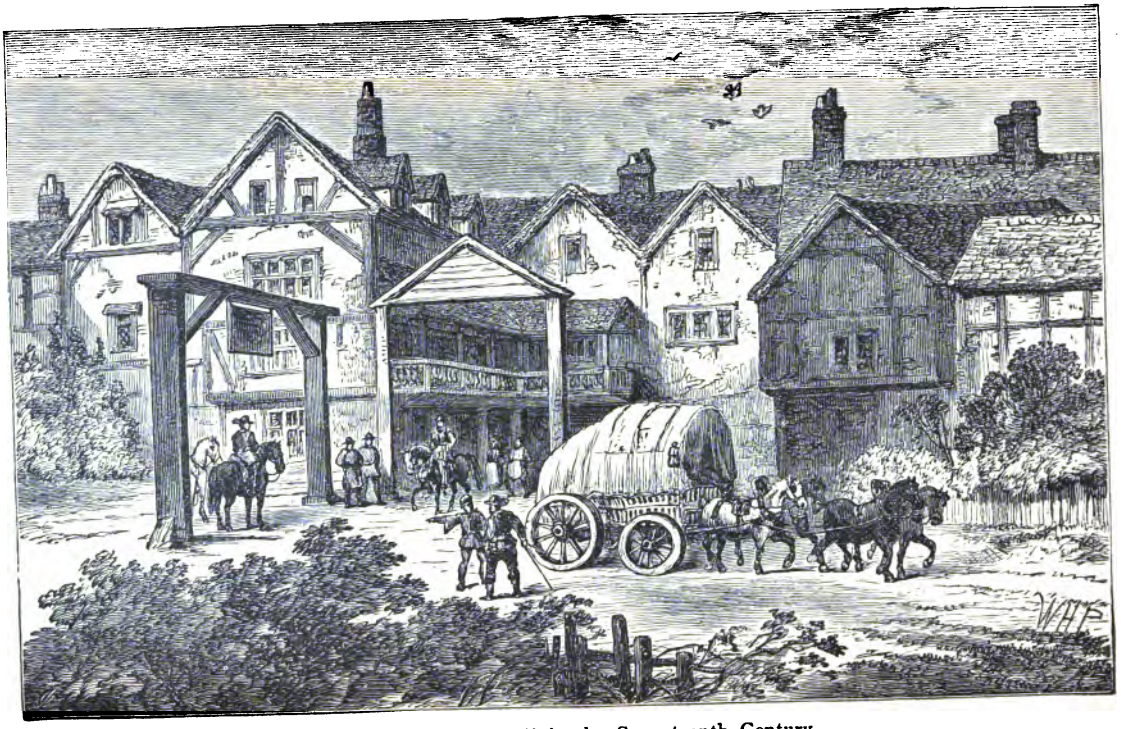

The "TABARD INN," in the Seventeenth Century.

SOUTHWARK

AND ITS STORY:

BY

CHARLOTTE G. BOGER.

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DEDICATED

BY KIND PERMISSION TO THE

RIGHT REV. ANTHONY WILSON,

Lord Bishop of Rochester.

PREFACE.

"SOUTHWARK and its Story" owes its existence to a chance view of some old books on Southwark, in the Guildhall Library.

On making acquaintance with them, it struck me that what was so new and interesting to myself, might be equally so to others in our Borough, especially to those who might not have time or courage to face more solid reading on the subject. In consequence, a series of articles appeared in one of the local papers; they excited some interest, and after excisions, additions, alterations, and I trust emendations, have taken their present shape.

I have called my book a story instead of using the more ambitious title of history, as I have only aimed at reproducing the more picturesque incidents in the life of our Borough, avoiding statistics of its industries, and omitting much of interest with regard to its Inns and Prisons, etc., which would have unduly enlarged its size. Should I be accused of having made unlimited use of scissors and paste, I freely avow that I have always preferred to let the old Chroniclers speak for themselves

when possible. They are the "own correspondents" of the ages gone by, and their quaint stiff language seems better to suit the battles and the pageants they describe, than any modern adaptation of it.

In matters of controversy, such as the original nature of the so called Lady Chapel, in St. Saviour's Church, I have followed the popular view, and retained the familiar name. Some errors will doubtless be detected among such a number of facts. I can only plead that no care has been spared to avoid them.

I have to thank many friends for kind advice and encouragement, particularly the REV. W. THOMPSON, Curate of St. Saviour's; E. WALFORD, ESQ.; F. SCRIVEN, ESQ., for setting me right as to the site of Mr. Thrale's House; DR. FREEMAN, for a most courteous letter which directed me to information with regard to William of Normandy's passage through Southwark; and last, but not least, one, who by his careful revision, has relieved me of half my fears in facing the public, by being himself "the severest of critics."

ST. SAVIOUR'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

June, 1881.

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CHAPTER I.

MY SUBJECT PROPOSED.

The Romans in Southwark.

IF there is one spot more than another in all London whose associations may claim for it the title of classic ground, Southwark is that spot. Such an assertion may be doubted or derided, but I not only maintain, but hope to prove, that neither the City of London (in spite of Sir William Walworth, and Dick Whittington) nor Tyburnia, nor Kensington, nor the Strand, nor even the Temple can compete with it in interest. But the Tower and Westminster Abbey? Well, I yield the palm to Westminster Abbey, that embodiment in stone of the great moral truth that there is but one step from the throne to the grave, but, for the "Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame," as Gray has called them, on the whole, I think, the less said of them the better. Only to Westminster Abbey will I grant the first place in point of attractive interest, and I hope to prove my point when I assert that Southwark is a good second.

And as I am writing, the whole place seems instinct with great names, and wondrous memories, and ancient lore.

There is Gower, who chose his resting place here. Old Chaucer himself, "the first finder of our faire language," as Daniel, an Elizabethan poet, calls him, and at his name who does not think of Chaucer's Tales, and mine host of the Tabard and the Canterbury Pilgrims?

Then we have James I. of Scotland, Chaucer's admirer and most worthy follower, not James VI. and I., but the poet King so cruelly murdered by his rebellious nobles. Then comes Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, next Jack Cade with his riotous followers, then Bishop Gardiner, and at his Palace appear Mary and Philip, and alas! soon after, as a consequence, Bradford and the Protestant Martyrs.

And now we pass on joyfully to the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and what visions and memories throng around us! The mighty Shakspeare and his brother Edmund, who here found a grave. Fletcher and Massinger, and all the band of play writers and early actors, amongst whom we must not omit Alleyne who realized here the fortune out of which he founded his magnificent Charity. Then not far from Bankside is Bear Garden, where you may imagine our virgin Queen coming, not to hear Shakspeare and to visit the Globe Theatre, but to see the noble sport of bear-baiting. Scarcely a lady-like amusement, one should say, but it was the custom in those days, and one cannot much wonder at a lady's attending bear-baiting, who could swear a good round oath on an occasion, or box a gentleman's ears. For in spite of Queen Elizabeth's undeniable greatness as a sovereign, good Queen Bess is *not* my notion of—I will not say a queen, but of a lady and a woman. We have improved in Queens since then, and we know of one in whom—

> "A thousand claims to reverence close,
> In her as mother, wife, and queen."

—but then she has never aimed at being more or less than a woman.

But to continue my list of Southwark worthies. Bishop Launcelot Andrews, of Winchester, whose tomb is in St.

Saviour's, was indeed an improvement on Beaufort and Gardiner. Bunyan also preached in the neighbourhood, and by the permission, too, of his friend a Bishop; and Sacheverell of notoriety in Queen Ann's time, was chaplain of St. Saviour's; and Dr. Johnson visited the Thrales, the founders of Barclay and Perkins' Brewery; and in our own time Wilberforce, who taught us what a Bishop was, and what he could do, and after we were torn, with so little consideration for our feelings in the matter, from the grand old diocese of Winchester, left his mantle to fall on worthy shoulders, so that we have been able to solace ourselves with thinking that if Winchester was the grander and of higher dignity, yet that Rochester was the elder, and save Canterbury, the oldest English (not British) See.

It is, perhaps, in consequence of all these historic and literary associations that there are absolutely, as far as I know, no legends at all, (except an absurd one about the father of the foundress of St. Mary Overie, *i.e.*, St. Saviour's) connected with the Borough of Southwark. Almost all I have to tell is pure and undoubted history.

The City of London and the Borough of Southwark seem always to have been looked upon as one city, even before they were united by a single bridge. So much so that the ancient geographer Ptolemy, who lived in the second century of our era, affirms that the City of London was originally built on the south side of the river, but this is almost certainly a mistake.

That Cæsar in his march from Deal came through Southwark (whether by the Old or the New Kent Road, my information is not precise enough for me to state with certainty), and that he crossed the river somewhere about Stoney-street, near St. Saviour's Church is probable, and also that he landed at Dowgate, on the north side of the

river, and formed an encampment there. Southwark, which was then all forest and morass, would not have been an inviting resting place.

The first great improvement on this state of things that took place is said to have been owing to Boadicea's fierce onslaught on the Romans, when those who escaped her vengeance took refuge in Southwark, and settled there, much increasing its size and importance. For whatever fault we may find with the Romans, civilisation and material prosperity almost invariably followed in their footsteps.

The principal buildings of those times seem to have surrounded the present site of St. Saviour's Church, where it is likely there was once a heathen temple, tesselated pavement, boars' teeth, coins, and brass rings having been dug up there, and it is known to have been the custom of Christians to consecrate to the service of the true God sites already dedicated to the worship of heathen divinities, as in the case of St. Paul's, which is said to have been built where once stood a temple to Diana.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND OF ST. MARY OVERIES.

SAXONS, DANES, AND NORMANS—LONDON BRIDGE.

THE ancient name of our grand old Church was not St. Saviour, which is a comparatively modern title, but St. Mary Overie; and what was the exact meaning or

derivation of the name has always been a great puzzle to antiquaries. As the one only legend that I have discovered which is connected with this neighbourhood, I cannot pass over that, which associates a monument, viz., the figure of a sheeted skeleton in the North Transept, with the surname of the supposed foundress of the Church—surnames, let it be observed, not having been invented till many years after the founding of the Church and Monastery. The legend, absurd as it is, is as follows:—

"An old miser named Overies, having half starved his family, and reduced himself nearly to a skeleton, was struck with the brilliant idea that he might save a day's provisions by feigning death. This accordingly he did, not doubting that his household would fast at least a day in his honour. But to his extreme mortification, the apprentices and servants at once began to feast right royally on everything they could find. Hearing the sounds of revelry, he stole down in his winding sheet, and aiming a blow at his nearest apprentice, he, to defend himself, returned it with interest; whether exhausted by starvation, or that the blow really was a mighty one, I know not, but the pretence became a reality, and old Overies was a corpse. He had one only daughter, and her lover hearing of her loss, was on his way to her assistance, when he was thrown from his horse and killed, and Mary, in her grief and desolation, devoted all her father's hoards to the founding of a convent for a Sisterhood, which bore the name of St. Mary Overies."

Some derive the name from the Ferry which formerly existed there, and St. Mary of the Ferry would be easily corrupted into St. Mary Overy. And this is the account given by Stowe (in his chronicles) which he says he received from Bartholomew Linstead, the last Prior of the

Monastery before its dissolution, by Henry VIII. Stowe's words are: "First, that being no bridge, but a ferry to carry and re-carry, whereby the ferryer got great wealth; lastly, the ferryman and his wife died, left the same to their daughter named Mary Awdry, who, with the goods left her by her parents, and also the profits which came by the said ferry, builded an house of Sisters, which is the uppermost end of St. Mary Overies Church, above the choir, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profit of the said ferry, but afterwards the house of Sisters was converted into a college of Priests, who builded the bridge of timber, and from time to time kept the same in good reparations; but considering the great charges of repairing the same, in the year 1209, by the aid of the citizens of London and others, they began to build the bridge of stone."

Camden, in his "Britannia," omits the story of the Ferry altogether, and makes Surrey to be Suth-rey, or south of the water, and Overy to be Over-rey, or beyond or over the water.

At any rate, whenever and by whom, London Bridge was first built, one thing seems certain, and that is, that the citizens of London were first indebted to some Southwark Priests or Monks for it, and also that the ferry belonged of right to the south side of the river.

A certain St. Swithin, either, as some say, a noble lady, or as seems more likely, St. Swithin, the famous Bishop, whose festival is still observed with less piety, I fear, but certainly with as much superstition as in the middle ages, changed the Sisterhood of St. Mary into a college for Priests. The 15th of July, sacred to his memory, was the day when St. Swithin's body, after reposing by his own desire for many years in the Cathedral-yard, where

the drippings from the Church might fall upon his grave, was translated with great pomp into a magnificent tomb in Winchester Cathedral. St. Swithin himself was the friend and adviser of King Ethelwulf, son of the great Egbert and father of the greater Alfred, and by Ethelwulf he was made Bishop of Winchester.

From this time we know nothing with regard to Southwark till the reign of Ethelréd II., in whose time the first bridge was built; for amongst his laws there is one that regulates the tolls of vessels coming up to Billingsgate or *ad pontem* (to the bridge). Ethelréd, surnamed the Unready, was the most wicked, foolish, and unfortunate monarch that ever sat on the English Throne. The curse which Dunstan, invoked upon him, then only eleven years of age, at his coronation, on account of his mother Elfrida's crime in murdering her step-son Edward the Martyr, seems to have clung to him through life, and may have assisted its own accomplishment. Certainly no man could have less befitted his name of Ethelréd or noble Counsel, and it so ludicrously belied his character that his subjects called him Unréde, or wanting in counsel, which moderns have corrupted into Unready.

The Danes and Norwegians who had hardly been kept out of England by the prowess of Alfred and his worthy successors, his son Edward the Elder, and his grandson Athelstan, made head again in Ethelréd's unhappy reign; and to add to his own want of counsel, Ethelréd was beset by treacherous councillors, so that, whereas his people attributed their misfortunes to his folly, he attributed them to their treachery.

However this may be, Sweyn, King of Denmark, and Olave, King of Norway, entered England from the South, and advanced on London, ravaging the lands of Wessex,

the old name for the greater part of England South of the Thames, on their way. This kingdom of Wessex, originally only one of the many kingdoms into which England was divided, had gradually swallowed up all the others, and the Kings of Wessex became Kings of England; so much so, that at the time of which I am speaking, and till many years after the Conquest, Winchester, not London, was the capital of the kingdom. London was the greatest port of the kingdom, and was gradually rising into importance, and this was one reason that made Southwark of such consequence as the southern bulwark of the Thames, and the spot that connected the old Kingdom of Wessex with the rest of England. As a suburb of London, and the town residence of the Bishops of Winchester, and possessing the guardianship of the bridge or ferry, one can scarcely exaggerate its importance as a defence to the whole kingdom.

It was in 993 that Unlaf, the Dane, sailed up the river as high as Staines without interruption, such an insult as has only once been repeated, when the Dutch sailed up the Medway in the reign of Charles II. In 994 occurred the invasion of Sweyn and Olave. Ethelréd, with his usual folly, paid the Danes £16,000 to leave the country, which was simply an invitation to them to return. But it was part of this treaty that Olave should be baptized, and he swore that he would never again act in hostility against the English, a covenant which he faithfully kept.

And here I come to one good deed of Ethelréd's unhappy reign. Olave, or Olans, St. Olave as he is generally called, asked help from Ethelréd to Christianize his kingdom, and he took back with him from England several pious and learned Priests and Monks, one of whom named Grimkele was made Bishop of Drontheim, his

capital city. The King, it is said, did nothing without the advice of the Prelate, and by his counsel published many wholesome laws, and abolished such ancient laws and customs as were contrary to the Gospel, and this he did, not only in Norway, but in the Orkneys and Iceland.

In 1014, we find King Olave again in England, and this time assisting Ethelréd, who was probably his godfather, against Canute, for such a tie was in those days considered a very sacred one. Ethelréd was at Lindsey, and was joined there by King Olaf with a large fleet of Scandinavian ships, and it was determined to re-take London from the Danes. For this purpose it was necessary to pass the wooden bridge, which had been built in the interval of Olave's last visit to England. The bridge was wide enough for two carriages to pass each other; it was fortified with towers, and had a parapet breast high, and joined together at its south side by a strong work made of wood and stone, and protected by a deep ditch.

The first attack upon the bridge failed, the Danes having defended it bravely, but King Olaf, by some contrivance of beams and chains, succeeded in breaking the bridge, and many of the Danes were precipitated from it into the Thames, whilst others took refuge, some in the City and some in Southwark. Southwark was then itself carried, and the Danes being no longer able to prevail, the Londoners received their King back for once in his life victorious.

The remainder of St. Olave's history is a noble one; he took all means in his power in his own kingdom of Norway to root out idolatry, and to teach his subjects the true faith; he went from city to city himself exhorting the people. But the heathen rose against him, assisted by Canute, possibly in revenge for Olave's assistance to Ethelréd.

Olave fled into Russia, but returning, was slain by his rebel and heathen subjects in a battle fought near Drontheim, 1030. His son Magnus, who carried on his good work, and himself acquired the title of Saint, rebuilt the Cathedral of Drontheim to his father's memory.

Such is the story of St. Olave, and the Church which bears his name, flanks one side as St. Saviour's does the other, of the *Southwark*, or Southern defence of London Bridge.

Who founded St. Olave's Church, and St. Magnus, another Norse Saint, and probably St. Olave's son, I cannot tell you. It may have been Canute, as a sign of penitence when he, in his turn, embraced the Christian Faith, or the Londoners may well have built it as a mark of gratitude for his timely help; or the Danish Colony in and about London may have erected it to the memory of a Saint of their lineage. Which of these is the truth I cannot say, but one thing we know is, that St. Olave's Church and St. Olave's School, and Tooley Street, which is only a corruption of the same word, all alike take their name from one who knew how to keep his plighted word when given even to so feeble a Prince as Ethelréd the Unréd, and who, still more, knew how to die for the faith which he had learnt in a foreign land, and was endeavouring to teach his countrymen at home.

Ethelréd died, and his valiant son Edmund Ironsides succeeded to the throne just as Canute again approached London. He came from the South, and apparently some great obstacle prevented his fleet, which came up the river to meet him, from passing the bridge, for he actually dug a deep ditch or canal and dragged his ships round the south end, and then placed them in the river again on the west side of the bridge.

It is possible, if not probable, that the obstruction was the massive timber beams which Olave had dragged down with his cables when he and Ethelréd pulled down and utterly destroyed the bridge. However that may be, Canute managed to get through, and besieged the City, so that none could go in or out, but for all that, London was not taken, and Edmund forced Canute to raise the siege. It was on St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1016, that Canute marched on London, but in November of the same year, Edmund died, and Canute remained master of the whole of England.

I shall often, in the course of my story, have to tell of gorgeous processions, some peaceful, some warlike, some triumphant, passing backwards and forwards through London and Southwark, but one which occurred in the year 1023 is, as far as I know, unique in its character; it is the translation of the Body of the Holy Martyr, St. Elfeah, Elphege or Alphege, from St. Paul's to Canterbury.

The great King Canute and his Norman Queen, Princes, Archbishop and Bishops, paying a magnificent tribute of respect to one who had fallen by the hands of their heathen kindred, the Danes.

St. Elphege whose name still holds its place in the calendar of our Church Prayer book, on the 19th of April, the day of his martyrdom, was a native of Somerset, and at one time occupied a cell in Bath Abbey, from hence he was drawn by the great Dunstan, and consecrated Bishop of Winchester, so that for twenty-two years he was connected with our Story as Diocesan, and he was eventually raised to the See of Canterbury.

It was in the year 1011, says the *Saxon Chronicle*, that the Danes ravaged the whole land from East Anglia to Wiltshire; in Canterbury they seized the Archbishop and

kept him in long captivity; after securing a tribute of £40,000, they asked for a ransom for him, this he refused, and forbade a collection to be made for that purpose from the impoverished country. At a feast they held at Greenwich, where the army was stationed, they sent for the Archbishop and again demanded money to set him free; this he constantly refused, and in their rage, inflamed with wine, they pelted him with the bones and horns of oxen, then battered and bruised as he was, he sank down under their blows, and a soldier he had lately baptized, with a sort of savage mercy, ended his sufferings by a blow with a battle-axe.

His mangled body was yielded to his friends, and on the following day he was buried at St. Paul's by the Bishop's of Dorchester and London. This was just after Easter in the year 1012.

But Canterbury demanded the remains of their martyred Archbishop, and so twenty-one years afterwards, Canute having given his permission, his body was taken from its tomb, and "the illustrious King, and the Archbishop, (his successor,) with his Suffragan Bishops, carried in a ship his holy body over the Thames to Southwark, Canute himself taking the helm * and delivered the body to the Archbishop and his companions. They then with a worshipful band, and sprightly joy, bore him to Rochester" in magnificent procession through our Borough. "Then on the third day came Emma the lady, with her royal child, Harda-Canute, and they all with much state and bliss and songs of praise, bore the Holy Archbishop into Canterbury, and then worshipfully bore him into Christ's Church (the Cathedral) on the third before the Ides of June."

It was probably during Canute's strong and able govern-

* It is evident from this, that London Bridge had not yet been rebuilt.

ment that the wooden bridge was re-built, for the next time we find London Bridge mentioned in connection with Southwark, was in the time of Edward the Confessor, (half brother to Edward Ironsides and also to the young Danish King Hardicanute,) whose reign formed a peaceful interlude between the Danish and the Norman Conquests.

Taking advantage of the one great blot in Edward's character, as a sovereign, viz., his love of foreigners, his father-in-law, Godwin, the great and unscrupulous Earl of Kent and Wessex, played with great success the rôle of a patriot. He managed to gain unbounded power in the kingdom; he provided earldoms for all his sons, and after the death of Siward, the great Earl of Northumberland, had it not been for Leofric, Earl of Mercia, Godwin would have parcelled out the whole kingdom for himself and his sons. The King, however, at last successfully resisted his tyranny, and banished him with the whole of his family.

Godwin was in charge of the coast, with possibly some title answering to the Comes Littoris Saxonici, or Count of the Saxon shore, of the times of the Romans, or the Warden of the Cinque Ports of later days. At any rate, he took a large ship, and with a great quantity of treasure sailed for Flanders, one of his sons having married the daughter of Earl Baldwin of that country. But the restless Earl did not long remain in banishment: he raised a fleet and came back and ravaged the west country. And now Edward roused himself and prepared to resist him. He raised a fleet at Sandwich, and an army in London, but Godwin, with his fleet of ships and galleys, sailed up the Thames as far as Southwark; and till the tide turned, held conference with the Londoners, whom, by fair speeches he bent to his will, for Godwin was held a good speaker in those days; in fact he seems to have had all the charac-

teristics of a modern Demagogue, with far more wealth than they generally possess.

By this time his land army had marched to his aid, and stood in array on the south bank. Then turning towards the north bank where lay the King's galleys in readiness, and his land forces not far off, the invaders offered battle.

Let us try to picture to ourselves this sight, one of the strangest that Southwark or London ever saw. Two hostile fleets at once in the Thames. Godwin's army drawn up on Bankside, and King Edward's, under the shadow of the St. Paul's of that day, or probably further west, and nearer Westminster. We must remember that the river was greatly wider than it is now, and that these galleys drew very few feet of water.

Dr. Freeman, in his Norman Conquest, tells us that Godwin was one of the celebrated men who had a home in Southwark; so that when he laid his vessels along Bankside, he must have been amongst his own neighbours and friends.

Whether the two chiefs, Edward and Godwin, really meant fighting, one cannot tell, but the soldiers on either side, declared they would not fight English against English. And so coming to treaty, the King and the Earl became reconciled, both armies were dissolved, Godwin and his sons forgiven and restored to their dignities, excepting only Sweyn, the eldest son, who had sinned past even Edward's power of forgiveness. He, touched in conscience for his many and grievous sins, went barefoot, so the chronicles say, to Jerusalem, and died on his return home, by sickness or Saracens, in Lycia. Editha, Edward's queen, who had shared in her family's disgrace, was restored to her state, and the kingdom had peace.

But Edward died! The last direst heir of Cerdic that

ever sat on the English throne, and the year 1066 saw three Kings and witnessed two fierce battles on English soil.

It was on the 5th of January, the eve of the Epiphany, that Edward passed away, and on the 14th of October Hastings was fought and Harold slain. But during his short reign, backwards and forwards must he have passed through Southwark and over London Bridge hurrying his eager host, and pouring northward in hot haste to meet the invasion of Tostig (the King's brother) and Harold Hardrada of Norway his ally, then flushed with victory, but weary and way-worn, within a few days they were pouring southward again on their way to defeat and death on the fatal field of Senlac.

And now came the news at which men's hearts stood still and cheeks grew pale, that the last Saxon King had fallen, and that the stern conqueror was marching on London, the importance of securing which, though not then the capital, he fully recognised. On he came ravaging as he marched. It is said that he sent on a body of five hundred knights either to reconnoitre, or to try and gain London by a *coup de main;* but the citizens sallied out, a skirmish took place, and the Londoners were beaten back within their walls, and the Southwark with its defences saved London for the time though itself given to the flames.

William marched on and did not cross the river *then.* It is probable that St. Mary Overies was destroyed at the same time, but whether burned in the fire which desolated Southwark, or swept away by the great hurricane which demolished London Bridge I cannot tell you.

It was in the year 1091 that a furious east wind threw down six hundred houses in the City and several churches: apparently Southwark did not suffer, but the tide in the

river came rushing up with a violence which probably a much stronger fabric, than the bridge was then, would have been unable to resist, and it was entirely swept away. Whether after this disaster Southwark and the City were disunited for some time I do not know certainly, but it seems probable that there was some disagreement as to whose duty it was to re-build the bridge.

It was in the year 1106 that two Norman Knights, William Pont de l'Arche, formerly treasurer to the Conqueror, and William Dauncy refounded the Priory of St. Mary Overies, on a more magnificent scale, for Canons Regular.

There was, no long time ago, a Norman doorway to be seen on the north of the nave, but a few fragments only are said to remain built into the wall, but the north side is so hemmed in with workmen's yards and hoarding that I have not been able to examine them personally, but these few stones are, as far as I know, all that exist of the Church of William Pont de l'Arche and William Dauncy.

There is a wooden effigy also still to be seen at St. Saviour's of a crusading Knight. May not this have represented William Pont de l'Arche or his friend? There are also two curious low arched niches in the north aisle of the choir in the position where founders or great benefactors of a church or abbey would be buried. That wooden effigies on tombs were customary at that time we know; for there is a very beautiful one of Robert of Normandy, in Gloucester Cathedral, of nearly the same date, representing him as a crusader lying with crossed legs, on an altar tomb. It is not extraordinary that one of the founder's effigies should be wanting when we consider the injuries by fire and flood which this grand old foundation has suffered.

William Pont de l'Arche had something also to do with restoring the bridge, hence possibly his odd name of "Bridge with the Arch;" and if, as we may suppose, the former bridges were merely huge beams of timber laid on piles, William Pont de l'Arche's bridge was probably built with arches, and the admiration this new style created would account for his very peculiar cognomen. That the arch was newly brought into use for bridge building about this time is certain, for the first stone bridge ever built in England, that of Stratford-le-Bow, in Essex, built either by Henry the First's daughter, the Empress Maude, or the rival Queen Maude, Stephen's wife, would scarcely have given the name of le-Bow to a place, had it not marked the epoch of the introduction of a great novelty.

There is, however, a place in Normandy, which still bears the name of Pont de l'Arche, from which he may have taken his name. It is at any rate singularly appropriate.

We find that the expenses of the new bridge, which in some way is connected with this Norman Knight William, were met by an assessment upon all lands in the County of Surrey. In another charter of the reign of Henry I., A.D. 1122, a grant is made to the Monks of Bermondsey of five shillings a year out of the lands pertaining to London Bridge; the small beginning of those endowments of landed property, now forming what are called the Bridge House Estates, and yielding a revenue of between £20,000 and £30,000 a year. It is remarkable that still the bridge belonged to *us* on the south side; it was the people of Surrey who were assessed, it was to the Monastery at Bermondsey that the grant was made, the Monastery be it remembered of St. Saviour's.

In 1136 the Bridge was burnt down by a fire which began

in the house of one Ailward, near London Stone, and laid the City in ruins from St. Paul's to Aldgate.

In 1163 the Bridge was wholly rebuilt, and the architect was one Peter, of Colechurch, "priest and chaplain." I should suppose that Peter had in his mind to build a bridge of stone, and that this wooden bridge was merely a temporary erection, for in 1176, without, as far as I can discover, any fresh disaster, we find this same Peter building a stone bridge.

Peter of Colechurch, was curate of St. Mary's, Colechurch, at the south end of Conyhoop-lane, now Grocer's-alley, on the north side of the Poultry, a chapel distinguished as that in which Thomas á Becket was baptized. Now Becket was murdered in 1170 and canonized two or three years later, and so Peter introduced a curious though by no means unique feature into his bridge, for on the centre pier he erected a chapel, and dedicated it to the memory of St. Thomas à Becket, and here, before the completion of his work, Peter himself was buried, for the architect did not live to see his finished structure. But well and truly must it have been built, for in spite of the terrible disaster, I shall have to recount directly, Peter's bridge remained till the year 1822, when the present London Bridge was built.

Upon Peter of Colechurch's bridge houses seem to have been built from the first, so that the bridge which united Southwark and London was in point of fact a street; but they must have narrowed the roadway, increased the risk of accidents, and laid an additional weight upon the piers. Nevertheless Peter's bridge lasted by dint of patching for 600 years, and we may fairly doubt whether the present one will do the same.

Thomas à Becket's Chapel was built on the east side of the bridge and on the tenth or middle pier, which therefore

was carried out further than the others. The chapel, which was very beautiful, consisted of a crypt and upper chapel. It continued to be used for Divine Worship down to the time of the Reformation.

Between this Chapel and the south end of the bridge one of the arches or junctions of the piers was formed by a drawbridge; it rested on the ninth pier from the Southwark end. At the north end of this opening, opposite therefore to Becket's Chapel, was a tower, and on the top of it were displayed the heads of those executed for high treason. In 1205 Peter of Colechurch died and was buried in Becket's Chapel. In 1209 the bridge was finished, and in 1212, during the time of the deepest degradation that England ever underwent, in the reign of the wicked and worthless king John, occurred the most terrible disaster that we have to record with regard to London Bridge.

"It was the tenth day of July, at night," says Stowe, in his black letter Chronicle, "that a marvellous and terrible chance happened for the citie of London. Upon the south side of the river Thames, the Church of our Lady of the Chanons in Southwarke (St. Mary Overies) being on fire, and an exceeding great multitude of people passing the bridge, either to extinguish, or else to gaze and behold, sodainely the north-part by blowing of the south winde was also set on fire, and the people which were now passing the bridge perceiving the same, would have returned, but were stopped by fire, and it came to pass that as they stayed, or protracted time, the other end of the bridge also, viz., the south end, was fired, so that people thronging themselves betwixt the two fires, did nothing else expect or look for than death. Then there came to aid them, many ships and vessels, into which the multitude so indiscreetly pressed that the ships being drowned, they all

perished. It was said through the fire and the shipwracke that there were destroyed about three thousand persons. William Packington writeth that there were found in part or half burnt three thousand bodies, beside those that were quite burnt which could not be found."

It is a striking proof of the goodness of Peter of Colechurch's work, that the bridge, though much injured, was not destroyed.

This terrible story is told with little or no variation in all the old chronicles, and Speed turns it into a sort of parable, and draws a most quaint parallel between this fearful catastrophe, and the position of King John, who, like the poor creatures on the bridge, was in the midst of two "inevitable flames, on this side his faithless nobles, and on that his merciless foes," (John's foes were Philip Augustus, of France, always the enemy of the reigning sovereign of England, whoever he might be, with all the French Barons who were ready, the army at Rouen, the Navy at the mouth of the Seine to invade England), "when the Pope thus proffering him St. Peter's boat for a safeguard from bothe, drencht him into as great misery, certainly greater ignominy than both the others."

But for this time England was saved from a foreign invasion, and it was not till 1216 that Louis, the eldest son of the King of France, landed at Sandwich, and marching over London Bridge with his army, took the city, or rather the Londoners welcomed him as a deliverer from the tyranny and caprice of John.

Meanwhile the King died, and an old chronicler says with terrific energy, "Hell felt itself defiled by the presence of John."

CHAPTER III.

SOUTHWARK IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

MAY 21st, 1216, is a day to be remembered, for it was the last time that a foreign army ever landed on English soil to endeavour the conquest of the country. Spanish ships have sailed round our island, and French armies and fleets have looked wistfully across the "narrow streak of silver sea," but never since then have they landed on our coasts with hostile intent. Britain has appeared to be under the special care of its guardian Saints; or shall we not rather say of God Himself? Binding our island round with its bright blue girdle, the sea has been its defence, its guard, and its great highway. And Shakespeare's description of England is as true now as when it was first penned:—

"This Royal throne of Kings, this sceptre'd isle,
This earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England;
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege of watery Neptune."

More than 650 years have passed away since the French Prince Louis, afterwards Louis VIII., marching through Southwark and over the bridge entered London "with

solemn procession and incredible applause of all, and took in Paul's Church (whither he went to pray) the oaths of the citizens, and after at Westminster of the Barons," for John's unutterable wickedness had so turned men's hearts against him that the greater part seemed in favour of the French Prince. But in happy time John died, and then the English began to see how suicidal their policy had been, in inviting over a French Prince to conquer them; and the great Earl of Pembroke, brother-in-law of the little King Henry III., took advantage of the turn of the tide, and Louis, after a vain struggle, was obliged to give up his idea of attaching England to the French Throne, and so allowed himself to be politely handed out of the kingdom by the great Earl himself.

Years passed away, the child king had grown up as, alas! most child sovereigns do, to a dishonoured and foolish maturity. Though Henry did not inherit his father's vice and fiendish cruelty, he inherited his weakness, his vaccillation, and his want of truth; and so it came to pass that another brother-in-law of his became famous, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, husband of Pembroke's widow, Henry's sister Eleanor. De Montfort's character is so variously represented that it is difficult to judge of it; but one thing is certain, that willingly or unwillingly he was forced into rebellion against his king and brother, and it is said that one of the conflicts between them took place in the streets of Southwark.

And now let us pause a moment in the stream of history, and try to realise to ourselves a little what Southwark was in those Middle Ages, called the Dark Ages, because, as Dr. Maitland quaintly puts it, people chose to remain in the dark about them.

Our present notion of Southwark is so dingy and toil-

worn, so full of busy strivings in grimy workshops, that it is difficult to realize how different it must have been in those mediæval times, when "all work and no play," was by no means the order of the day. In those times Southwark had its stately abbeys of St. Mary of the Ferry, and St. Saviour's at Bermondsey. There were also the magnificent palaces of the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester, where now are the busy wharves of Bankside. Brilliant processions passed to and fro. Noblemen's retinues and military calvacades thronged the streets. The inns were filled with the followers of the ecclesiastical dignitaries and the bands of jovial pilgrims so wondrously described by Chaucer. Jesters and jongleurs, actors and minstrels attended for the amusement of those gathered there. And armies were passing on their way to continental wars, and the whole place must have been full of colour, and life, and brightness.

But all was not so fair. I can but just allude to the dens of iniquity that were licensed by the Bishops of Winchester —it is to be hoped with the idea of keeping some sort of control over them—from which Sir William Walworth derived an income, and the destruction of which is supposed to account for his violent indignation against Wat Tyler, who destroyed them. The only memorial of them left is a sad one. At the corner of Redcross-street is a place called the Cross Bones, and there these poor wretched women were buried, for though they lived close to the ancient Priory and the Bishop's Palace, under the very shadow of the church, they must not be buried in consecrated ground, and so they were laid where

> "Every foot might fall with heavier tread,
> "Trampling upon *their* vileness. Stranger, pass
> "Softly! To save the *sinner*, Jesus bled!"

But we will leave this painful subject to which I should not have alluded had I not feared it might be supposed that I thought the Middle Age to be preferred to our own. Under the bright and picturesque exterior many a foul and hideous blot lay concealed; the corruption of the Church, the immoral lives of some of the clergy and religious orders, the hopeless degradation of the poor, and the fact that at any moment a working man might be torn from his family or his business to follow his lord to war.

But let us try and realize the outer life of those days, its picturesque surroundings, its variety, its amusements, and how Southwark was the great highway for the nobles and rich merchants as they passed for business, war, or pleasure, on their way to and from the Continent. For it is one of the fallacies of our own time to suppose that people did not travel much in those days. Even in the Saxon days the communication between England and the Continent was very great, and after the Norman Conquest it increased tenfold.

To return, however, to the precincts of St. Mary Overy. The grand old Church, not disfigured as it is now, was surrounded by conventual buildings, and whatever may have been the failings of some of the Monkish Orders, wherever a great monastery was built, a centre was formed for civilisation, study, literature, and in some degree for science, such as it then was. There, was practised without stint, the virtue of hospitality, and from thence flowed charity and benevolence to the poor, not sparsely doled out by poor-law officials in a measured rule, but given with a free and loving hand, dispensing to the poor the funds devoted to their necessity by the piety of the rich; and at the dissolution, more than one head of a convent, like the noble Abbot Whiting of Glastonbury, lost his life,

rather than consent to yield to the rapacious and unscrupulous Henry VIII. the treasures which he held in trust for Christ Church and Christ's poor.

I have before mentioned that the Bishops, both of Winchester and Rochester, had their town palaces on Bankside, so that Rochester was even then connected with Southwark; and when my Lord of Winchester came to attend Parliament or to fulfil any of the dignified offices which were held by successive Bishops of that See, he could still say "I dwell among mine own people." In the *Mirror* of October, 1840, I find the following account of the ancient palace of the Bishops of Winchester, illustrated by an engraving of its state in 1810. "This once extensive palace, now used as the warehouse of a flour factor, was one of the most distinguished of the remarkable buildings which anciently stood on the Bankside. It was built by William Giffard, Bishop of Winchester, in the year 1107, as a town residence for the use of himself and his successors, on a piece of ground belonging to the Priors of Bermondsey, to whom the Bishops appear to have paid an annual acknowledgment or quit rent.

No situation could, perhaps, be chosen more judiciously for the site of such a mansion, however confined and encumbered it may now seem, than this. At the period of its erection, it, in fact, possessed the advantages which no other spot of ground so near the metropolis could have commanded. In its front ran the river Thames, between which, and the Palace itself, the space admitted, and no doubt was occupied by, a noble terrace walk, from which descended flights of stone steps to the water. On its eastern side it was sheltered by the fine Church and Convent of St. Mary Overies, separated only by St. Mary Overies' dock. At its back spread an extensive tract of country, bounded

by the Surrey and Kentish Hills, part of which was converted into Winchester Park, and on its right lay the Manor of Paris Garden, pleasantly diversified with cottages, fields, cultivated grounds, woods, &c., reaching as far as Lambeth.

"In history this palace is distinguished by various occurrences of a public nature, either possessing an interest in themselves, or tending to fix the periods at which different prelates presided there, and their particular acts. In 1299, John de Pontissara, a Bishop, who was put in by the Pope, of his own authority aliened to the Prior and Convent of St. Swithin at Winchester, certain houses with a garden contiguous to the park here, on which the mansion of the Bishop of Rochester was afterwards built, and which stood on the site of the present Borough Market."

In Miss Strickland's life of Isabella, wife of Edward II., and mother of Edward III., the "she-wolf of France," she mentions that only once have we any evidence that Isabella was allowed by her son to visit the metropolis, after her enforced seclusion at Castle Rising, Norfolk, and that was in the twelth year of Edward's reign, when she affixed her name as witness to the delivery of the great seal in its purse to Robert de Burghrsh, in the grand Chamber of the Bishop of Winchester's Palace in Southwark, the office of Chancellor being then almost invariably held by a dignified ecclesiastic. It must have been a stately gathering held at the Bishop's Palace; Edward with his magnificent court, and Isabella always fond of luxury and splendour; Edward, although he paid periodical visits to his mother in her seclusion, and surrounded her with all the observance due to her rank, never allowed his good and virtuous wife, Philippa of Hainault to accompany him on these occasions. It is remarkable that at this very time Philippa was in Flanders, where her son Lionel was born, in November,

1338. She did not return to England till the autumn of 1339, and Edward, probably feeling the necessity of having a lady to preside at his court, permitted or invited his mother to take her old position. And yet the only proof we have of this is her signature in the Bishop's Palace, Southwark.

In addition to the Palaces of Winchester and Rochester, and the conventual buildings of St. Mary's, was the hospitium of St. Thomas, the small beginning of St. Thomas's Hospital, which owed its existence to the great fire in 1212, when the monks, being burnt out, erected a temporary home on the other side of the way whilst their abbey was rebuilding. But when St. Mary's was rebuilt, and they had returned to occupy it, they preserved their late residence as an hospitium or inn, and it served the double purpose of an infirmary for the sick and also a dependency of the abbey to receive any guests when their house was full. The hospitium of St. Thomas seems to have served in this double capacity till the dissolution, when the people bought it of Henry VIII. and dedicated it for ever as St. Thomas's Hospital, keeping up the memory of their favourite saint, Thomas à Becket; Peter of Colechurch's Chapel, the hospitium of St. Thomas, and Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims all testifying to the respect in which he was held in mediæval times by the people of Southwark.

Close at hand, too, in or near what is now the Boro' High Street, stood the town residences of the Abbots of St. Augustine's, at Canterbury, and Battle, near Hastings. Bermondsey possessed its Abbey of St. Saviour's; and the Grange Road preserves the memory of the farm buildings of the Abbey, as Park Street does of the Bishop of Winchester's Park; and Montague Close in like manner retains

the memory of Lord Montague's town house; and Suffolk Street marks the residence of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, husband of Mary Tudor, Queen Dowager of France, and daughter of Henry VII., and sister of Henry VIII.

I have endeavoured in this chapter to give my readers some idea of Southwark in the Middle Ages, and to pretend to do this and make no mention of conventual life would be an unpardonable omission. I propose, therefore, as shortly as possible, to give you a slight sketch of the work of a well-ordered monastery, without pretending to state, for indeed I do not know, how far either the Monastery of St. Saviour's at Bermondsey, or that of St. Mary of the Ferry, carried out their high ideal; probably, like other societies, they depended much upon their head for the time being. If the abbot were holy, self-denying, obedient to his rule, strict and yet fatherly in his discipline, the monastery would be a home of good works; whereas, if he relaxed the rule, was worldly-minded and luxurious, his monks would, for the greater part, follow his lead. But to suppose that monasteries were full of idle monks carelessly droning the service in church, and passing the rest of their time in luxury and vice, is simply absurd. They were the schools, the hospitals, the almshouses, the asylums, the laboratories, the workshops of the Middle Ages. Each monk had his allotted work, and it was suited to his capacity.

Let me enumerate some of the various offices in a large religious house, and they will show something of the work carried on. First in dignity was the abbot, or father of the convent; next the prior, his deputy in his absence, or sometimes the head of a dependent house, as for instance the hospitium of St. Thomas. Then the precentor or chanter, who regulated all things regarding the sacred service, especially the music; he also had the care of the

instruments, and sometimes the robes worn at the service. There was the sacristan, who had charge of the sacred vessels and all things appertaining to the altar and its service (the sacristan and sub-sacristan alone slept in the church). The almoner, who managed the doles of the convent and looked after the poor. The cellarer, who had charge of all the food required in the abbey. The treasurer or bursar, who managed the accounts, paid the servants' wages, &c. The kitchener or cook. The infirmarer who had charge of the sick. The porter, who kept the keys and admitted all comers to the convent. The refectioner, who had the charge of the pantry. The father of the novices, who directed the younger monks. The chamberlain, who looked after all appertaining to the cells, clothes, and bedding. Then, too, the more learned monks or those who had a vocation for teaching, undertook the different schools for the rich and the poor, for here were sent the children of the aristocracy to be trained in all good nurture and holy learning, and here were gathered the children of the poor, and those who shewed signs of talent had an opportunity given them to make the best of it.

Amongst their buildings was the scriptorium, where some were continually occupied in making copies of the whole or parts of the Bible and other works in that exquisite penmanship that remains to this day, and is at the distance of 1000 years able to be read as clearly as print. Here they beautifully and lavishly ornamented their MSS. with those exquisite illuminations that make their missals and their service books dainty works of art.

There was the refectory, where all had their meals together, whilst one read aloud a lesson from Holy Scripture, or from the lives of the Saints. There was the infirmary, where not only their own sick were nursed. There were

the guest chambers where many a one wearied with the toils and anxieties of life would for a little time lay aside his earthly cares, and seeking for a nearer communion with his Maker, would consider his latter end; and after a time of quiet and rest would again come out into the world refreshed and ready to bear his part again in the struggle of life.

Here the weary found rest, the ignorant were taught, the poor were tended, and it is well to remember that it was not till after the dissolution of the monasteries that any poor law was needed in England. What was given as an offering to God and from love to man is now forced from us by the law of the land; and the result is to make, in the richest country in the world, the poorer classes thriftless and improvident paupers.

It is common to sneer at the learning of the Middle Ages; but even before the 15th century when, what is called "the revival of learning" took place, a man could not be considered uneducated who could speak and write three languages; and all who made any pretension to learning could do this. Latin and French were taught as a matter of course, and English was never wholly laid aside.

But the commoner arts of life were also practised in the monastery. No lands were so well cultivated as Church lands; no gardens so luxuriant as the convent gardens. Music, architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, history, gorgeous embroidery, were all practised in the cloister, and, speaking generally, in the cloister alone. It is well to remember that, omitting St. Paul's, the two finest churches in London—Westminster Abbey and St. Saviour's—are convent churches, and that the finest of modern hospitals, St. Thomas's, close to Westminster Bridge, is but the development of the hospitium of St. Thomas à Becket, itself the offspring of St. Mary's of the Ferry.

CHAPTER IV.

SOUTHWARK IN THE MIDDLE AGES—*Continued.*

The Last Days of Edward III. and Richard II.'s Reign.

IN my last chapter I endeavoured to give such a sketch of Southwark in the Middle Ages as would serve for a background to the figures I wish to reproduce; and so many shadows of the past flit before me, that my only difficulty will be to group them on the canvas. How shall I arrange Wat Tyler and Gower, and William of Wykeham and Chaucer? for they are all strangely enough linked together, however slightly.

The gorgeous reign of Edward III., with its military ardour, which made war appear but a series of tournaments, and veiled its horrors with the brilliancy, the romance, the generosity, and the courtliness of the period, was passing away. And yet, before we think of them as bygone, let me recall to you one magnificent procession which must have passed through the Old Kent Road and up the Boro', and, the gates being opened, over London Bridge, and wending its way through the City, passing city mansions and noblemen's houses, stopped at the Duke of Lancaster's Palace, at the Savoy. I allude, of course, to the magnificent procession which welcomed King John of France as an honored guest, rather than, as he was in reality, a landless king and a prisoner. Southwark saw that splendid caval-

cade with which our earliest history books have made us all familiar, when the captive King rode on a magnificent white horse, whilst his victor, the Prince of Wales (whom we all know best by the name of the Black Prince), rode by his side, as Froissart says, on a little black hackney. And that this was no ostentatious pretence at humility is certain from the graceful consideration shewn throughout to the King's feelings, for on his voyage to England he and his retinue were in a ship by themselves that "he might be more at his ease."

But these days of England's pride and triumph had fled. The Black Prince, on his return to England, with ruined health from the south of France, made his home at Kennington. His palace is gone, but the spot on which it stood still forms part of the Duchy of Cornwall, and belongs to our present Prince of Wales. He endeavoured, so far as his failing health would allow, to remedy the abuses that had increased during his father's later years. He found his ambitious brother, John of Gaunt, playing for power, his father sunk in sensuality and a prey to a disgraceful mistress, Alice Perrers. It must have been a grievous thing to his great soul to see all his life's work undone, England a chaos, and his father and his son, at the mercy of evils, only too clearly foreseen. He died in 1376, and Edward roused himself to proclaim the young Richard Earl of Chester and Prince of Wales, and at a festival of the Knights of the Garter on St. George's day, at Windsor, to knight him, and set him at the feast that followed, above his own sons at table. But it was only a momentary flash; back fell the old King into his disgraceful obscurity, and

> "The swarm, that in his noontide beams were born,
> Gone to salute the rising morn."

left him in his ignoble slavery at Shene, and made their

way to the little Court, held at Kennington by the Dowager Princess of Wales and her son Prince Richard.

Foremost among the throng who paid their court to the young Prince were the citizens of London, and Stowe gives us an amusing account of the Mayor and Corporation going as Christmas Mummers, in quaint disguises, for the delectation of the young Richard. It was very early in the year 1377, on the Sunday before Candlemas (or the Feast of the Purification, which occurs on the 2nd of February), that "Hither came in the night one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a mummery, and with sounds of trumpet, sackbuts, cornets, shalms, and other minstrels, and innumerable torchlights of wax, rode from Newgate, through Cheape, over the bridge, through Southwarke, and so to Kennington, beside Lambeth, where the young Prince remained with his mother and the Duke of Lancastere, his uncle, the Earls of Cambridge, (afterwards Duke of York), Hertford, Warwicke, and Suffolke, with divers other lords. In the first rank did ride forty-eight in the likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowns of serge or sandal (?) with comely visors on their faces; after them came riding forty-eight Knights in the same livery of colour and stuff; then followed one, highly arrayed like an Emperor, and after him some distance one stately attired like a pope, whom followed twenty-four Cardinals, and after them, eight or ten with black visors *not amiable*, as if they had been legatees from some foreign Princes."

These maskers after they had entered Kennington, alighted from their horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, "the Prince, his mother, and the lords, came out of the chamber, into the hall, whom the said mummers did salute, showing by a pair of dice upon the table their

desire to play with the Prince, which they so handled, that the prince did always win, when he cast them."

"Then the mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were, a bowl of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince won at three casts. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the Duke, the Earls, and other lords, to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win. After which they were feasted, and the music sounded, the Prince and the lords danced on the one part with the mummers, which did also dance; which jollity being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came."

It was in the same year, 1377, June 21st, early in the morning, that news came to the City that the old King was passing away. Alice Perrers having clutched the rings from the dying King's fingers had fled; bishops, abbots, nobles, attendants all were gone; one poor priest (let his memory be honoured, though his name is not given) stayed with the aged King and urged him to repentance; he prayed with and for him, and his reward was to catch the last word that Edward breathed out, as his soul departed; it was "Jesu."

All, all, even his sons were at Kennington, each waiting and watching, ready either to seize power, or to be the first to pay their homage to the new Sovereign.

An embassy was immediately despatched from the City in order to be present when the new King was proclaimed, and to be amongst the first to pay their respects.

The last embassy was late at night, and the contrast every way is striking yet the object was the same, to win the favour of the boy King, barely eleven years old, and the party assembled is nearly the same as that which were present just six months before.

John of Gaunt was there, as it was the safest place to escape the fury of the Londoners, who threatened to tear him to pieces for evil words spoken against their Bishop. The deputation arrived; one John Philpot made an oration to the Prince on behalf of the City; and above all they prayed for protection from the Duke of Lancaster into whose hands the Government had passed. Richard, ever a lover of peace, wisely made choice of the opportunity to patch up a peace between his uncle and the citizens, and though I fear the truce was a hollow one, yet in mediæval fashion the Duke kissed each of the citizens, and the embassy departed with assurances that their privileges should be respected, and also that the Court should return to London, for the citizens bemoaned the absence of both Edward and his heir.

The weakness of the Sovereign has often been the people's opportunity. The nobles and the Church forced the Magna Charta from King John. The nobles, assisted by the middle classes, moulded parliament into somewhat its present shape during Henry III.'s weak reign. And now the peasantry would have their turn.

During the great Edward's reign the people submitted, though reluctantly, to the heavy burdens laid upon them, the impositions of their lords, the forced labour, and all the cruel and grinding oppression that roused the French to struggle for their freedom more than 400 years later.

In 1381 the poll tax was the last straw that made the load unbearable, and, like wild fire, the revolt ran through the country; but, as usual the men of Kent were the first to rise. We may thankfully believe that they are now neither as hopelessly stupid as they are represented by Caxton, himself a Kentish man, nor as hopelessly bad as

Shakespeare represents them in the somewhat similar revolt of Jack Cade in the time of Henry VI.; but certainly there can be no doubt that they had then to answer for an immense deal of mischief and bloodshed.

Froissart gives us an animated account of the whole affair; but he, we may be sure, took entirely the court and aristocratic side, and could see nothing but insanity in John Ball's preaching on the equal rights of man; nothing but wickedness in the endeavour of the poor to free themselves from oppression.

Like all mob risings, "the more part knew not wherefore they were called together," for if they knew their troubles and their distress, they neither understood the causes, nor how to remove them. Their principal vengeance was directed against lawyers and foreigners. How they detected the unfortunate lawyers we are not told, but they beheaded them wherever they could find them, but for the foreigners, principally Lombards, they were unable to pronounce *bread and cheese* with a truly English accent, and making these their shibboleth, they beheaded every man who did not come up to their standard of pronunciation, and woe-betide the Englishman who had an affected accent, or any defect in his speech.

Southwark seems to have had a colony of Lombards, for we are told that several of these unfortunate people lost their heads in the Boro'. Stowe tells us that the rebels in their wild progress broke down the houses of the Marshalsea and King's Bench in Southwark, took from them the prisoners, breaking down the house of Sir John Inmouth, the Marshal of the Marshalsea and King's Bench. On they rushed in their work of destruction. The young King barely 16, took refuge in the Tower, his brave and trusty guardian, John of Gaunt, fled from the tumult which his

bad government had provoked; for the popular hatred was great against him, and if *he* had been caught and decapitated, we might, perhaps have been spared the terrible and pitiless wars of the Roses, caused by the unhallowed ambition of his son, afterwards Henry IV.; but John of Gaunt kept himself safely out of reach on the borders of Scotland. Richard was also deserted by his half-brothers, the two Hollands, who, when he set off on his adventurous expedition to confer with the rioters, rode away at full speed; truly the young King had a valiant company of relations and guardians.

Joan of Kent, Princess Dowager of Wales, mother to both Richard and the two Hollands, was returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury (where, whilst worshipping at Thomas à Becket's shrine, she could kneel close by the tomb of her second husband, but first love, Edward the Black Prince), when to her great terror she fell in with the rebels. Froissart says, "she ran great risks from them, for the scoundrels attacked her car and caused confusion which greatly frightened the good lady, lest they should do some violence to her or to her ladies. God, however, preserved her from this, and she came in one day from Canterbury to London without venturing to make any stop by the way." We can fancy the poor Princess, once the "Fair Maid of Kent," but now a burden to herself from her great size, in terror for her own person, and in still greater anguish as to the unknown dangers which might befall her brave young son.

But she need not have feared for him, for in that terrible affair he was the only person who acted with a courage and promptitude not less great and far more wonderful than his heroic father displayed at Cressy. And it was a courage that, though bordering on the rashness of des-

peration, was, as is often the case at such a crisis, the highest prudence.

When Richard heard of the people swarming on the banks of the river he insisted on taking boat from the Tower and going to meet them. He went to Rotherhithe, and would have landed and held conference with them had he been allowed; but his governors and courtiers, amongst whom was Simon of Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, forced the royal boy back, and would not allow him to trust himself to his people, but took him again to the Tower. This like any sign of cowardice whilst combatting a wild beast, was the most foolish thing they could have done; irritated and maddened by the symptons of distrust and fear, they rushed on to the Tower, murdering all those who had prevented the King's interview with them, amongst whom was the Archbishop; they made their way into the Princess of Wales' apartment and actually cut the bed or couch on which she was lying, and the poor lady was conveyed in a fainting state to the house called the Wardrobe, in Carter's-lane, Baynard's Castle.

The next day Richard, with the Lord Mayor, some gentlemen of his Court, and some citizens of London, with an escort of about sixty lancers, went to Smithfield, where the greater part of the rebels were, and there occurred the well-known meeting with Wat Tyler, where he fell by the dagger of Sir William Walworth, and Richard saved the City and the country from unknown horrors by his own brave and spirited conduct.

After the danger was past his first act was to visit and comfort his mother, and high must her heart have beat with the hope that her son would one day emulate the deeds and win the fame of his father. "Madam," said the boy, "rejoice and thank God, for it behoves us to

praise Him, as I have this day regained my inheritance, and the kingdom of England which I had lost." It was no empty boast, and it is hard to believe that it was the same Richard who so tamely yielded his crown eighteen years afterwards.

Now, pass on we must to the year 1392, when a fresh embassy from the London citizens came through Southwark to meet King Richard, the occasion was as follows: Richard whose love of show and magnificence led him into great expenses, found himself in want of money, and would fain borrow of his good citizens of London the sum of £1,000, but they not being now as amiably disposed towards him as formerly, not only absolutely declined to lend it themselves, but would let no one else do it either; for when an unfortunate Lombard offered to accommodate the King, they set upon him, and so evil entreated and beate him as neer hand (well-nigh) slew him." No wonder that the King was indignant! A council was called, the Mayor and Sheriffs were deposed, and it was determined that from henceforth there should be no Mayor! The King would appoint one of his knights to be ruler of the Citie, "their privileges were revoked, their liberties annulled, their laws abrogated." So this year 1392, the land of Cockaigne was without its King! The citizens were in great trouble. King Richard summoned them to Windsor and assembled a large force to intimidate them; they offered £10,000 but the King was not to be pacified. And the Londoners returned home "heavy and dismayed."

Then said the King, when he heard this, "I will go to London and comfort the citizens, and will not that they any longer despair of my favour. Then were all of them filled with incredible joy, so that every of them determined to meet him, and to be as liberal in gifts as they were at

his coronation. So from Shene in Surrey he came to London with Queen Ann, his wife, and the citizens met him in Wandsworth to the number of 400, all clad in one livery; when they submitted themselves to him most lowly wise, and he generously consented to their request that he should ride through "his chamber of London," so he held on his journey till he came to St. George's, Southwark, where they were received with procession of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, and all the clergie of the citie, who conveyed them through London, the citizens of London, men, women, and children, in order meeting the King at London Bridge, where he was by them presented with two fayr white steedes, trapped in cloth of golde, parted of red and white, hanged full of silver belles; the which present he thankfully received, and after that he held on his way through the citie to Westminster." Then follows a long account of the decorations through the City of London, but that does not concern us. Yet after all, the citizens had to pay the King over and above all the presents that they had made, the £1,000 he had first asked for.

After treating of these high matters of Kings and Courts, Lord Mayors and the privileges of London, what will my readers say to my introducing them to the natural history of the Dolphin? If the information therein contained is as new to my readers as myself, they will of course thank me for it, and as it concerns the Thames and London Bridge it is not outside my subject. I am indebted to Edmond Howes edition of Stowe's Chronicles for the story. In this same year 1392 (I rather think my friend Howes believes that the Dolphin had something to do with the misfortunes of the City in that year) "a Dolphin came forth of the sea, and played himself in the Thames, to London to the Bridge, foreshewing happily the tempests

that were to follow within a week after (it is delightful to find that even in the dark ages enlightment was so advanced as to give them "weather forecasts!") the which Dolphin being seen of the citizens and fellowes was with much difficulty interrupted, and brought again to London, shewing a spectacle to many of the height of his body, for he was 10 feet long. These Dolphins are fishes of the sea, that follow the voices of men, and rejoice in the playing of instruments, and are wont to gather themselves at musicke. These when they play in rivers, with hasty springings, or leapings do signify tempests to follow. The seas contain nothing more swift nor nimble, for often times with their skips, they mount over the sailes of ships!"

Be it understood that for this marvellous account of the Dolphin and its habits I do not make myself responsible. I have copied it straight out of the old black letter folio chronicle.

In the year 1395 occurred a jousting or tournament on London Bridge. It took place on St. George's day, the 23rd of April, betwix David, Earl of Crawford, of Scotland, and Lord Wells, of England, in which Lord Wells was at the third course bourne out of the saddle. The challenge had been given in Scotland, when Lord Wells was ambassador there; and Lord Wells chose the place and Earl David (probably out of politeness to the Englishman) chose St. George's day, but England's patron Saint was not propitious, and the Englishman had the worst of it. In the first encounter Earl David sat so strongly on his horse, that the people loth to see an Englishman beaten by a Scot, said that he was bound to the saddle, and Earl David, hearing this murmur, dismounted and immediately again ascended into the saddle, but in the third course Lord Wells was thrown violently on the ground.

Earl David seeing his fall, dismounted hastily from his horse, and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred, but only for the glory of victory, and in the signe of more humanity, he visited him every day while he recovered his health, and then returned to Scotland.

It was in this same year, 1395, that Richard, his dearly loved wife Ann being dead, yielded at last to the wishes of his people, as expressed by Parliament, and consented to marry again; but it was hardly to be accounted keeping his word, to choose for his second consort the little Isabel, eldest daughter of Charles VI. of France, and Isabel of Bavaria, his queen. Her youth, for she was but eight years old, was the chief recommendation to Richard, whose memory was still wedded to that of the good Queen Ann. He sent an embassy to Paris to demand her hand, and when the little girl was led in to meet her future lord's ambassador, the Earl Marshal dropped on his knee, saying "Madam, if it please God, you shall be our Lady and Queen," and she, without prompting, answered "Sir, if it please God, and my lord and father, I shall be well pleased thereat, for I have been told that then I shall be a great lady."

Her entry into London was not, however, an auspicious one. "On the 13th of November," says Stowe, "the young Queen Isabell, commonly called the little, for she was but eight years old, was conveyed from Kennington besides Lambith (Lambeth) through Southwarke to the Tower of London, and such a multitude of people ran out to see her, that on London Bridge nine persons were crowded to death, of whom the Prior of Tiptree, a place in Essex, was one, and a matron on Cornhill, another."

The pathetic story of this little queen is known to all

readers of Miss Strickland's lives; left a widow ere she was eleven years old—the crafty and politic Henry IV. tried earnestly to secure her for his eldest son Henry V., known as Madcap Harry. The young Prince was far more suitable in point of age than her more mature husband Richard, but she stedfastly refused to marry the son of him who had killed her lord, and before she was 12 years of age, the maiden wife and widowed Queen was taken in stately procession, and with all due honour, through our Boro' and restored to her French home; and Sir Henry Percy protested on yielding her up to the French Ambassador, that she was restored in all honour as she had been received four years earlier.

It was in memory of her, and from love of her, that in any wild frolics in which the Prince engaged, (though Shakespeare's description of his excesses is purely imaginary), Henry Prince of Wales always kept himself a pure and stainless knight, and after the battle of Agincourt he brought home by the same route by which the little Queen had come and gone, her widowed husband, the young Duke of Orleans, who remained a prisoner in England during the reign of Henry V.

Let me end this "story" as far as it concerns King Richard, with our Southwarke Poet Gower's words in his "Vox Clamantis" which Stowe has Englished thus:—

"O Mirror for the world meete,
"Which shouldst in gold beset
"By which all wise men, by foresight,
"Their prudent wits may whet,
"So, God doth hate such rulers as
"Here viciously doth live:
"And none ought rule, that by their life,
"Doe ill example give

"And this King Richard witnesseth well,
"His end, this plaine doth showe;
"For God allotted him such ende,
"And sent him to great woe,
"As such a life deserved; as by
"The Chronicles thou may'st knowe."

Gower is hard upon poor King Richard, who is one of our kings, who receives but scant justice: his virtues were his own, his failings were in a great measure the fault of the host of ambitious, greedy relations, by whom he was beset. His pacification of Ireland, which even his mighty grandfather could not accomplish, shewed his energy and his powers of conciliation. His great defect was his extravagance, and this his people would have forgiven him, but for his love of peace.

CHAPTER V.

SOUTHWARK AS CONNECTED WITH LITERATURE.

Gower and Chaucer.

THE reign of Richard II. is a disappointing one, for its literature and its religious feeling alike, mark a time of unfulfilled promise. Gower and Chaucer have been called the dawn of English literature, Wykeliffe the morning star of the reformation, but the beams of both were quenched in blood, for during the Wars of the Roses, literature was at a standstill, and the whole stream of civilisation and enlightenment was turned back. Nevertheless this reign

marks a great period, no less than the creation, or, perhaps we ought to say, the restoration of our English speech as a recognised tongue amongst the languages of the world. Even before the Conquest, Latin was the favourite tongue with all learned men, though there is an Anglo-Saxon literature of which we have no reason to be ashamed, but after the Conquest, English was treated as a barbarous dialect not fit either for a gentleman or a man of education. French was the language of the Court and the aristocracy, and that to a much later time than is generally supposed; Latin the language of the Church and literature. To Wykeliffe and Chaucer we owe the restoration of our language to its rightful supremacy, for Gower, though the older man and the elder author, in this respect was a pupil of his friend, but as the earlier in point of date and as most intimately connected with St. Mary Overies, I will consider him first.

The materials for reconstructing the life of Gower are very scanty, but we may blend together the few hints we have, and give you a connected, though short account of him and his works.

Of the actual date of his birth I can find no record, but as he is said to have been about 80 when he died, in 1402, he must have been born somewhere about the year 1322, or in the latter part of Edward II.'s reign, and after outliving his son, Edward III. and his grandson Richard, have died in the reign of Henry IV. Leland claims him as a member of the family of Gower in Yorkshire, from whom have sprung the noble houses of Sutherland and Ellesmere, and it was probably in consequence of this tradition that his tomb in St. Saviour's was restored in 1832 by the Earl of Sutherland. He seems, however, to have come from Kent, ranked as an Esquire of that County, and

was possessed of the Manor of Kentwell by his marriage with Joan, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Gower of Multon in Suffolk; he possessed estates also in Kent, Norfolk and Suffolk, and probably in Essex, so that he was a man of wealth, but lived much in London, and apparently in close connection with the Court. He was liberally educated and is said to have been a member of the Middle Temple, where he is supposed to have made acquaintance with Chaucer, who was Student of the Inner Temple. Chaucer was connected by marriage with John of Gaunt, and possibly belonged to his household; Gower seems to have attached himself principally to Thomas Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. It is possible that the death of Gloucester, not without suspicion of Richard's being concerned in it, may have been the cause why Gower suddenly transferred the court he had paid to Richard, to his ambitious cousin, "vaulting Bolingbroke," Earl of Derby, afterwards Henry IV. If this be so, and if Gower really believed that Richard had a hand in Gloucester's death, this may excuse the reproach that attaches to him, of deserting the King in his fall, the more so that his dedication to Henry was written some time before he became King.

Gower's wealth enabled him to be a great benefactor to St. Mary Overies Church. It has even been said that he rebuilt the whole, but this is hardly probable, yet it is certain that he contributed largely to it, and rebuilt most sumptuously the Chapel of St. John,* at his sole cost, and founded a chantry in it, endowing it with money for a mass

* The present Vestry has been supposed to represent the Chapel of St. John; but more careful investigation shews that the Chapel of St. John was attached to the North Aisle, and that the present Vestry was the ancient Sacristy.

to be said daily for the repose of his soul. On the 23rd of January, 1397, he was married to his second wife, Agnes Groundulf, in St. Mary Overies Church, by William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who is so justly celebrated both as one of our greatest architects, and still more as the founder of our English system of public Education; his double foundation of St. Mary's College, Winchester, and New College, Oxford, being the models on which Henry VI. founded Eton, and King's College, Cambridge.

Gower must have been well advanced in years at the time of his second marriage. He was buried by his own desire in the same church where it had taken place. and which he had so largely benefitted, and a magnificent tomb was erected over his remains. His wife who survived him, was afterwards buried near him, but her monument does not now remain. Of his tomb we must give some account. I take my description from the 13th volume of the "Mirror." "It stands in the north aisle of the Church and is one of the richest monuments within its walls. The tomb consists of three Gothic arches, which are richly ornamented with cinquefoil tracery, roses, and carved work of exquisite character. Behind these arches are two rows of trefoil niches, and between them rises a square column surmounted by carved pinnacles. From the bases of the columns descend roses and other foliage, and from the lower extremities of the interior arches descend cherubim. Within three painted niches are the figures of Charity, Mercy, and Pity, round whom are entwined golden scrolls bearing the following inscriptions:—

"Pour ta Pitie, Jesu regarde
Et tiens cest ami en s'aufve garde."
Jesu! for thy compassion's sake look down
And guard this Soul as if it were thine own.

On the second scroll is written :—

"Oh, bon Jesu ! faite Mercy
A'l ami dont the Corps gist icy."
Oh ! good Jesu ! mercy show
To him whose body lies below.

On the third scroll is written :

"En toy qui est Fitz de Dieu le Pere
S'aufve soit qui gist sous cette Pierre."
May he who lies beneath this stone
Be saved in Thee, God's only son.

I need scarcely say that these are free translations.

There are other inscriptions with which I need not spin out my chapter, but below the effigies, is the following in Latin, of which I will only give the translation :—

Here lieth John Gower, Esq., a celebrated English poet, also a benefactor to this sacred edifice, in the time of Edward III. and Richard II. Then follows a description of the figure, his head, crowned with a fillet of roses, rests upon three folio volumes labelled with their titles "Vox Clamantis," "Speculum Meditantis," and "Confessio Amantis." *

The "Speculum Meditantis" or "Looking-glass of one Meditating" was in French. "It is now entirely lost," says Dr. Smith in his English Literature, whereas "The Mirror" affirms that there are two copies in the Bodleian Library. † It is occupied with general delineations of

* I have taken the description of Gower's tomb as it stands in the "Mirror," but I must acknowledge that I have failed when comparing the original with the description, to recognize all the rich details. Either the writer must have copied his description from some older author, or have drawn somewhat on his imagination. The figure, books, and Altar Tomb, however, remain with a Gothic canopy, and render it a handsome monument; it has been removed to the South Transept.

† And this I find to be true.

virtue and vice, with exhortations and advice to the reprobate for their restoration to hope, and with eulogies on the virtues to be cultivated in the Marriage State.

The "Vox Clamantis" or "voice of one complaining" was written in Latin. Its principal subject is the rebellion of Wat Tyler. The name, with an allusion to John the Baptist, seems to have been adopted from the general clamour and cry then abroad in the country.

But by this time Chaucer had discovered and shown forth of what our English tongue was capable, and so Gower followed his friend's example and wrote his "Confessio Amantis" or "Confession of a lover," in English. His first copy, written it is said at the request of Richard, and dedicated to him, describes how he came rowing down the Thames at London one day, and met King Richard, who, having invited him to step into the royal barge, commanded him to write a book upon some new matter.

In the copy addressed to Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, he says that the book was finished "the yere sixteenth of King Richard, A.D. 1392-3," shewing that the dedication was made before Henry could have had any apparent chance of the throne. This copy is full of attachment to Henry,

"With whom my herte is of accorde,

and purports to appear in English for England's sake. Chaucer and Gower mutually compliment each other in their poems. Chaucer in his "Troilus and Cressida" says—

"Oh moral Gower, this book I direct
To thee, and to the philosophicall Strode
To vouchsafe were nede is to correct
Of your benignities and zeales gode."

Whilst Gower in his "Confessio Amantis" puts into the mouth of Venus this graceful compliment to his friend:—

"Greete well Chaucer, when ye mete,
"As my disciple and poete
"For in the flours of his youth,
"In sundry wise, as he well couth
"Of detees (ditties) and of songes glade,
"The which he for my sake made,
"The londe fulfilled is over all;
"Wherefore to him in speciall
"Above all others I am most holde."

Chaucer died in 1400; before that time Gower was overcome with infirmities, old and quite blind. He says of himself, that he was

"Condemned to suffer life, devoid of light."

He died in 1402, thus preceding and following his greater friend and rival.

Stowe, in his survey of London, after giving an account of the Marshalsea and the King's Bench prisons, goes on to say: "From thence towards London Bridge, on the same side, be many fair inns for receipt of travellers by these signs, the Spurre, Christopher, Bull, Queen's Head, Tabarde, George, Hart, King's Head. Amongst the which, the most ancient is the Tabard, so-called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar winged at the shoulders; a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars, but then (to wit, in the war) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depict upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others; but now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service; for the inn of the Tabard, Geoffrey Chaucer, esquire, the most famous poet of England, in commendation thereof writeth thus:—

"Befell, that in that season, on a day,
In Southwark at the Tabard, as I lay,
Readie to wenden on my Pilgrimage
To Canterburie with devout courage;
At night was come into that hosterie,
Well nine-and-twentie in a companie,
Of sundrie folke, by adventure yfall,
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
That toward Canterburie woulden ride,
The chambers and the stables weren wide,
And well we weren eased at the best, etc."

Let me take this passage of Stowe's with his quotation from Chaucer as my text, and I shall hope to enlarge thereon to my readers' profit.

And first upon Inns. Our modern system of railway travelling has deprived inns of an immense part of the importance they had in past times, when halts for refreshment were made by the coaches, at inns on the road, and scarcely a journey of any length could be undertaken without sleeping one or more nights on the way. But their only use was not as a place of rest and refreshment to travellers. They were the clubs and music halls, the concert rooms and the theatres of the middle ages. In them the drama, after it had out-grown the churches and the convents, where alone the mysteries and moralities were performed, first found a home, the court-yard serving for the performance, whether it were of jesters or jongleurs, travelling minstrels or peripatetic actors, and from the rooms above stepped out on the balconies or galleries, the guests of the inn, to witness the performances, when doubtless they showered down their benefactions on the heads of the actors below, in proportion to the pleasure they received.

Of the inns mentioned by Stowe, the George and the

White Hart alone, keep anything of their ancient form. There, still are to be seen the galleries where many and many a visitor has stepped out to view the different scenes that succeeding ages brought. The White Hart probably took its rise in the time of Richard II., that being his favourite device. The George being mentioned by Stowe, shews us that the old favourite sign of the George Inn does not always owe its title to the House of Brunswick, but from the more ancient and knightly source of the times when St. George for Merry England was the favourite war cry. The Spurre still exists, but of the Christopher and the Bull I know nothing. The King's Head has just put up a handsome new front, and the Tabard, after various changes, was, after the great fire in Southwark, in 1676, changed by some stupid and unimaginative person to the Talbot, an old name for a dog. This sign it continued to bear till modern improvements (?) swept it entirely away; and now a smart, modern antique restaurant has revived the old name made venerable by the literature of 500 years ago, and hangs out the herald's coat as its sign.

But before I endeavour to place before you Chaucer's Pilgrims, I must give you some account of the great poet himself—the greatest, as old Stowe affirms, that England had ever produced; but, then, Stowe was scarcely able, as a contemporary, to judge of the greatness of Spencer and Shakespeare. And Chaucer had a line of his own in which he was unapproachable, viz., the reproduction of the life and manners of his own time. He was a satirist, and may, in some respects, be looked upon as one of our early reformers, but Chaucer never fell into the mistake of a great writer of our own day of sacrificing truth to mannerism and love of eccentricity. Chaucer's are all representative characters, whilst Dickens's personages, if not absolutely

unreal, are exceptional and rare. Chaucer reproduces England of the 14th century; but Dickens's England is *not* the England of the 19th century.

Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and the only great English poet before the Elizabethan age, was born in the year 1340, and his long and active life extended to 26th October, 1400. It was his fortune to be a witness of that vast ambition which fired his Sovereign to make two great monarchies one, by grasping at the diadem of France; and how could the fire in a great poet's heart sleep when he beheld the King and his prince, those bold Plantagenets, the third Edward and his brave son, going forth like Royal Knights errant in quest of majestic adventures?

The 14th century was the epoch when chivalry was at its greatest brilliance, and poetic romance at its best. Who would have thought that all this fair seeming was but a precursor to 100 years of war and bloodshed, and civil strife? Who would have imagined that its light would be so soon exhausted, and that so dark a period should divide it from our next great outburst of original thought?

In the learning of the age Chaucer was carefully instructed, and, though his genius was of the hardy kind that predominates over every obstacle, many events favoured its development.

He is believed, by some references in his works, to have been a student at Cambridge, and at the Temple. From an accomplished scholar he became a man of business, and a courtier.

He was employed on important foreign embassies, and enjoyed a more liberal intercourse with society than any English poet had hitherto done. His marriage with Philippa, a lady in attendance on Queen Philippa, and

sister to John of Gaunt's third wife, attached him to the Court, and specially to his brother-in-law. He was also the friend of Petrarch, and probably of Boccaccio, the daily witness of Court pageants, the companion of the most polished persons of Edward's Court; familiar with all modes of life, and with the literature of all Europe. A mind of such original strength had probably never before been sent forth to expatiate in so wide a field of observation. It is stated by Warton, the historian of English poetry, that at the marriage of Violante, the daughter of the Duke of Milan, with Lionel, Duke of Clarence, Chaucer was introduced to Petrarch. Froissart was there, and probably Boccaccio. Were ever princely nuptials so graced? *

Langlaude, a contemporary of Chaucer, in his visions of Piers Plowman, indited the only poem of any considerable length in the English language, about thirty years before the Canterbury Pilgrims appeared, but not before Chaucer was known as a poet. But the art of versification was then in its rudest state; the language was still unsettled and rugged; the diction, numbers and music of poetry were still to be invented. Johnson says, Chaucer was "the first poet who wrote poetically."

To the contemporary poets of Italy he was more indebted than to the classical models. We have his own authority often repeated for his love of study. "Upon a boke, ywrote with letters old," he tells us that he read most eagerly the long day; that days spent in reading seemed very short, and that

"Out of the olde fieldis as men saith,
"Cometh all this new corn, from year to year,
"And out of olde bookis, in good faith,
"Cometh all this new science, that men lear." (learn.)

Chaucer is so commonly spoken of as the author of the

* See Johnstone's History of Early English Poetry.

Canterbury Tales that, perhaps, few know how ardent a lover of nature he was, and how vividly he pourtrays the beauties of the country.

Reade, an American writer, says of him, "All nature is with him alive with a fresh and active life blood. His green leaves, it has been well said, are the greenest that were ever seen. His grass is the gladdest green; the cool and fragrant breeze he sings of, seems to fan the reader's cheek; his birds pour forth notes the most thrilling, the most soothing that ever touched ear.

> "There was many and many a lovely note,
> "Some singing loud, as if they had complained,
> "And some did sing all out with their full throat."

The earth, sea, and sky are steeped in brightest sunshine, and all things else about him drawn from May-time and the cheerful dawn."

Many of Chaucer's earliest works are like the "Romaunt of the Rose" translations, or imitations from the French; but, perhaps, there is not one so sweet and dainty as the "Flower and the Leaf"; those who shrink from attempting Chaucer's own quaint old words may study it in Dryden's imitation or paraphrase; but I must hurry on to the Canterbury Pilgrims, the work of his maturer years; and *the* one which identifies Chaucer so completely with Southwark. It is like the Fairy Queen, an unfinished poem, and like it, wonderful as a fragment. The design of the poem is this: A chance-gathered company of twenty-nine pilgrims selected from the different walks of English life, on their way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury, assemble at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark, and the author supposes himself to be of the number of the pilgrims.

In those days shrines were the watering places for autumn or summer holidays, of our ancestors, and pilgrimages a popular and a fashionable amusement, which the Knight and the Prioress might share with the notable house-wife or jolly miller, without any prejudice to personal dignity.

And now, whilst the party are assembling, let me furnish some idea of the Tabard as it was, when Charles Knight gives an account of his visit to, and careful inspection of it, and restores it in imagination to what it was in the days of Chaucer. He says, "We now request our readers to enter once more the Pilgrim's room and assist us to restore it to something of its original appearance. From end to end of the long hall, there is no obstruction to the eye except those two round pillars or posts placed near each end to support the massy oaken beams and complicated timbers of the ceiling. The chimney-pieces, too, and panels are gone, and in their stead is that immense funnel-shaped projection from the wall in the centre opposite the middle window, with its crackling fire of brushwood, and logs on the hearth below. The fire itself appears pale and wan in the midst of a broad stream of golden sunshine, pouring in through the windows from the great luminary, now fast sinking below the line of Margaret's Church, in the High Street opposite.

"Branching out in antlered magnificence from the hall at one extremity of the room, are the frontal honours of a first-rate deer, a present probably from the monks of Hyde to their London tenant and entertainers.

"At the other end of the hall is the cupboard with its glittering arrays of plate, comprising large silver quart pots, covered bowls and basins, ewers, salt cellars, spoons, and in a central compartment of the middle shelf is a lofty gold cup with a curious lid. Lastly, over the chimney

bulk hangs an immense bow with its attendant paraphernalia of arrows, the symbol of our host's favourite diversion.* Attendants now begin to move to and fro, some preparing the tables, evidently for the entertainment of a numerous party, others strewing the floor 'with herbes sote (sweet),' whilst one considerately closes the window to keep out the chilling evening air, and stirring the fire throws on some more logs.

"Hark! Some of the pilgrims are coming; the miller gives an extra flourish of his bag-pipe as he stops opposite the gateway that they may be received with due attention. Yes, there they are now slowly coming down the yard, that extraordinary assemblage of individuals from almost every rank of society, as diversified in character as in circumstances, most richly picturesque in costume. An assemblage which only the genius of a Chaucer could have brought so intimately together, and with such admirable purpose.

"Yes, there is the Knight on his good horse; the fair but confident wife of Bath! The squire challenging attention by his graceful management of the fiery curvetting steed. The Monk with the golden bells hanging from his horse's trappings, keeping up an incessant jingle. But who is this in a remote corner of the gallery, leaning upon the balustrade, the most unobserved, but most observing of all the individuals scattered about the scene before us? His form is of a goodly bulk, and habited in a very dark violet coloured dress, with bonnet of the same colour; from a button on his breast hangs the gilt anelace, a kind of knife or dagger. His face is of that kind which once seen is remembered for ever. Thought, 'sad but sweet,' is most impressively stamped upon his pale but comely

* Gybon de Southeworke appears in the Roll of Agincourt as an archer, under Sir Richard Hastings, trained perhaps at Newington Butts.

features, to which the beard lends a fine antique cast. But it is the eye which most arrests you, which seems to open as if it were glimpses of an unfathomable world beyond. It is the great Poet-pilgrim himself, the narrator of the proceedings of the Canterbury Pilgrimage. The host, having now cordially welcomed the pilgrims, is coming along the gallery to see if the hall be ready for the entertainment, making the solitary man smile, as he passes, at one of his 'merry japes (jokes).' As he enters the hall who could fail to witness the truth of the description.

> "'A seemly man our hosté was withal,
> For to have been a Marshall in a ball.
> A largé man he was, with eyen sleep
> A fairer burgess is their none in Chepe,
> Bold of his speech, and wise and well y taught,
> And of manhood him lacked righté nought,
> Eke thereto was he right a merry man.'

"At the evening meal, at which mine host presides, he Harry Bailey by name, proposes to act as guide to the pilgrims, and, in order to enliven the journey, suggests that each should tell two tales on the way out, and two on their return home." Such is the setting of the picture, the tales themselves are from different sources, written at different times, but the most valuable part of the whole, perhaps, is the prologue beginning with a fine description of spring, and then describing each one of the goodly company assembled. The stories told are twenty-five: some humourous, some pathetic, some tender and graceful, some borrowed from ancient legends, some taken from the Italian, but all and each suitable to the character of the person who relates it. As for instance, the 'Prioress' tale' of the Child Martyr slain by Jews, which has been so happily modernized by Wordsworth? His great design

was left unfinished, but it is not merely as a Poet we are to regard him, not merely as a delineator of life and character, but, as Occleve has said, as the first finder of our faire language, which even in Elizabeth's time is spoken of so apologetically by two of its greatest masters, Bacon and the "well-languaged Daniel," but which, beginning with Chaucer, has spread and spread, till well nigh all North America, the great peninsula of Southern Africa, India, the great continent of Australia, the beautiful Islands of New Zealand, the wild Fijis, and now even the far distant Japan, all speak our language, read our literature, and make our thoughts their own. We, denizens of the Borough, may well be proud that he who led the van in this march of the English tongue has connected his greatest effort with the story of Southwark!

"Following in the wake of the Tabard, immortalized by Chaucer, another and the oldest of the taverns for which Southwark was so famous, viz., the Bricklayer's Arms, will soon become a thing of the past. In the reign of Edward III. Philip de Comines recorded that the Burgundian lords who came over after the battle of Cressy, to issue a general challenge to the English Knights in a tournament to be held at Smithfield, lodged at this house, which he describes as "a vaste hostel, on the olde rode from Kent into Southwarke, about two-thirds of a league from the bridge across the Thames." He adds, "the Burgundians were mightilie overthrowne." A century later, Warwick, the great Kingmaker, on his journey to France to demand the French King's sister's hand for Edward IV., waited here for his horses and retinue. Here Anne of Cleves waited while her portrait was forwarded to her husband, Henry VIII. In later times, Blake after his victory over Van Tromp, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Duncan (Lord Camperdown), Lord

Hood, after his victory over the French fleet, and Sir Horatio Nelson, after his battle of the Nile, all made this house their head quarters. In the latter part of the last century the house fell into the hands of one Townsend, who modernized it, but falling out with his builder, the latter inscribed under the dormer the following lines:—

"By short mugs and glasses
This house it was built,
By spendthrifts, not Townsend,
The sign it was gilt."

This inscription still remains, as do also the old oak beams and garniture of centuries ago." *

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO FRIENDS, HENRY VI. OF ENGLAND AND JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND HIS CAPTIVE, AND CHIEF MOURNER.

IT becomes somewhat difficult at times to gather up the threads of my tale, and weave a connected whole, and before I can introduce the figures of my Southwark story, it is necessary that I should bring up the general history to the same point.

John of Gaunt left to his family the inheritance of his own restless and turbulent character. Henry of Bolingbroke, his eldest son, seized the crown from Richard, and took the uneasy burden upon himself, whilst the incessant quarrels between his *other* son Henry, the Cardinal Beaufort and his grandson Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, were the primary cause of the misfortunes of his great grandson Henry VI. reign.

* For this account of the Bricklayer's Arms, I am indebted to a paragraph in a local paper.

In the sixth year of Henry IV. reign, the only surviving son of Robert III. of Scotland, was taken by pirates while on his way to France, nominally for his education, but really to save him from his uncle, the Duke of Albany.

Robert of Scotland had vainly tried to escape the doom of misfortune which his weak and superstitious nature fancied must cling to the name of John (his rightful appellation), judging by analogy from John of England and John of France: but he could not change his nature with his name, and he fell entirely under the power of his unscrupulous and ambitious brother, the Duke of Albany. His eldest son, the young Duke of Rothsey having displeased him by his follies was handed over to Albany, who starved him to death in the dungeons of the Castle of Falkland. Robert, to save his only surviving son James from the same fate, sent him to France. On his way he was captured by Pirates, who delivered him up to King Henry, and the boy became a prisoner in England during a time of profound peace, and immediately after, King of Scotland, for this last blow broke his father's heart. Henry when remonstrated with for the boy's unjust detention, said that he understood French and would give him a good education, and he redeemed his pledge, for the young king's captivity was of the lightest, and he was royally educated with the Lancastrian Princes, who were all highly accomplished and men of mark, and though nominally a prisoner at Windsor, was treated more as an honoured guest.

The date of his capture, 1405, was just five years after the death of Chaucer, whose poems were the fashionable literature of the day. All who read at all read Chaucer; and James of Scotland, from being a reader and an admirer, became an imitator and an author himself, of no mean

rank: he was withal an accomplished musician, and the handsomest King in Europe. Here is an account of his acquirements by a Scotch historian. "He was well learnt, we are told, to fight with the sword, to joust, to tourney, to wrestle, to sing, and dance; he was an expert mediciner, right crafty in playing both of lute and harp, and sundry other instruments of music, and was expert in grammar, oratory, and poetry," and above all, says one, "He learned to be a King."

Whilst King James was a captive at Windsor, John, Earl of Somerset, was governor of the Castle: he was half-brother to Henry IV., being the eldest of Catherine Swynford's Children. The Earl of Somerset had a daughter, who was of course brought up at Windsor; now Joan Beaufort was exceedingly fair, and King James, what could he do but fall in love with the beautiful daughter of his keeper? whilst she would have been less than a woman had she not returned the love of one, who, to all his accomplishments, and his kingly rank, added to this, the greatest attraction of all to a true woman's heart, that he was unfortunate and a prisoner. So he wrote her exquisite love poems, and sang them to his lute, and she trained a dove to carry back to him dainty epistles; and here we will leave the royal poet and the beautiful maiden making love, and pursue another thread of our story, only giving you his version of the nightingale's song which he heard, when he first saw the Lady Joan.

"Worshippe ye, that lovers be, this May;
For of your bliss the calends are begun,
And sing with us, away! Winter away!
Come Summer, come! the sweet season and sun,
Awake for shame! that have your heavens won!
And amourously lift up your headis all;
Thank love, that list you to his mercy call."

Meanwhile, King Henry V., following his father's dying advice, engaged the people in foreign wars, to distract them from rebellions at home. After the battle of Agincourt, he returned in great state to London, with a host of noble and royal prisoners, amongst whom, as we have seen, was the Duke of Orleans, widower of Henry's first love, the "little Queen" Isabel. The chroniclers give a most comic description of the sufferings of these noble prisoners on their voyage, from sea-sickness, for the channel was very rough, so that "the days of their passage seemed to them no less bitter and terrible than that day wherein they were taken at Agincourt, nor they could not marvell enough how the King should have so great strength, so easily to resist and endure the rage and boysterousnesse of the sea, without *accombrance* and disease of his stomache."

The magnificent reception which the city of London gave to Henry on his return from Agincourt is said never to have been equalled till the entry of our Princess of Wales in 1863.

The Mayor of London, I grieve to say, I cannot identify with the hero of the beloved tale of one's youth, Dick Whittington; for though he was certainly three times, and some chroniclers say four, Lord Mayor of London, yet, as Stowe, in his list of the Mayors, gives Nicholas Wotton, draper, as Mayor for the year 1415, I fear it was he, and not Richard Whittington, who received King Henry in state, though doubtless the latter was there, as one of the Corporation. Lord Mayor Nicholas Wotton, then, with four hundred citizens, went as far as Blackheath, and on their return through Southwark "rode before the King in red and white hoodes, the gates and streets were garnished with pageants, and the conduits plenteously poured fourth sweet wines. The religious men met him with procession,

and fourteen mitred Bishops attended his approach into St. Paule's, where out of the censers the sweet odours filled the church, and the quiers chanted anthems, cunningly set by note, in all which the honour was ascribed only to God, the King so commanding it, and so farre was he from the vaine ostentation of men that he would not admit his broken crowne, nor bruised armour to be borne before him in shew, which are the usual ensigns of warlike triumphs. The Citie presented him a thousand pounds in gold, two basons worth five hundred pounds more, which were received with princely thanks."

The following year, 1416, is marked by the visit of the Emperor Sigismund, a man, says Speed, "of great wisdom and integritie, much lamented at the council of Constance; and, as another Constantine, soliciting the *three, stiffe, stirring*, Popes into unitie; but failing of that purpose, from these farre parts he travelled into France, and thence into England, seeking to make peace betwixt these two western monarchs, the better to withstand the common knowne enemy of Christendom, the Turke Humphry, Duke of Gloucester, was appointed to receive him at Dover, and most strangely did he fulfil his task. He and the other lords, upon the Emperor's arrival, rushed into the water, with their swords drawn, and thus addressed the Emperor, that if his Imperial Majesty intended to enter as their King's friend, and a mediator for peace, they would receive him with all willingnesse accordingly, but if, as an Emperor, to claime authority in England, which was a free kingdom, they were there, ready to resist, and impeach his entrance. Which rough demande being most mildly answered, he had present accesse, and was by them attended to London."

We see in this strange performance of Duke Humphry,

a lingering recollection of the ancient claims of the great Western Empire, which, after shrinking away out of sight altogether in the so-called Empire of Austria, have revived, in some degree at least, in our own time, in the new German Empire. On the 1st of May, Sigismund landed at Dover, on the 7th, the Lord Mayor, Alderman, and Craftes of Londed received him at Blackheath, and brought him in great state to our Borough. Then at St. Thomas's Waterings* the King with his Lords met him and conducted him through Southwark, over London Bridge and through London to Westminster.

The Emperor was most sumptuously entertained by Henry, but his overtures for peace failed, and in 1453 the Turks took Constantinople. How might the course of affairs have changed, had the gentle Emperor's petition availed! When Sigismund bade the Lords farewell, on his return journey, through Kent on his way to Calais, he is said to have made this speech:—"Farewell, thou happy and blessed land, which as thou art in nature Angelicall, so mayst thou ever rejoice in glorie and victorie, thou true adorer of Jesus!"

It was in 1417 that King Henry again set out for France, "Upon St. Mark the Evangelist's day (the 26th of April) he tooke his journey towards Hampton (Southampton), in purpose, when the wind and sea were favourable, to go into France; he rode through London, till he came at Paule's, when he alighted and made his offering, and in like manner he offered at St. George's, Southwarke, and in all his way, he gave the farewell to every man, praying them all to pray to God for him." It was on this, his

*St. Thomas Watering was one of the City Boundaries, it was marked by a well dedicated to Thomas à Becket, it was somewhere in Kent Street.

second expedition to France, that the treaty of Troyes was made, Henry recognised as Charles VI.'s heir, and married to the Lady Katherine, sister of his first love, the Princess Isabel.

Henry brought Katherine back in grand procession through Southwark to London, and she was crowned at Westminster; and at her coronation feast he assented to the delivery of the King of Scots, with this condition, that before his departure out of England, he should take to wife the Duke of Somerset's sister, step-daughter to his own brother Clarence (who on the Earl of Somerset's death had married his widow), and niece also to the Bishop of Winchester. Nevertheless King James was not yet permitted to go to his own country as in its present disordered state it would have been almost certain destruction to him.

But news came to England of the death of the Duke of Clarence at Beaugé, killed in a skirmish by some Scots, who had come to the assistance of their French allies; and Henry upon this decided on a third and last expedition to France. With him he took as a dear friend and companion in arms, the King of Scotland, hoping thereby, that the Scots would turn to his side, but they, viewing their King as captive in the hands of the English, still adhered to the Dauphin. On this expedition, as once before, Henry had pawned his crown to his uncle, the rich Bishop of Winchester, for the enormous sum of £20,000. Forth then rode the two Kings in martial pomp through our Borough, little thinking how they should return. Henry was, as usual, victorious, and Katherine, who had been in England, hastened, after her recovery from the birth of her son, (afterwards the unfortunate Henry VI.), to France to partake of his triumph leaving her child at Windsor, and so

it was that Henry V. never saw his son. For Henry's triumphs were over, his race, a short but brilliant one, was run. He had arranged to march to the relief of a besieged town, but his strength gave way, and he had to give orders to his army to march on under the Duke of Bedford and Warwick, he bade his wife adieu, leaving her with her mother, whilst he himself followed the army in a horse litter, but his illness increasing he returned to Vincennes. There, still tended and nursed by the King of Scots, Henry prepared to die—and with the same greatness of soul that he had displayed in his life.

We do not find that his wife, who had preferred to remain with her mother, was by his side; but his brother, the Duke of Bedford, hastened by forced marches to be with him. To his hands and those of his uncle the Bishop of Winchester, Henry confided his Kingdom and his child. His wife he commended to the care of "all those who thought they owed him aught of gratitude." To the Duke of Bedford he entrusted the government of France, and so, with brave and cheerful words, the great soul passed away at the early age of Thirty-six.

To the King of Scots was entrusted the precious charge of conveying his remains to England, for Bedford could not leave the troubled realm of France, where, the instant the strong English hand was withdrawn, the different factions set upon each other. And now, as we have noted passing through our streets, so many processions, warlike, courtly, seditious, picturesque, and humorous, let us picture one of another sort, the return of the great King to be laid in that glorious last home into which England has gathered for so many ages, her wisest and her best—the abbey at Westminster.

I will describe the procession as it passed from

Vincennes to Westminster in Speede's own words. "His embalmed body was enclosed in lead, and attended upon by the Lords of England, France, Normandy, aud Picardy, was brought into Paris and thence to Rouen, where it rested till all things were ready to set forward for England; though the cities of Paris and Rouen offered great sums of gold to have Henries royal remaines interred amongst them. His picture artificially was moulded of boyled hides, and countenance painted according to life, upon whose head an Imperiale Diadem of gold, and precious stones were set, the body clothed with a purple robe furred with ermine, in his right hand it held a sceptre royall, and in the left a ball of gold; in which manner it was carried in a chariot of state covered with red velvet, embroidered with gold, and over it a rich conopie, borne by men of great place. Thus, accompanied by James, King of Scotland, many Princes, Lords and Knights of England and France, he was conveyed from Rouen to Abbeville, to Hesdin, to Menstruill, Boloigne, and Callis, the chariot all the way compassed about with men all in white garments, bearing burning torches in their hands; next unto whom followed his household servants all in blacke, and after them the Princes, Lords, and Estates in vesture of mourning adorned; then two miles distant from the corps followed the still lamenting Queene attended with princely mourners."

And thus by sea and land the dead King was brought into London, where through the streets, the chariot was drawne with foure horses, whose caparisons were richly embroidered, and embossed with the royall armes; the first with England's armes alone, the second with the armes of France and England in a field quartered, the third bare the armes of France alone, and the fourth three crowns Or

in a field azure, the ancient armes of King Arthur, now well beseeming him who had victoriously united three kingdoms in one (France, England and Ireland). The body with all pompous celebrity, was interred in the Church at Westminster, for so Henry had by his last will commanded, next beneath King Edward the Confessor's Tomb," still, even to the last sad duties of all, attended by his captive friend, James I of Scotland, as chief mourner.

On this same day, this 9th of November, at the same time, in the royal Abbey of St. Denys, near Paris, another grave was open, another King was laid to his rest; for the poor crazy Charles VI. moaned himself to death for the loss of his "cher fils" Henry of England. And, as *his* chief mourner stood in marvellous contrast, the representative of his conqueror, John, Duke of Bedford. Over each grave, at Westminster and St. Denys, was proclaimed the infant King, heir to France and England. "Poor child, his real heir-loom was the insanity of one grandfather and the doom of the unjust inheritance of the other," says Miss Yonge.

But when King Henry was gone, and it became a matter of state policy to have friends on the Scottish border; when the Scots themselves, getting weary of the anarchy and disorder in their own land, asked for their own king back; when Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, saw a means of raising his own family into importance; then all these different interests combining favoured the attachment of the Scottish King.

Bedford joyfully gave his consent; his people willed him back; and the fair Joan Beaufort was willing to adventure herself into what must have seemed then, a wild and far distant land.

And so, as there was no Court in London, and the

Beaufórts were willing to shew how highly they thought of the Alliance, it was determined that the bride's own uncle should marry them, and as he could searce have done this in St. Paul's or Westminster, where either the Bishop of London, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Abbot of Westminster must have performed the ceremony, it was arranged that James's marriage should take place in the grandest Town Church that belonged to the Bishop of Winchester, the Priory of St. Mary Overies.

A stately calvacade must have passed over London Bridge on the wedding day. King James, attended by his English friends and as many of his own subjects as could gather themselves together, and the fair Joan, escorted by her numerous and wealthy relatives, must have been a brave sight. And Henry, Bishop of Winchester, had himself been a benefactor to the church, and the device of his Cardinal's hat may still be seen on a pillar close to Gower's tomb. How the calvacade approached I cannot tell; it might have been that they came by water, and landing at the Bishop's Stairs, close by St. Mary Overie's Dock, have entered at the west door and proceeded up the nave, then in keeping with the rest of the glorious old church; or, if they came over London Bridge, they would probably enter at the south transept, and so turn into the choir. I cannot tell how this was, but we may be sure that all regal state, all ecclesiastical pomp, all gorgeous mediæval surroundings attended upon this wedding in the grand old priory church, which certainly during the middle ages and down to the time of the Reformation answered the purpose of a Town Cathedral to the enormous Diocese of Winchester.

And after the religious ceremony was over, the Royal and Bridal party betook themselves to the Bishop's palace,

on Bankside, and there my Lord of Winchester gave the marriage feast to the King of Scotland and his men. Now of what the wedding breakfast consisted, or how the bride was dressed, I cannot say exactly; but I can furnish some idea, perhaps of both, for king James gives this most charming description of her in his poem called "The King's Quhair," and Washington Irving has turned it into such animated prose that I think all ladies, at any rate, will like to realize from it how the fair princess may have looked upon her bridal day in Southwark.

He begins by wondering, in his surprise at first seeing her, whether she is Cupid's own princess, and then he gives what is, doubtless, a perfect portrait. "He dwells on every article of her apparel, from the net of pearls, splendant with emeralds and sapphires, that confined her golden hair, even to the goodly chain of orfeverye (or wrought gold) about her neck, whereby there hung a ruby in shape of a heart, that seemed, he says, like a spark of fire burning upon her white bosom. Her dress of white tissue was looped up, to enable her to walk with more freedom. She was accompanied by female attendants, and about her sported a small Italian hound of exquisite symmetry."

And now that I have described my bride, I can but say that the bridegroom was the handsomest and most accomplished king in Christendom. As for the wedding feast, I cannot, unfortunately, recover the bill of fare, but I can give you the items of the installation feast of Nevil, Archbishop of York, which must have occurred within a few years of this time; and Beaufort was possessed of immense wealth, so that it was doubtless not less bountiful; "104 oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,000 sheep, 304 calves, as many swine, 2,000 pigs, 500 stags (bucks and does), 204 kids, and 22,512 fowls of all sorts were solemnly served up. These were

followed by mountains of fish, pasties, tarts, custards, and jellies; and 300 quarters of wheat were used for the accompanying loaves. Of liquids there was a proportionate supply: 200 tuns of ale, 100 tuns of wine, and a pipe of hippocras. Among the dishes were twelve seals and porpoises.

We are told that the Earl of Somerset, her brother, and the Bishop of Winchester, her uncle, both Beauforts, together with sundry of the English nobility, conducted the newly married couple to the Scottish borders. Much of his ransom was abated, and his new kinsmen bestowed upon him store of plate, gold and silver, and among other georgeous ornaments, suits of hangings, in which the labours of Hercules were most curiously wrought.

And so they pass out of sight and away from our story, and it is well it should be so, for the end of their very beautiful romance is a sad one; but they had many years of happy wedded life, and in his last fearful struggle his loving wife was twice wounded in trying to save her husband's life.

James did a great work, and carried English civilisation and the new learning northward. He introduced arts and cultivation, music and poetry, and when, during the English troubles, these were nearly at a standstill, they burst out with a second growth in Scotland. And it is to James I., whose education was purely English, that Scotland owes her national poetry and her still more touching national music.

CHAPTER VII.

BERMONDSEY ABBEY AND KATHERINE OF FRANCE, HENRY VI., AND THE QUARRELS OF HENRY BEAUFORT, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, AND HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

THE course of my "Story" has led me so completely along the High-street from London Bridge, only diverging to St. Mary Overies on the right, that Bermondsey Abbey, which lay out of the main road, on the left, has not once come in our path. It seems right, therefore, once more to turn back, and take up its tale, as far as I can trace it. But it was not so mixed up with passing matters and important events as St. Mary's, which, from the grandeur of its church, and its endowments for canons, which furnished it with an imposing choral service, its convenient nearness to the Bishop of Winchester's London Palace on one side, and to London Bridge on the other, became one of the most important ecclesiastical buildings in all London, whilst St. Saviour's, at Bermondsey, was in truth an Abbey, and one of a very strict order.

The earliest mention of it is in Domesday Book. It was not, however, of pre-Norman date, although Alwyn Childe, the founder, a merchant and citizen of London, must, one would suppose, have been a Saxon. He founded it in 1080, having taken a great reverence for the Cluniac Order of Monks, a stricter branch of the Benedictines. By the favour of Lanfranc, Arcbishop of Canterbury, he obtained four monks from the Cluniac Monastery of la Charité in Normandy, and the first Prior was Peter, one of

the four. Indeed, for many years its Priors came from abroad, the house itself being counted as an alien monastery, as being dependent on the great Abbey of Cluny, in Burgundy.

But to return to the description of its territory in Domesday Book. Fancy then, the estate of St. Saviour's Priory, Bermondsey, not as now, redolent of leather, with evil smells, and a poor population, but forest land; yes, forest land, close to London Bridge; and in this woodland, swine were kept. Whether the monks converted the pig skins into saddles, and so began the leather trade, since so inseparable a part of that locality, I cannot say.

The King was Lord of the Manor, as Harold was before him, says Knight, and the land with Rotherhithe, which seems to have belonged to it, was rated at 12 hides of land, or 1,400 acres.

It is curious that in a record belonging to Bermondsey, we find an account of the origin of the name, Domesday Book. Stowe says, "The Boke of Bermondsey saith, this boke was laid up in the King's Treasury, which was in the Church of Winchester, or Westminster, in a place called Domus Dei, or God's House, and so ye name of the boke, therefore called Domus Dei, and since, shortly, Domesday."

Miss Strickland affirms that Bermondsey Abbey was founded by Clare, Earl of Gloucester, but this is clearly a mistake; he was probably a great benefactor to it, or it is possible that when the alien Priories were suppressed by Edward I., Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, who was husband to his daughter Joan of Acre, (so called from the place of her birth in Palestine, when Edward, before he was King, fought in the Crusades), may have assisted or been the principal contributor to its restoration. Her

theory, therefore, that Elizabeth Woodville made a home at Bermondsey in right of her husband's descent from the original founder, rather falls to the ground; the more so, that it seems to have been a favourite home for royal ladies, before the time of either Katherine of France or Elizabeth Woodville, who both made Bermondsey their place of retirement in their last days.

Mary of Scotland, sister to the good Queen Maude, the wife of King Henry I., wife to the Count of Boulogne, and mother therefore to King Stephen's wife, was on a visit to England, when she died at Bermondsey Abbey; and from the Latin verses on her tomb, we gather that she was a lady of very noble qualities, and that her death was painful and unexpected. Miss Strickland also states as a matter nearly certain, that Maude of Boulogne was educated there. There is a charter by which the Countess of Boulogne granted to the Cluniac Monks of Bermondsey, her manor of Kynewardstone, in the year 1144. The authoress of the Queens of England had access to a History of Bermondsey Abbey, and to the Annales Abbatue de Bermondsey. I have no records of Bermondsey, till much later, but we may feel quite sure that Grange Road, Abbey Road, Crucifix Street, all formed part of the Abbey lands. There is an odd bequest which makes one think that "Pickel Herring Street" may mark the spot where the Monks of Bermondsey pickled and salted their fish against Lenten and other fasts: for one Alan Perrot gave 6000 herrings and one acre of land as a present. Can it be possible that Pickel Herring Street was part of Alan Perrot's Acre?

Bermondsey was an Abbey complete in all its parts, and had probably, not only farm buildings, but every kind of useful industry carried on in its precincts. Besides the

streets we have mentioned, the Bishop of Rochester's Palace on Bankside, the site of St. Thomas's Hospital and St. George's, Southwark, all belonged to the Abbey of Bermondsey. In the city of London also were lands and tenements, which formed part of the endowment of this rich Abbey. Among the benefactors to the Abbey were William Rufus, (who gave to the Monks the Manor House and Palace then standing), Mary Countess of Boulogne, Henry I., Stephen, and John, son of Hubert de Burgh.

In the year 1210, Richard Prior (probably Richard the Prior) built an almshouse or hospital adjoining the Abbey for poor children and converts, and called it St. Saviour's Hospital, to which Agnes, sister to Thomas à Becket, * was a benefactress. The Monastry was suppressed among the other alien Priories in the reign of Edward I, but restored, and by Richard II., raised to independent rank as an Abbey.

Henry II. in the first year of his reign, immediately after his coronation in 1154, appears to have held his first council at Bermondsey, and there to have had a meeting of his nobles; and in the reign of Henry III. many of the nobility, having determined to take a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, met here to arrange their journeys.

I have not found how it came to pass that St. Saviour's, Bermondsey, became a favourite refuge for female royalty; probably it might well be, as the lands were so wide, a double foundation for monks and nuns, with the Prior or Abbot at the head of both, or it may be that a house was kept for the retirement of noble ladies, who certainly had claims upon it from it having received so many royal bequests.

* An old life of Thomas à Becket says that Gilbert à Becket, his father, lived in Southwark, near where in later times St. Thomas's Hospital stood.

Two royal ladies, however, who spent their last days at Bermondsey must detain us a little. I have already related how Katherine of France, daughter of Charles VI. the poor mad king, and wife of Henry V., came in royal state three times at least through the Old Kent Road and our Borough. The first time as a beauteous bride, brought in happy triumph by her proud husband. The second time to share her husband's victorious state in Paris. The third, when she returned as a widow following the ashes of her lord. And now we must consider the widowed queen with the care of a baby king, upon whose wise bringing up depended the welfare of two mighty kingdoms.

In our own day we see the result of such wise training by a devoted mother, in our own Queen. Had Katherine of Valois the magnanimity and self-denial that such a charge required? Assuredly not. She was a weak shallow woman who could neither appreciate her great husband, whose last thought was for the wife who did *not* tend his death-bed, nor realise her own responsibilities or her child's position.

Owen Tudor, one of the band of Henry V.'s Welsh body-guard, remained after the king's death attached to Katherine's and the little king's household in the same position, but the queen being enamoured of his fine person and graceful dancing, appointed him Clerk of her Wardrobe, a post which brought him into daily contact with her, as it was his duty to purchase every thing that she required for her own personal use.

How the intercourse was carried on, and where she was married, history does not say, but she certainly had three sons and a daughter. The three sons were respectively Edmund of Hadham, Jasper of Hatfield, and Owen, who,

born at the Palace of Westminster, was carried straight into the Monastery and professed a Monk. Edmund and Jasper were recognised by their half-brother King Henry and provided for, as soon as he was of age to carry out his own will.

But Katherine retired into Bermondsey Abbey just before her youngest child, Margaret, was born, who only lived a few days and died, and probably was buried at Bermondsey. Whether Katherine retired to Bermondsey of her own free will, or was forced to do so by Beaufort and Gloucester, does not appear; it is certain that the only thing that they agreed in, was in persecuting her and her husband. And a singular piece of impertinence it was in both of them, Henry Beaufort, the Cardinal, being the offspring of John of Gaunt's disgraceful union with Catherine Rouet or Swynford, and Gloucester himself having made two most disreputable matches, one with Jaqueline, Countess of Hainault, and after repudiating her, another, with Eleanor Cobham, a woman of notoriously bad character.

Katherine seems never to have rallied from her separation from her husband, and the death of her little daughter, and after a lingering illness, which lasted six months, died, away from relatives and friends, but gently tended let us hope by the careful and loving hands of experienced nursing sisters. Two days before her death, her son, King Henry, sent her a jewel as a mark of affection: it was a crucifix of very beautiful work.

Her will, which is a mournful and pathetic one, leaves all to her royal son, whom she entreats to carry out her known wishes, and this is the only allusion she makes to Owen Tudor and her other sons. Henry dutifully attended to his mother's implied request, and as soon as he was old

enough he created Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and married him to his rich relation, Margaret Beaufort, the young daughter of his cousin, John Duke of Somerset, niece, therefore, to the Queen of Scotland. The bridegroom was barely 20 and the bride not 15 when she was left a widow with a child, afterwards Henry VII. It is likely enough that Margaret, like her aunt Joan, was married in St. Mary Overies, but of this we have no knowledge. Jasper, the second brother, was made Earl of Pembroke.

Katherine's funeral was arranged with all royal state, and she was buried by the side of her lord in the Abbey at Westminster, so that in regal state, for the last time she passed through the gates of Bermondsey Abbey and over London Bridge. It is a strange fact that though she was laid by the side of her husband, and with a separate tomb erected by her son, yet her body being removed and the monument destroyed, when her grandson Henry VII. built his magnificent chapel at Westminster, it was never buried again, and remained above ground in a coffin with a loose cover for centuries, an exhibition to all who chose to pay for seeing her. Pepys in his diary mentions his having "kissed a Queen," and this exhibition was continued down to the reign of George III. It is said to have been by her own order that her body was thus left unburied, as a penance for disobeying King Henry V.'s command that his child should not be born at Windsor, it having been prophesied to him that "what Henry of Monmouth should get, Henry of Windsor should lose."

I may here as well end the story of Katherine's husband, Owen Tudor, as it is connected with our subject. When Katherine was sent to Bermondsey, Owen Tudor was sent to Newgate; he however, escaped, but hearing that his

step-son, the young King, was listening to grave charges against him, suddenly appeared before the Privy Council then sitting at Kennington Palace (again apparently a home for a child King) and defended himself with such manliness and spirit that the King set him at liberty. He was however, in defiance of all honour, made prisoner again by the Duke of Gloucester, the evil genius of Henry's reign; and a special privy council met to arrange for the expenses of this second arrest, in the secret chamber, says Miss Strickland, belonging to Cardinal Beaufort as Bishop of Winchester, in the Priory of St. Mary Overies.

Owen Tudor, who had fought under Henry V. at Agincourt, lived to draw his sword, under the command of his son Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, fighting against Edward, Duke of York, at Mortimer's Cross. Jasper escaped, having the better part of valour, discretion, but poor Owen, who, whatever his valour may have been, certainly lacked discretion, lost his head in Hereford market place.

In the same year, 1437, that witnessed the death of Katherine of France, another Queen of England, Joanna, second wife and Queen to Henry IV. died at her manor of Havering atte Bower in Essex, from whence she was removed to Bermondsey, and from thence to Canterbury, where she was solemnly interred by the side of King Henry IV. So that in that year two Queens were carried out from the gates of Bermondsey Abbey, one going north and west to Westminster the other south and east through Southwark to Canterbury.

Fifty-three years afterwards, in the year 1490, Elizabeth Woodville, as she is generally called, that being her maiden name, retired into the Abbey of Bermondsey. How far she was compelled to do so by her son-in-law, Henry VII. who detested her, how far she was constrained to take

refuge there from sheer poverty, how far she went there for rest and religious meditation before her last great change, cannot be certainly known. Miss Strickland says the noble panelled halls and state chambers in this convent were, in 1804, standing nearly in the same state as when Elizabeth occupied them. Eighteen months after she betook herself to Bermondsey she was seized with a fatal illness, and on her death-bed dictated the following will.

"In the name of God, &c., 10th April, 1492, I Elizabeth, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, late wife to the most victorious Prince, of blessed memory, Edward IV. Item, I bequeath my body to be buried with the body of my lord at Windsor, without pompous interring or costly expenses done thereabout. Item, whereas I have no worldly goods to do the queen's grace, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, neither to reward any of my children, according to my heart and mind, I beseech God Almighty to bless her grace with all her noble issue, and, with as good a heart and mind as may be, I give her grace my blessing, and all the aforesaid my children. Item, I will that such small stuff and goods that I have, be disposed truly in the contentation of my debts, and for the health of my soul, as far as they will extend. Item, that if any of my blood will wish to have any of my said stuff, to me pertaining, I will they have the preferment before all others. And of this my present testament I make and ordain my executors—that is to say, John Ingilby, prior of the Charter house of Shene, William Sutton, and Thomas Brent, doctors. And I beseech my said dearest daughter, the queen's grace, and my son, Thomas, Marquis of Dorset (her son by her first husband and grandfather of Lady Jane Grey) to put their good wills and help, for the performance

of this my testament. In witness whereof to this my testament, these witnesses—John, Abbot of Bermondsey, and Benedict Cun, doctor of physic. Given the year and day aforesaid."

Gathered round her death-bed were her other daughters, but the Queen was prevented being present, being confined to her chamber by illness.

Elizabeth's body was carried by water to Windsor, and the funeral was as mean and pitiful as could possibly be.

It is remarkable that sometime after the death of Henry VII.'s wife, Elizabeth of York, (daughter of Elizabeth Woodville) Henry executed an indenture between himself, the City of London, and the Abbotts of Westminster and Bermondsey, by which the Abbot and Monks of Westminster were to pay £3 6s. 8d. annually to those of Bermondsey, for the holding of an anniversary in the Church on the 6th of February in every year, to pray for the good and prosperous estate of the King during his life, and the prosperity of his kingdom; also for the souls of his late Queen and of their children; of his father the Earl of Richmond and his progenitors; and of his mother the Countess of Richmond, after her decease. The Queen's mother, the only one who had been personally connected with Bermondsey, is omitted in this foundation. Elizabeth's own piety may have provided perpetual masses for her mother's soul.

The arrangements were, that "The Abbey and Convent of St. Saviour at Bermondsey, shall provide on every such anniversary a hearse, to be set in the midst of the high chancel of the same monastery, before the high altar, covered and apparelled with the best and most honourable stuff in the same monastery convenient for the same, and also four tapers of wax, each of them weighing eight

pounds, to be set upon the same hearse, that is to say, on either side thereof one taper, and at either side of the same hearse another taper, and all the same four tapers to be lighted and burning continually during all the time of every such placebo, dirige, with nine lessons, lauds, and mass of requeim, with the prayers and obeisances above rehearsed."

Having herein told all I can gather with regard to Bermondsey Abbey down to the 15th century, I will put down, as nearly as possible in order of time, a few unconnected incidents which happened at various times, but which I have been unable to weave into my story.

The foolish conduct of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester in his two disreputable marriages, and his constant variance with his uncle Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, were the beginning of the troubles of poor pious Henry VI.'s reign. The Duke of Bedford, who was ruling well and wisely in France, was at great pains to make peace between the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Burgundy, who was justly offended at Gloucester's first marriage with Jacquetta of Hainault, and the quarrelling that ensued threatened to break off the alliance between Burgundy and England. To endeavour to bring his headstrong brother to reason, the great Duke came to England and was happily there when a violent struggle ensued between him and his uncle of Winchester.

"The morrow of St. Simon and St. Jude's daie (29th of Oct. 1425), when the Maior of London had leave at Westminster to take his charge, as the custom is, at such time as hee was holding his great dinner, he was by the Duke of Gloucester, Lord Protector, sent for in speedie manner, and when he came to his presence he gave to him commandment, to see the Cittie were surely watched in

the night following, and so it was done. On the next morning about nine of the clocke, certaine servants of the Bishop of Winchester, uncle to the said Protector, would have entered the Cittie by the Bridge, but the warders or keepers thereof kept them out by force, as before they were commanded. Wherewith they, being grievously discontented, gathered to them a greater number of archers and men of armes, and assaulted the gate with shot and other means of war, inasmuch that the commons of the City shut in their shops, and sped them thither in great numbers, so that great bloodshed would have followed hadde not the wisedom of the Maior and Aldermen stayed the matter in time. The Archbishoppe of Canterbury with the Duke of Quimbre, called the Prince of Portugall * who chanced to be in England at the time, and others tooke great labour uppon them to pacifie the variance betwixt the uncle and nephew, the Protector and the Bishoppe, insomuch that they rode betweene them eight times ere they might bring them to anie reasonable conformitie, and lastly they agreed to stand to the rule of the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, or of such as he would assigne; whereupon the Cittie was more quiet and the Bishop of Winchester wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, Lord Regent, as followeth; and then follows the letter, entreating the Duke's presence to protect them from 'such a brother as ye have. God make him a good man.'" And so the Duke hastened to London and apparently a peace was patched up, hollow as such peaces and truces always are. It must have been an exciting time to see the Duke of Gloucester's troops gathered on one side of

* He was probably a son or grandson of Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt, and therefore a cousin to the King and his uncles.

London Bridge and the Bishop of Winchester's retainers on the other, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Prince of Portugal, riding eight times from the City to Winchester house to arrange terms of peace.

Apparently when the Duke of Bedford returned to France, he carried off the Bishop of Winchester with him, thinking things might go on more peaceably if one of the combatants was away, for next we hear of the Duke and Duchess being present when the Bishop of Winchester, at Calais, on the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady (Lady-day), was made a Cardinal. On the first of September of the following year, 1428, the Cardinal Bishop returned to England, being met by the Mayor and his brethren, and certain citizens of London on horseback, without the City, and so brought to his Palace at Bankside, Southwark.

On the eighth of November in the same year, the Duke of Norfolk was like to have been drowned, says Stowe, passing from St. Mary Overie Stayres through London Bridge, betwixt foure and five of the clocke at night, his barge being set upon the piles, overwhelmed, so that to the number of thirty persons were drowned, and the Duke, with two or three others that escaped, were drawn up with ropes.

Meantime we may imagine the child-king Henry VI. kept apart from all the squabbles and turbulence of court life, though now and then he appeared. Knighted, when his uncle the Duke of Bedford was in England, at the age of five years, and immediately after knighting the Earl of Cambridge on his accession to the Dukedom of York, little guessing, the innocent child, that he was knighting the man who should afterwards dethrone him. At nine years of age he was crowned at Westminster, and then a new and strange procession—the only one that ever

took place for such a purpose, passed through our streets—Henry went to Dover in order to cross the sea and be crowned at Paris. It was a move of Bedford's to endeavour by the sight of the gentle child's coronation, to effect a diversion in the enthusiasm that the Maid of Orleans, as innocent and as pious as the boy-king, was creating.

The old chroniclers give a magnificent account of the reception of the little King, now doubly crowned, on his return from Paris, but the dêtails are all so much like those of former ceremonies of the same kind, that they are scarcely worth relating, but the reception seems to have been more than ordinarily splendid. The Maior rode before in a robe of crimson velvet, and at the entrance to the bridge stood a giant with a drawn sword, who read several speeches written for him. The order of the procession and the speeches are set down by Robert Fabian in his chronicle. Thus being conveyed to his palace at Westminster, the Maior with the citizens returned to London, and on the 24th day of February, the Maior and Aldermen rode to the King and presented him with a hampire (hamper, probably a casket) of gold, and therein a thousand pound of nobles.

In 1434 there was a great frost that lasted from the 25th of November to the 10th of February. The Thames was so frozen that merchandize which came to the Thames mouth was there landed and brought through Kent to London, so that the traffic in our borough must have been greater even than it is now.

One more local event: in the year 1437, the 14th of January, at noon, the great stone gate of London Bridge, with the tower upon it next to Southwarke, fell down in the Thames, and two of the farthest arches of the same bridge, and "yet no man perished in body, which was a

great worke of God," says the pious and simple-minded chronicler.

In 1445 we find recorded the entrance of Margaret of Anjou, as bride to Henry VI. She was received with the usual state ceremonial, the Mayor and Corporation riding out to meet her and conveying her through Southwark to London.

In 1447 the quarrels between the uncle and nephew—the Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Gloucester—were ended by the death of both within a few days of each other; not without suspicion of Beaufort being concerned in Gloucester's death. But in the middle ages no person died suddenly without foul play being immediately suspected. Shakspeare has made use of this popular belief, to give one of his finest and most terrible scenes—the death-bed of Cardinal Beaufort—but there is simply no grounds whatever for the suspicion. Both, whatever their faults, were men of mark, and the power now fell into the hands of the young Queen, guided by the feeble counsels of Suffolk and Somerset, and thus the way was opened for the ambitious designs of the Duke of York. Cardinal Beaufort was succeeded in the See of Winchester by Bishop Waynflete, founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, but he has no connection with our story.

The future of public events was now trembling in the balance, and the loss of two such staunch, though turbulent, adherents of the House of Lancaster as Beaufort and Gloucester, turned the scale. A sign of the popular feeling in the country, was the rebellion of Jack Cade, instigated as some suppose, by York, to test the opinions of the people. Cade was a man of notoriously infamous character; a returned outlaw. He raised a rebellion amongst the Men of Kent, then, as ever, ready for any disturbance,

and calling himself Edmund Mortimer, and consequently claiming to be near kinsman to the Duke of York, he marched on London. "This Cade," says Speede, "whom some by contraries call John Amendall (that is John Marr-all), having drawn up great numbers to follow him, encampes at Blackheath, by Greenwich, and in his writing calls himself the Captaine of Kent; his pretensions (as of all like disloyall actions) were the common good, and such other. The King, at the report of these stirres, is stirred;" but, unfortunately, not to much purpose, and upon the first reverse, viz., the murder of Sir Henry Stafford, Henry and his Queen (who brave and masculine as she generally was, could, on occasions, give way to womanly fears) left London, and went off with all speed to Kenilworth; but before starting committed Lord Say to the Tower.

"Then the Captaine of Kent," as Cade styled himself, "entering Blackheath, to bring himself the more in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a pettie captaine of his named Paris, for so much as he had offended against such ordinances as he had established in his host; and hearing that the King and his Lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the Cittie, so that upon the first of July, 1450, he entered the Borough of Southwarke, then being Wednesday, and lodged him there at the Hart, for he might not be suffered to enter the Cittie. But being joined by the men of Essex, and the headlong crewes of London favouring the rebell, they gave him entrance, one brave alderman alone, Robert Horne, counselling resistance. He would have lost his head, but bought his safety by paying 500 marks. Being admitted, therefore, into London on the second of July, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the Captaine with his people entered by the bridge and cut the ropes of the drawbridge asunder with his sword. In order to

delude the people he made proclamation that no man should, under pain of death, take any goods without paying for them; then striking with his sword upon London Stone, he says, "Now is Mortimer Lord of the Cittie." At night he returned into Southwarke, one Robert Poynings, of Southwarke, Esquire, being his sword-bearer and carver."

The next day they seized on Lord Say and his son-in-law Cromeres, an Esquire and High Sheriff of Kent, and cut off their heads, the one at Cheapside, the other at Mile-end; the body of the former was drawn naked, tied to the tail of a horse, on the pavement from Cheape into Southwarke, to St. Thomas Waterings, and there hanged and quartered, the heads being carried together on poles. According to Shakespeare, the hatred to Lord Say seems to have been principally on account of his love and patronage of the new learning which was now cropping up on all sides; for Cade accuses him of "most traitorously corrupting the youth of the realm in building a grammar school;" but Shakespeare commits an anachronism by allowing one of Cade's indictments against Lord Say to be that he had introduced printing. Now printing was not brought into England till the reign of Edward IV,, when Caxton brought the new art over from Flanders, under the patronage of Edward's brother-in-law, Earl Rivers.

On the whole, Shakespeare follows history very closely with regard to Cade's rebellion. His first scenes are at Blackheath, and after some in the City; his last, act iv., scene ix., is laid entirely in Southwark.

These murders seem to have had the effect of making Cade feel that it was no longer any use to make any pretence of virtuous self-denial, and the robbery of two

citizens of London, who had entertained him, at last roused the City to resistance; but from the first to the fifth of July he returned each night to Southwark, and apparently made the White Hart his residence.

"On the 5th of July the Captaine (Cade) being in Southwarke, caused a man to be beheaded there, and that day entered not the City. When night was come the Mayor and the citizens, with Matthew Gough, who had been sent by Lord Scales, who held the Tower for the King, and who is described as a *manly* and *warly* man, kept the passage of the bridge and defended it against the Kentish men, which made great force to re-enter the City. Then the Captaine, seeing this bickering, went to harness, (*i.e.*, put on his armour) and assembled his people, and set so fiercely upon the citizens, he drave them back from the stoupes in Southwarke or bridge-foot unto the drawbridge, in defending whereof many a man was drowned and slaine; among the which was John Sutton, alderman, Matthew Gough, a squire of Wales, and Roger Hoisand, citizen. This skirmish continued all night till nine of the clock on the morrow, so that sometimes the citizens had the better, and sometimes the other; but ever they kept them upon the bridge, so that the citizens never passed much the bulwark at the bridge foot, nor the Kentishmen no farther than the drawbridge. Thus continued the cruell fight, to the destruction of much people on both sides. Lastly, after the Kentishmen were put to the worst a truce was agreed on for certain hours, during which truce the Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor of England, sent a general pardon to the Captain for himself, and another for his people, by reason whereof he and his company withdrew them by little and little, and their Captain put all his pillage and goods that he had robbed

into a barge, and sent it to Rochester by water, and he himself fled into the country. The rebellion being thus broken up, proclamation was made that whoever took Cade should receive 1000 marks. Being slain by Alexander Eden or Iden, a gentleman of Kent, his body was brought to London, and his head set on London Bridge, while his quarters were sent to divers parts of Kent."

Though Southwark seems to have been singularly free from the disturbances and bloodshed caused by the Wars of the Roses, which were now imminent, yet in their commencement it had its share. The first sign of what was to follow was the return of the Duke of York from Ireland, and the march of the King into Wales to resist him. York gave the King the slip, and marched upon London, but not being well received, retreated, or, as the old chronicler says, slipt into Kent, and stationed himself at Blackheath, near Dartford, about twelve miles from London. Following hard upon York came the royal army with the King at its head, and they, we may suppose, did not slip into Kent, but with martial array would pass through our streets. The King pitched at Blackheath, and messages went backwards and forwards between the armies; and Henry, only too glad of an excuse for peace, consented to terms with his cousin, whose designs upon the Crown, to which his hereditary right was undoubted, were now becoming palpable to every one.

But the King's army was the larger, and the people of London were with him, and so York had to submit, and at St. Paul's, at Westminster, and also at Coventry, he took an oath of the most solemn and awful nature to be true to the King, and signed this oath with his own hand. His oath, however, was very soon broken, and York became a forsworn traitor. The Lancastrian family fled to Scotland,

where, probably from their relationship, for James II. was the son of Joan Beaufort, King Henry's cousin, they were honourably received.

It was in 1471 that the tide again turned, and the dislike to Edward IV.'s marriage with Elizabeth Woodville was amongst the causes that led the great Earl of Warwick to leave Edward and turn to the Lancastrian side. Edward fled the kingdom in much haste and fear, and Elizabeth the Queen took sanctuary at Westminster, where the ill-fated Edward V. was born.

"One King thus fled, and the other in prison," for the gentle and pious Henry was yet a prisoner in the Tower, "the Kentish men, whose conditions are mutable as the change of Princes, came to seek prey in London, whence they knew it was to be had. Ratcliffe, St. Katherine, and Southwark they robbed, and within the City did some hurt besides, yea, and surely would have done still more had not Warwick come to the rescue." This rising seems to have been headed by Thomas, commonly known as the Bastard Fauconbridge, captain of the Earl of Warwick's navy. Amongst other great mischiefs done by these troublous men of Kent, was the burning of the south gate of London-bridge with 17 houses more on the Bridge; this gate having only then been rebuilt since its fall in 1436, and divers charitable citizens having given large sums of money, says Stowe. Lord Scales, who seems to have understood dealing with the men of Kent by fair words, induced Fauconbridge to return, which he did, first to Blackheath, and then to Rochester, to await the King's coming. He ultimately had King Edward's pardon, but in defiance of this he was taken prisoner by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and his head was placed amongst that ghastly company on London-bridge.

Once more an army to invade France passes in pompous array through our streets. It was in the year 1474 that Edward, roused for a moment from his sloth and vice, raised the largest army with which any English King had ever yet set sail for France He passed, by the old route over London Bridge, through the Borough by the Old Kent Road, or whatever then represented the great highway, to Dover. "He had in his company fifteen hundred noblemen and men at armes, all of them mounted and most of them barbed, who, with the archers on horseback also, made up the number to fifteen thousand, besides a great number of footmen, and others to pitch tentes, to attend the artillery and enclose their campes." Before the King's departure from England, he had sent Garter, King-at-armes, unto King Lewis with a letter "which was in verie goode language, and so excellentlie well penned that mine Authour" (I believe Phillipe de Comines) had the impertinence to say "that he was pursuaded it was never Englishman's doing." Why there should be no Englishman of those days supposed capable of writing a good French diplomatic despatch, I cannot say: it seems to have been a gratuitous piece of insolence, which was meant to imply that it was inspired by the Duke of Burgundy and not Edward's own work.

It was during the embarkation of the army that heralds were passing to and fro between England and France: for in spite of boats sent by Burgundy to convey the army across the channel, three weeks were occupied in accomplishing the transit. Nevertheless, the reception at the Court of Charles of Burgundy's Castle at Peronne, was so cold, both food and shelter being very imperfectly provided, that the ardour of the English was sensibly chilled, and meanwhile that crafty old fox Louis XI. was

plying heralds, nobles, courtiers and generals with bribes. Edward himself, whose sensual way of living was making him prematurely old, was won over by promise of a yearly sum, and at last a treaty of peace was signed between the two Kings at Pecquigny on 19th of August, 1474; and we are told that as soon as the King had received his money, he departed towards Calais in great haste, fearing the Duke of Burgundy's malice and his subjects: and so Edward returned home with peace but *not* with honour, but chose like another of our pleasure-loving Kings, Charles II., to remain in the disgraceful position of a pensioner of the King of France; nevertheless the people seem to have been glad to have the King and his army back safe and sound, and received him in great state as though he had returned from some great victory or diplomatic triumph. The Lord Maior and his brethren (probably the Aldermen) in scarlet, and five hundred commoners all clad in murrey, met him at Blackheath, and thence conducted him through our streets and over London Bridge through London to Westminster.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOUTHWARK IN THE TIME OF THE TUDORS.

WE may pass over Edward V. and Richard III. "The old order" is changing; "new minds, new faces, other men." For the first time for 1000 years a Prince of the ancient British blood is on the throne. Henry Tudor assumed the crown of England on the field of Bosworth

on the 22nd of August, 1485, by the title of Henry VII. He came to London, but almost immediately after, the sweating sickness, one of those terrible epidemics which the utter disregard of sanitary laws caused so constantly to prevail in London in the middle ages, appeared, and so fatal was it, that in that year there were three Lord Mayors; two dying during their mayoralty. King Henry took refuge at Kennington, the south side of the river was therefore one would suppose, free from the plague. It must have had a short duration, and disappeared before the cold weather.

On the eve of St. Simon and St. Jude, King Henry made his public entry from the south previous to his coronation. He came from Kennington to Lambeth, and there dined with Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal of St. Ciriac in Thermis; and after dinner, with a goodly company of estates of the realm, both spiritual and temporal, from thence by land towards London, his nobles riding after the guise of France upon small hacknies, two and two upon a horse, and at London Bridge end, the Mayor of London with his brethren and his craft, met and received the King, and the King proceeded to Grace Church corner, and so to the Tower.

How the Mayor and Corporation kept their gravity at this extraordinary procession of the nobles of England riding double upon horseback, history gives no record. It must have been a sight worth seeing! Lord Beaconsfield* and the Marquis of Salisbury upon one small hackney, followed by Lord Hartington and Lord Derby upon another, the Dukes of Westminster and Argyle bringing up the rear, would no doubt be still a very attractive pageant, but the

* I need scarcely say that this was sent to the Publishers before Lord Beaconsfield's death, and I have not cared to alter it.

effect would perhaps be more striking than imposing. Three days afterwards Henry was crowned at Westminster, as King Henry VII.

Next in order in our story should come Elizabeth Woodville's enforced residence at Bermondsey, but this has been already given in the account of that Abbey. The next event then will be the Cornish Rebellion in 1497.

This rebellion is a strange episode; it was occasioned apparently by the opposition to a tax imposed by Henry VII. on the pretence of the necessity of defending England against the Scotch, who invaded it in the interests of Perkin Warbeck. The Cornishmen were led by one Flamoke, a lawyer, and Michael Joseph, a blacksmith, of Bodmin. Joseph, who seems to have been one of those demagogues always ready to lead the people into mischief, harangued them, and bid them put on their harness and resist the exactions laid upon them. They assembled a great body of people together, stalwart miners and brave fishermen, and set forward with their army, passed through Taunton, where they killed the unfortunate Commissioner for Taxes in the West, and thence to Wells. At Wells they were joined by James Touchet, Lord Audley, who was confederate with them, and took upon him the office of their leader and chief captain; from Wells they went to Salisbury; and from thence to Winchester, and then on to Kent. But the men of Kent would have nothing to do with other people's rebellions, and when the Cornishmen found that they were opposed by leaders of note, many of them fled home again.

The three captains, however, Lord Audley, Flamoke, and Joseph, brought their men to Blackheath, and then ordered their battle, ready to fight the King if he should assail them, and if not to assault London. The King sent

a great company of archers and horsemen under valiant leaders, John, Earl of Oxford, Henry Bouchier, Earl of Essex, Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, Sir Rise ap Thomas (one of the King's Welsh friends), and Sir Humphrey Stanley, to environ the hill on either side, and prevent escape, and then, he himself being furnished with a large army, set forward from the city over London Bridge, encamping in St. George's fields, where he lodged that night; the next morning he sent out a company under Lord Daubeny, and the Cornishmen were utterly defeated. Three hundred were slain on each side, and fifteen hundred rebels taken prisoners. Of the three leaders Lord Audley was beheaded at Tower Hill, and the two Cornishmen were hanged at Tyburn. Meanwhile the King created many of his own followers Knights and Bannerets both at Blackheath, and also at the foot of London Bridge.

The Cornishmen, though defeated, were not crushed, and burning to avenge their repulse, they offered Perkin Warbeck (alias the young Duke of York), to assist him in his bold venture for the Crown; but the rest of *their* story and Perkin's is in no way connected with ours, and so I must leave its details to general history.

At Christmas, in the year 1505, the prisoners in the Marshalsea in Southwark brake out, and many of them after being taken, were executed, especially those who had been imprisoned for felony or treason; among the which several of them being sea-rovers were hanged on a tree in the Thames, a little from Wapping, in the water, and there hung for long after.

The year 1501 saw a procession somewhat like one we have seen in our own day, a Princess of Wales being met and brought through Southwark to London; but one which had not such happy results as our own Prince's marriage.

The Lady Katherine of Spain was landed at Plymouth on the 2nd of October. On the 7th of November (for royal progresses were slow in those days), the Infanta, having been first visited by her future husband and her father-in-law, set out for Chertsey and from thence to Lambeth; but before she arrived she was met by the Duke of Buckingham with a splendid company, the Earl of Kent, Lord Henry Stafford, the Abbot of Bury, and a train of dukes and gentlemen to the number of four hundred, all mounted and dressed in the Stafford livery of scarlet and black. At Kennington the Infanta lodged that night, and in the morning was escorted by Buckingham and his splendid retinue to Kennington Palace. While the Infanta was at Kennington, Henry went to Richmond to tell his Queen how he liked his new daughter-in-law; and on the 10th the King rode to Paris Garden, in Southwark, and thence took his barge to Baynard's Castle.

The bridegroom expectant, Arthur, Prince of Wales, came on the 9th of November to Blackfriars, and three days afterwards the Infanta came in procession with many lords and ladies from Lambeth to Southwark, and entered the City by London Bridge. She rode on a large mule after the manner of Spain, the Duke of York (afterwards Henry the VIII. a boy of nine years old), rode on her right, the legate of Rome on her left hand. She wore on her head a broad round hat, the shape of a Cardinal's hat, tied with a lace of gold which kept it on her head; she had a coif of carnation colour under this hat, and her hair streamed over her shoulders. Four of her Spanish ladies followed, riding on mules; they wore the same broad hats as their mistress; an English lady, dressed in cloth of gold, and riding on a palfrey, was appointed to lead the mule of each Spanish damsel, but as those ladies did not sit on the

same side in riding as the English ladies, each pair seemed to ride back to back, to the great tribulation of the herald who records it. And so she passed into the great city, little guessing the sorrows and the tribulations that awaited her there.

We now reach that momentous period in English history, when the great struggle for freedom and light in religious matters, which had begun with Wickliffe, was fought out. It was a terrible time, and grievous were the crimes which were perpetrated in the sacred name of religion. It was the most important act in a drama which was not played out for more than a hundred years. This drama, strange to say, consisted like a regular one of five acts, and the scenes were many and various. Each act bears a separate name: first, the Revival of Learning; second, the Reformation; third, the Rebellion; fourth, the Restoration; and fifth, the Revolution; and in some of these, notably the two first, Southwark played no mean part.

But before we enter upon such grave matters, let me tell the episode of the romantic loves of Mary Tudor, Queen Dowager of France, and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

The father of Charles Brandon was one William Brandon, Esquire, Marshal of the Marshalsea Prison, in Southwark, in the reign of Edward IV., and afterwards Knight and Standard Bearer to Henry VII. in the battle of Bosworth, in which he was killed by King Richard's own hand. His son Charles became, probably in memory of his father's services, a protégé of Henry VII. He was a great favourite with his son Henry, whom he much resembled in person, and was by him created Duke of Suffolk, it was supposed as a preliminary to his marrying the King's sister, the beautiful Mary Tudor, for Henry knew and promoted their strong attachment to each other. But Louis XII. had a

fancy for a young wife, and Henry wished to make a treaty with France, and so Mary was sacrificed to the foolish whim of an old man, and the selfish policy of a young one.

With a cruelty, of which no one, but such a coarse-minded tyrant as Henry VIII. would have been guilty, he sent his sister to France, under the escort of Charles Brandon himself. Attended by a brave company, Mary passed through Southwark to the Continent. She was married to the old King, but the lengthened festivities that ensued on the marriage were too much for him, and yet Louis was only 53! It has been said, that the inopportune witticism of his jester broke the old man's heart. He was much beloved by his subjects, and among the plaudits which greeted his marriage was "Long live King Louis, the father of his people," to which the jester added "and the grandfather of his wife!"

However that may be, he died within a few weeks, and Mary was free. Married for so short a time she seems not to have put on deep mourning weeds, which certainly in her case would have been a mockery, though her husband had been a tender and loving one, but to have contented herself with wearing white. Her widowhood was spent in the Hotel de Cluny, in Paris, formerly the Abbaye de Cluny, where are still shown the rooms occupied by la Reine Blanche, or the White Queen, as they called her.

They consisted of a bedroom and one or two other rooms, which are preserved in the same state and with the same furniture that she used. Adjoining these rooms is a tiny chapel, and from the chapel a winding stone staircase leads down to a separate entrance. Whilst awaiting in Paris, her brother's decision as to her future movements, Mary, afraid perhaps of again being sacrificed to some state policy, sent a message to Charles Brandon, who was again deputed by

Henry to fetch her, to ask him, did he love her well enough to risk her brother's displeasure by marrying her, suggesting that possibly her brother might pardon what it would be too late to prevent. Gratefully and joyfully did the Duke of Suffolk obey the summons, and it seems probable that up that winding stone staircase he was brought, and that passing from her own apartments, Mary met her lover in the tiny chapel, and there they plighted their troth to each other. Thus much is certain, that a secret marriage took place in Paris, but that when they returned to England they were re-married at Greenwich, so that when Mary passed once more through our Borough, she returned not as a widow, but as the wife of her first love. Henry may have stormed a little, but the good Queen Katherine of Aragon pleaded with her husband for his sister and his friend's pardon.

After this the Duke of Suffolk built for himself a large and most sumptuous house in the Borough; it was called Suffolk House, and its site is marked by Great Suffolk-street. Stowe thus mentions its vicissitudes. It came afterwards into the King's hands (how does not appear), "and was called Southwark-place, and a mint of coinage* was there kept for the King.

"To this place came King Edward the VI., in the second of his reign, from Hampton Court, and dined in it. He at that time made John Yorke, one of the Sheriffs of London, Knight, and then rode through the City to Westminster.

"Queen Mary gave this house to Nicholas Heath, Archbishop of York, and to his successors for ever, to be their inn or lodging for their repair to London, in recompense of Yorke House, near to Westminster, which King Henry, her father, had taken from Cardinal Wolsley, and from the see of York.

* Its memory is still preserved in Mint Street, long notorious as one of the thieves' quarters of London.

"Archbishop Heath sold the same house to a merchant, or merchants, that pulled it down, sold the lead, stone, iron, etc., and in place thereof built many small cottages of great rents, to the increasing of beggars in that borough."

And now our story has brought us to the times of the Reformation, when the fierce passions of a selfish and brutal tyrant were overruled by God's mercy to the well-being of this church and nation. That the state of the church and religious foundations wanted a thorough and searching reform, there can be no doubt, but reformation, and desecration and destruction are *not* the same thing; and though Henry's acts were overruled for good, his guilty spoilation is only now being in some measure atoned for, by the restoration of some of the agencies which he destroyed.

In Southwark the people would not be sharers in the wholesale spoilation that went on, and all honour to them, they purchased the priory church of St. Mary Overies from the King in the year 1539. Stow says: "After Christmasse the priorie church of St. Mary Overie, in Southwarke, was purchased of the King by the inhabitants of the Borrow, Doctor Gardener, Bishop of Winchester, putting to, his helping hand; they made thereof a parish church, in place of the small parish churches, the one of Mary Magdalene in the said priory church, and the other of St. Margaret on the hill."

The Parliament, which began to sit on the 28th of April, 1539, granted all the religious houses in England to the grasping tyrant, who, not content with seizing the monasteries, actually included the hospital of St. Thomas, which had been doing its charitable work for hundreds of years, as well as such ecclesiastical foundations as St. Mary's in his act of confiscation.

And now we must notice that curious change of name in the Priory Church, of which no one attempts to give any explanation. The most likely suggestion I can make is that the Abbey of St. Saviour's, at Bermondsey, and the Priory of St. Mary's, being dissolved at the same time, the people being in a highly Protestant state of mind, did away with the name, which, in their idea, had something Papistical about it, and adopted that which the most resolute Protestant could not object to. And certainly we cannot complain of the change. Instead of a saint, they have given us the name of the King of Saints; no higher, no better, no more glorious name could have been chosen, and we may well glory in the fact of the patron saint of our borough being no less an one than our blessed Lord himself.

It is this transaction between the King and the parishioners of Southwark that has caused the extraordinary anomaly in our ecclesiastical position. The church of St. Saviour's, as we must henceforth call it, is the actual property of the parishioners; they bought it and paid for it, and it is their own; they are their own rectors, and have hitherto always appointed two chaplains with equal rights and powers. It was impossible that this plan could work well, and it is now put an end to by Act of Parliament, and henceforth there is to be one chaplain, who will appoint his own curates. The present venerable chaplain, the Rev. S. Benson, has held his post more than fifty years.*

It was at this time that another of our great institutions took new form and life from the great movement of the day. The original foundation of the hospital of St. Thomas was, as I have before related, due to the Canons of St. Mary Overies, who built it as a temporary residence, whilst

* And as this is being published he has past away.

their own house and church, which had been entirely burnt, was being rebuilt. After this it was used as a hospitium, or place of rest. Sometimes it received the retainers of some great man whose suite was too large for the Priory, but it became gradually more and more a home and rest for the sick, the weary, and the poor, and in the reign of Henry III., Peter des Roches, Bishop of Winchester, incorporated it with an almonry, or almshouse, founded by Prior Robert, of Bermondsey. The united foundation was dedicated in the name of St. Thomas à Becket, it being called by Peter des Roches "The spital of St. Thomas, the Martyr of Canterbury," and year by year shoals of pilgrims passed its very doors on their way to his tomb.

In 1252 a dispute took place between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester as to the patronage of the hospital, but it was decided in favour of the latter.

In 1482, the last year of the life of Edward IV., the hospital was ceded by the Abbot of Bermondsey to a president, master, and brethren. There were then in the hospital a master and brethren, and three lay sisters residing in the hospital. Forty beds were made up for infirm and impotent folk, all of whom had victuals and firing allowed them.

In the 26th year of Henry the VIII's reign, an estimate was made of the funds of the hospital, and they amounted to the annual sum of £347 3s. 6d.; but when in 1538 it was claimed by the King as church property, and surrendered to him by Nicholas Buckland, the master, the revenues only amounted to £266 17s. 6d.; what had become of nearly £100 a year in the meantime does not appear.

Up very nearly to this period, there was no regular school of medicine. Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, and indeed the originator of the study of medicine as a science in England, flourished in Henry VII.'s and Henry VIII.'s reigns. The monks were the doctors, barbers the surgeons, so that the practice of both medicine and surgery depended almost wholly upon experience and such traditionary treatment as was handed down from one person to another. During the 400 years of its existence, St. Thomas's Hospitium had been cared for and tended by the monks of Bermondsey, and we know that silently it was doing a good work amongst the poor and the sick, by the fact that as soon as it was suppressed its loss was immediately felt;—wounded soldiers from the army in France, and the sick poor in general, were without provision and help.

Some tardy compensation for this spoliation Henry contemplated, but was overtaken by death before he could carry out his intentions. Then came the sermon preached by Ridley, Bishop of London, before the young King Edward VI., which was productive of such great results, and with some of the ardour of youth, and the impatience of bad health, Edward at once desired Ridley and the Citizens of London to devise some scheme by which some of the property wrongfully seized by his father, and which as yet had escaped further spoliation, might be restored to holy purposes.

With that part of the scheme which made Bridewell, Blackfriars, a sort of Penitentiary, and Christ's Hospital a magnificent educational foundation, we have nothing to do, but that portion which related to the foundation or restoration of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and St. Thomas's, Southwark, will detain us a little. It does not

appear that much more than the sites were granted, for a collection had at once to be made in order to start them afresh. But the name of St. Thomas's Spital seems to have exercised the more zealous Protestants considerably. St. Thomas meant St. Thomas à Becket, and as the Martyr's bones had lately been taken up and burnt at Canterbury, it never would do to retain the original name; they tried "the Holy Trinitie," but it would not do, then "the King's Hospital," in honour of Edward VI., but the people did not take kindly to the names, and so some clever person hit upon a compromise; call it St. Thomas's Hospital still, only let it be St. Thomas the Apostle, and not St. Thomas the Archbishop; and so it has been ever since. The site was granted to the Mayor and Citizens of London, who thenceforward became its owners. The charter granted by the King was as follows:—

"That the said Mayor, commonalty, and citizens, and their successors, may have and enjoy all the franchises, immunities, and privileges whatever, which any Archbishop of Canterbury, and which the said Charles, late Duke of Suffolk, or any master, brethren, or sisters of the late Hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark aforesaid; or any Abbot of the said monastery of St. Saviour, Saint Mary Bermondsey, next Southwark aforesaid, or any Prior and Convent of the Priory of St. Mary Overie, ever had or enjoyed, or which we hold or enjoy, of our most dear father Henry the VIII., late King of England, or had enjoyed or ought to have, hold, and enjoy the same, and that none of our heirs or successors may intermeddle with this our grant. The Lord Mayor and certain citizens then met on the 16th of October, 1552, and constituted themselves by royal permission governors of the Hospital and almoners of the money collected. It was appointed to

receive 260 'wounded soldiers, blind, maimed, sick, and helpless objects.'" The lands lately belonging to the palace of the Savoy were conferred jointly on the three foundations, viz: St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and Bridewell.

One would suppose from the charter above quoted that Charles Brandon, when he resided in the Boro', must have been appointed master of the Hospital, but this I do not know.

The great fire of London injured St. Thomas's in its revenues only. And the great fire in Southwark ten years later, 1676, ceased, "as if by Divine interposition at the Hospital."

I may as well here finish my sketch of St. Thomas's Hospital, for which I am principally indebted to the account of it in the prospectus for this year, and the author of which will, I trust, pardon my unauthorised borrowing.

In 1707, Guy, who founded Guy's Hospital, was a benefactor also to this. A brass statute of King Edward, by Scheemakers, was erected first in 1737, in pursuance of the will of Charles Jozee, some time treasurer. It now stands in the grounds of the new Hospital. In 1862 the Hospital was bought for increased railway accommodation, and a great part of the site has remained an unoccupied waste piece of ground to this day.

While the old Hospital was being pulled down, and the new one erected, the establishment was temporarily removed to the Surrey Gardens, where it was carried on till the summer of 1871.

And now St. Thomas's Hospital passes out of our "Story." True it is still on the south side of the river, but the grand new building, with its modern improvements and appliances, is moved to Lambeth, close to

Westminster-bridge, where, please God, may it long prosper and carry on its good work. But it is not well to forget that its original foundation was owing to the Canons of St. Mary Overies and the Monks of St. Saviour's, Bermondsey. And one is glad to know that again it serves as a school for ladies, who, as nursing sisters, are carrying on the good work of old times, and who no longer think it a relic of superstition to devote their lives to Christ's poor.

It was in Southwark, in the year 1536, that the first entire Bible printed in the English language was produced in England itself. English bibles, by Tyndale and Coverdale and others, had been printed abroad, at Antwerp, at Marburg, at Hamburg, and at Geneva, and had been brought over and distributed through the land, parts also of the Bible had been printed and published in England; but the first entire copy of the Holy Scriptures, printed and published in our own country appeared in Southwark in the year 1536. It was "imprinted in Southwark for James Nycolson," and it was under the care and patronage of St. Thomas's Hospital, that this great work was carried out. The year 1536 was the year in which Cromwell obtained the King's permission to have a Bible placed in every church; and it was probably owing to this enactment that printing the Bible in England was at last ventured upon.

But alas! this is *the* one bright spot in our story of this period, which is full of cruelties and blood-thirstiness under the guise of religion. On the 8th of July, 1539, Griffith Clerk, vicar of Wandsworth, with his chaplain and his servant, and Friar Ware, were all four hanged and quartered at St. Thomas Waterings, whose indictment, says Stowe, I have not heard of, and therefore am not able to set down the cause of their execution!

On the 29th of April, 1540, one named Mandeveld, another named Colens, and one other were examined in St. Margaret's Church, condemned for Anabaptists, and were on the 3rd of May brent (burnt) in the highway beyond Southwark, towards Newentown, evidently, I should suppose, Newington Causeway.

But you will scarcely care to continue the hideous catalogue. To wade through the Chronicles of Henry VIII.'s reign, is ghastly work: it seems all one to this restless tyrant, whether he is marrying a queen and arranging a grand ceremonial for her coronation, or cutting off her head. In his taste for judicial murders he is quite impartial; whether it is the venerable Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, or the great and good Sir Thomas More, or poor Cromwell who had not learnt the lesson Wolsey tried to teach him, or the grand old Abbot of Glastonbury, who would not yield the treasures which belonged to Christ's Church and Christ's poor, or the poor man who robbed a booth at Bartholomew's fair, or some unfortunate Anbaptists, whether of Holland or England, if they could not bring their minds to agree with whatever happened to be Henry's rule of right and wrong, of faith or ecclesiastical discipline at the time, it was a mercy if they suffered the comparatively lenient death of beheading or hanging; for pressing to death, boiling alive, and burning at the stake all had their victims. I have shown you that Southwark had its share in these horrors, but we are now come to the time when from St. Saviour's itself issued the dismal decree, and martyrs went forth from our grand old church to suffer at their appointed stations.

On the 23rd of August 1553, Queen Mary delivered the great seal to Doctor Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and thereby made him Lord Chancellor.

On the 14th of January, 1554, Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Lord Chancellor of England, in the Chamber of Presence at Westminster, made to the lords, nobilitie, and gentlemen, an oration very eloquent with regard to the Queen's marriage with Philip of Spain.

But the purpose of the Queen's marriage, we are told was so grievously taken by the people, that plots and rebellions were ready to break out all over the land. The men of Devonshire were up in arms to resist the King of Spain's landing, and you may be sure that with such an excellent excuse, the men of Kent made ready for a rebellion on their own account. They were headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and came the usual way of all the rebellions; from Dartford to Greenwich, and from Greenwich to Deptford. Then came Queen Mary and her ladies riding to the Guildhall to consult the Lord Mayor and Aldermen for the safety of the city; for, whatever were poor Mary's faults, she had the high spirit of the Tudors and was no coward. Watch and ward was kept by harnessed men, and 500 footmen harnessed, were sent by water to Gravesend. The Duke of Norfolk who was sent against Wyatt met with a repulse, lost 8 pieces of canon and himself hardly escaped.

Wyatt and his Kentishmen encouraged by this success marched to London, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, on the 3rd of February he, with 5 ancients (or ensigns—officers) having by estimation 2,000 men, left Deptford and came towards London. Six or eights shots were fired from the White Tower, but missed them, sometimes shooting over, sometimes short. Were they very bad marksmen in those days? or may we not suppose that they were trying the effects of a little wholesome fright? Then was the draw-bridge cut down, and the bridge gates shut. The

Mayor and Sheriffs harnessed, commanded each man to shut in his shop and windows, and to be ready harnessed at their doors, what chance so ever might happen.

By this time was Wyatt entered into Kent Street, and so on to St. George's church into Southwark. Himself, and part of his company, came in good array into Bermondsey Street, and they were suffered to enter Southwark without repulse, or any stroke stricken, either by the inhabitants or by any others; yet in the inns were many men brought thither to resist Wyatt, but instead of going against the Kentishmen, they joined themselves with them, and the inhabitants with their best cheer entertained them; whether from fear or sympathy does not appear, but probably the latter, for the Spanish match was disliked throughout the kingdom.

Immediately on Wyatt's coming, he made proclamation that no soldier should take anything, but that he should pay for it, and that his coming was to resist the Spanish King.

Notwithstanding divers of his people, being gentlemen (as they said), went to Winchester Place, made havoc of the Bishop's goods, not only of his victuals, whereof there was plenty, but whatsoever else, not leaving so much as one lock of a door, but the same was taken off and carried away; not a book in his gallery or library uncut or rent into pieces, so that men might have gone up to the knees in leaves of books cut out and thrown under foot.

At the bridge foot he laid two pieces of ordnance, and began a great trench between the bridge and him. He laid one other piece of ordnance at St. George's church, and another at Bermondsey Street, and another towards the Bishop of Winchester's house.

The killing of a waterman by some of Wyatt's men,

whose dead body was rowed to the Tower, caused the Tower guns to be pointed against the foot of the bridge, against Southwark, the tower of St. Olave's, and St. Mary Overie's, for so still old Howes, in his abridgement of Stowe's chronicles, calls it. All the pieces on the White Tower, on the Diveling Tower, falconets over the Water-gate, culverins, demi-canons, all were turned against the borough. Well might the inhabitants tremble, for it must not be supposed that the marksmen always missed their aim. And so the inhabitants, men and women, came and entreated Wyatt to leave them. "For the love of God take pity on us," was their cry. And Wyatt, who seems to have been too gentle and irresolute for a conspirator, in most speedie manner marched away."

With the finish of Wyatt's rebellion we have no concern, save that they did not find others as hospitable as the men of Southwark, and after a long weary march, spent and faint, Wyatt and his Kentishmen entered London; and after some street fighting, in the City, he was taken prisoner. The whole loss of killed on both sides amounted only to about forty. Wyatt himself was executed.

And so, in spite of the people's dislike, Philip arrived; and the failure of Wyatt's rebellion probably stopped others who would have risen had he been successful. Philip and Mary were married in Winchester Cathedral by Gardiner, the favourite Bishop; Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ridley, Bishop of London being both in prison at the time.

On the 11th of August, Mary and Philip made a triumphant procession to Southwark by water from Richmond, landing at the Bishop of Winchester's stairs, near to St. Mary Overie's Church, and so passed through that place and park into Suffolk-place (Charles Brandon's late

mansion), where they rested that night. And the next day they rode through Southwark, over the Bridge, and so to London, where they were received by the citizens with pageants, etc., etc.

But now poor Mary with her passionate love for that most unlovable of men, Philip II., of Spain, and with a desire for children, which bordered on insanity, found there was one way alone in which she could hope to keep her husband with her, and that was to give up her subjects to the fire and stake. There was this advantage under the Marian persecution, that at least the people knew what they must or must not profess in order to save their lives, whereas under her father it was difficult to say what form of belief they could adopt to suit his caprice. But staunch and true, "they counted not their lives dear unto them," but yielded them up willingly, nay, cheerfully for Christ's sake. And here I must leave the guidance of the old chronicles, and betake myself to ecclesiastical history.

John Rogers, Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, was chosen as the first victim by Bonner, Bishop of London, a man whose nature seemed to revel in cruelty; by him Rogers was placed in Newgate among the commonest felons. Gardiner, the Lord Chancellor's lot it was to carry out the law against heretics, he himself was a renegade, having conformed to the belief of those in power, in Henry's and Edward's reigns, but now become an ardent supporter of the Pope's authority under Mary.

Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, was tried at the same time, and the same place, he was one of the puritanical party, whose principles culminated in the overthrow of the Church and the murder of their King, in Charles I. reign; he refused to wear the prescribed ecclesiastical dress, and had a special dispensation from Edward VI. His scruples

however, did not prevent his wearing the dress, when ministering before the King himself.

After some preliminary investigations, Gardiner decided to try Rogers and Hooper at his own court in Southwark, they were brought therefore to the compter or prison, which was no other than the desecrated Church of St. Mary-on-the-Hill, a site now occupied by the Town Hall Chambers. Backwards and forwards from the prison in the Clink to St. Mary Overie's, thence over the Bridge back to Newgate, again into Southwark, and to the cruel bullying and brow-beating, that Gardiner called a judicial trial, held in the exquisite Lady Chapel of our own Church, these much tried confessors were brought. You may see the spot there now; there is a table with a railing round it, looking somewhat like a very humble and neglected communion table; but it is at the south not the east end, and it marks the spot where Gardiner sat as Judge in his consistory court.

The Rev. Lawrence Saunders was another of this band of Martyrs; he had specially owned that he shrunk from, and doubted his courage to bear severe suffering, and he had been heartened and supported by one, Dr. Pendleton; yet when the time came Saunders stood stedfast, and Pendleton shrank from the trial, and recanted.

All these three suffered, Rogers, the first, at Smithfield, Hooper at Gloucester, Saunders at Coventry, each near the place where he had ministered.

The trial was in January, 1555; on the 12th of November in the same year, at York Place, in Westminster, died Stephen Gardiner, weeping and bewailing that he had sinned like Peter, but had not repented like Peter. His body was brought to St. Mary Overie's church, and was placed for a time in a brick vault there, but only temporarily,

preparatory to its removal to Winchester, and thither he was borne with long and solemn procession through our streets, attended by his executors, Lord Montacute and the Bishop of Ely, and about 200 gentlemen on horseback clothed in black.

After Queen Elizabeth's accession, Bonner, Bishop of London (during Mary's reign, the fiercest and most cruel of the persecutors), was confined for some time in Winchester House, and is said to have been buried in St. George's church, but this is not certain. Some of his family, however, certainly lie there.

Perhaps one may look upon it as a righteous retribution for the iniquitous purpose to which the Lady chapel was applied in Mary's reign, that the parish, probably to reimburse themselves for the expense they had been at in purchasing the church from Henry VIII., now let the chapel to one, Wyat, a baker, who converted it into a bakehouse. He stopped up both the doors which led into the aisles of the church, and walled up those which led into the chancel. In 1607, Mr. Henry Wilson, tenant of the chapel of the Holy Virgin, found himself inconvenienced by a tomb, and applied to the vestry for its removal. This was very "friendly consented to." Lower still it was suffered to sink, for we are told it was used for hog sties, and "the holy and the beautiful house that our fathers built was left desolate." In this state it continued till 1642, when the vestry restored it to its original condition. But we are anticipating, and I am glad to end this doleful chapter, doleful in spite of its bright beginning, and look forward to telling of more cheerful scenes during the reigns of Elizabeth and James.

CHAPTER IX.

Government of Southwark and Education.

THE Borough of Southwark was independent of the City and governed by its own Bailiff till the year 1327, when the City of London, finding great inconvenience from the escape of the malefactors thither, out of the reach and cognizance of the City Magistrates, obtained a grant, by which the Mayor of London was constituted Bailiff of Southwark, and empowered to govern it by his deputy. However the inhabitants, some time after, recovered their former privileges which they enjoyed till King Edward VI. sold Southwark to the City of London for the sum of £642 2*s.* 1*d.*, so that we know our value to a penny in this year 1550, and about a month after the passing of this patent, Southwark was made one of the City wards, named Bridge Ward Without, in consideration of the City's paying to the Crown an additional sum of 500 marks; upon which the number of Aldermen was increased from twenty-five to twenty-six, a new one being chosen to govern that borough. It was in May, 1550, that Sir John Ayolphe, Knight, Citizen and Barber-Surgeon, was chosen to be Alderman of Bridge Ward Without, he was to have the rule, survey and government of the inhabitants, and he was sworn and admitted to the office. But the young King died, and the sturdy Protestants of Southwark were not likely to have protection from Queen Mary, so without ceremony the Act was repealed, and Southwark was deprived of its Alderman and Common

Councillors, and ignominiously handed over to the Senior Alderman for the time being. For eight years only then in its history has Southwark had an Alderman of its own. By royal Charter, Southwark is an integral part of the City; this Charter has been unconstitutionally set aside by a simple vote of the Court of Common Council, and for more than 300 years Southwark has been deprived of its rights.

We will now turn to the subject of Education as connected with our Borough. It has been too much the custom to ignore the learning, the culture, the religion and the education of the middle ages, and to refer everything to the time of the Reformation. But schools there were, and people were taught and learned men trained, and intellectual work done before the sixteenth century.

The earliest description we have of London is that by Fitz-Stephen, the pupil and biographer of Thomas à Becket, and in it he says, "In the reigns of the King Stephen and Henry II., there were in London three principal churches which had famous schools, either by privilege and ancient dignity, or by favour of some particular persons, as of doctors which were accounted notable and renowned for knowledge of philosophy. Upon festival days the masters made solemn meetings in the churches where their scholars disputed logically and demonstratively; some disputed for show, others to find out the truth, rhetoricians spake aptly to persuade, observing the precepts of art, and omitting nothing that might serve their purposes; the boys of divers schools did cap or pot verses, and contended for the principles of grammar; there were some which on the other side with epigrams and rhymes, nipping and quipping their fellowes and the faults of others, though suppressing their names, moved thereby much laughter among their

auditors." Stowe says, after quoting the above, "The three principal churches which had these famous schools by privilege must needs be the cathedral church of St. Paul for one, the second, the monastery of St. Peter, at Westminster," and after some description of these two, he goes on to "say the third school seemeth to have been in the monastery of St. Saviour's, at Bermondsey, in Southwark, for other priories (and he enumerates several, and amongst them St. Mary Overie, in Southwark), which had their schools, were of later foundation."

Perhaps nothing shows so completely how greed, and not a true desire for the reformation of abuses, was Henry's object in dissolving the monasteries, as the fact that with the monasteries he swept away the monastic schools and their endowments; and for this even his most determined apologists can find no possible excuse, for Henry was a learned man himself, and a patron of learning.

But the people of Southwark had no intention that their children should be deprived of their educational, any more than of their religious, privileges, and so with the noble spirit of generous independence that they possessed, they set to work and founded for themselves schools which were to train their children in all the new learning of the day.

All honour then to the men of Southwark of that day, to Thomas Cure, and John Bingham, and William Bowker, and Christopher Campbell, who raised again St. Saviour's School, once the third School in the metropolis, and placing it under the shadow of the old priory church, made it heir to the double memories of the two ancient foundations. The "solution of continuity" was for so short a time that the present boys of St. Saviour's, may well vote themselves lawful descendants of these whose merry pranks

doubtless amused, and who shared the kindly encouragement of the many noble ladies who took refuge in the Monastery at Bermondsey, while at the same time they can imagine the other division of their predecessors, the boys of St. Marie Overie, racing backwards and forwards to school, along Bankside, playing perhaps at times in the Bishop's Park, and possibly giving to the great William of Wykham, himself the founder of public school education in England, the first idea of his noble twin foundations of Winchester School and New College, Oxford.

It seems probable, if not certain that the determination of the inhabitants of St. Saviour's to restore their ancient schools, dates before the time of Elizabeth, though their actual charter was not obtained till her reign, for we are told that "the parishioners of St. Saviour's set a noble example to their neighbours in the establishment of their admirable free grammar school, and the inhabitants of St. Olave's were not slow to follow so enlightened an example." As St. Olave's dates its foundation, I believe from 1560, St. Saviour's must necessarily have been earlier.

Thomas Cure, the Queen's saddler, seems to have been the prime mover in the good work, and he, with William Bowker, Christopher Campbell, and other inhabitants of St. Saviour's, addressed the Queen, and asked for a charter which was granted in the following terms, that they, the aforesaid worthies "had, at their own great costs and pains, devised, erected and set up a grammar school, wherein the children of the poor as well as the rich inhabitants were freely brought up; that they had applied for a charter to establish a succession;" she therefore wills, "that it shall be one grammar school for education of the parishioners and inhabitants of St. Saviour's, to be called 'a Free Grammar School of the Parishioners of St. Saviour in

Southwark,' to have one master and one under master; six of the more discreet and *sad* inhabitants to be governors, by the name of 'Governors of the Possessions and Revenues and Goods of the Free Grammar School of the Parishioners of the Parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the County of Surrey, incorporated." And these by perpetual succession fill up vacancies in their numbers with the advice of twelve of the most discreet and godliest inhabitants of the Borough," selected by themselves; these again have power, "with the advice of the Bishop of Winchester, or, he absent, of any good learned man, to appoint a school-master and usher, from time to time, and also to purchase land."

All that the parishioners obtained by this patent of Queen Elizabeth was the being made a corporate body in succession; the Queen gave them nothing to endow their school out of the funds which her father and her brother had both received from the Borough. In 1674, Mrs. Newcomen, whose name yet lives in the school still called after her, gave £5 a-year to increase the salary of the under master. In 1676 the school was burnt by the great fire which demolished so much that was old in the Borough, but it was very soon rebuilt.

In 1776 Dr. William Heberden, physician to George III., and who was for some time educated in this school, gave a donation of £500, three per cents., to increase the head master's salary. There were other benefactors at various times, so that the school has four exhibitions, three of £50, and one of £25 a-year to Oxford and Cambridge. The principal founder of these was John Bingham, also a saddler to Queen Elizabeth. He and Cure have both monuments in St. Saviour's Church, but their best memorial is the school they founded and endowed, and the succession of boys who have benefitted by their generosity.

Bishop van Mildert, the last Prince Bishop of Durham received his early education in this School, and many now living in high positions in the Church, besides two ex-Lord Mayors testify to the soundness of the education they have received in a school, whose traditions carry it far back into the middle ages, before the times of the Plantagenets, though by a sort of fiction Queen Elizabeth is considered as its founder, and her accession day the 17th of November is appointed for the annual commemoration of founders and benefactors. In 1840 the school was taken down, the site being required for the Borough Market. It was rebuilt in Sumner-street, the ground being given by the joint liberality of Dr. Sumner then Bishop of Winchester, and the Messrs. Pott, who held a lease of the ground at the time, and so it is that the school though removed from the classic neighbourood of Bankside, and from beneath the shadow of the Old Church stands on part of what was once the Bishop of Winchester's Park, and in a street bearing the name of a former Bishop. Since the changes in the Diocese, the Bishop of Rochester is now considered visitor of the School, and has shewn a lively interest in its welfare.

The people of Bermondsey were not long in following the example of St. Saviour's, and St. Olave's School was set on foot and constituted the free Grammar School of Queen Elizabeth of the parishioners of the parish of St. Olave's by letters patent issued in 1571. The school was built on the south side of Duke Street, leading from Tooley Street to London Bridge, but the ground being required for the London and Greenwich Railway Company, a fresh site was obliged to be found and the new school was erected in the parish of St. John, Horsley-Down. It was again disturbed by the Railway, and the present building is a handsome one in the Tudor style.

This school was formerly confined to the inhabitants of the two parishes of St. Olave and St. John, but during the last few years has been thrown open to other scholars on payment. It is now in a most flourishing condition.

The two schools of St. Saviour and St. Olave, though intended for the sons of poor as well as rich, are classical schools, though St. Olave's has schools of lower grade attached to it, and both have of late years added modern languages and modern science to their course. But two hundred years ago the classics were almost the only subjects of study, and Mrs. Newcomen left some houses and land to provide for a certain number of boys and girls to be clothed and educated at the parish schools, and also for the clothing, in humble fashion, of poor widows of the parish. The value of this property has so increased, and the management has been so careful and conscientious, that two large schools, one for boys and one for girls, were built some few years ago in King Street in the Borough, where the children receive a sound commercial education, and the poor widows are still clothed. The charity is so important that one of the St. Saviour's wardens is called "The Newcomen's Warden." Their festival day is the 2nd of November, the birthday of their foundress.

Before I close this chapter let us remember, with due honour, the name of Edward Alleyne, founder of the college of God's gift, Dulwich, and there can be no more appropriate place than here, for he forms a connecting link between the subject of education and the amusements of Southwark. Alleyne was one of the band of actors and authors who lived, or played, or wrote on Bankside. He gained much fame as an actor, and like Shakespeare, seems to have been a man of high character and thrifty

habits. There is a story told by Aubrey, which I give for what it is worth, that in some play he was representing the person of the Arch-tempter, when Satan himself appeared, which gave him so great a shock that he retired from the stage, and devoted his property—which was large—to God's service. His scheme was intended to benefit the four parishes with which he was connected, Bishopsgate, where he was born, Southwark, where he had acted and principally made his money, St. Luke's, where he held property, Camberwell, where he lived in his later years. As matters are at present, Camberwell swallows up by far the lion's share.

In token of his humility he became a pensioner on his own charity, and lived in the College he had built.

CHAPTER X.

The Drama and Shakespeare.

In a former Chapter I described how the earliest secular plays were probably acted in the courts of such old Inns as abounded in our High Street, where the spectators stept out of their rooms on balconies which overhung the court, and watched the performances, rude enough, probably, in the courtyard below. Scenic representations have

always been a great delight, and remain now almost the only amusements which all classes enjoy together—certainly the only one they enjoy under one roof. The ancient Greeks and Romans specially delighted in these entertainments, and some of their plays are acted, at least by school boys, to the present day.

But when Christianity began to prevail actors were classed with gladiators, their profession was pronounced infamous, and the body of an actor was denied Christian burial. This may seem bigoted, but we must remember how the early Christians had to fight against the old, bad, heathen traditions, and that the lives of actors were so notoriously bad as to make their calling infamous, even had the plays themselves not been objectionable.

But the love of acting and representation was too strong for the ecclesiastical anathemas, and so with that wondrous adaptation to circumstances that the Church of Rome has always shewn, the Ecclesiastics hit upon the idea of taking the acting into their own hands, and when Bibles were few, for each was the painful labour of a separate writer, and readers were consequently few also, they conceived the idea of representing, before the very eyes of the people, various important Bible stories, as well as the lives and deaths of martyrs and of saints, something like, perhaps, though scarcely as elaborate, as the Ober Ammergau Passion Play, still represented every ten years in Bavaria. The acting was generally in the Monastic or Cathedral Church, and the actors were the monks, priests, and choristers. The scenery was doubtless rude enough, and things which would appear shocking and profane to us, did not offend their notions of propriety. So the Almighty was represented generally under the figure of the Pope, the most solemn and dignified personage of whom they knew, and

the different scenes of Heaven, Earth, and Hell were shewn by three platforms, of which the highest represented Heaven, the second Earth, and a lower one full of devils with howling voices and hairy mouths, long tails and cloven hoofs, passed for the infernal regions.

These mysteries, as they were called, lasted some of them for several days, as, for instance, the Creation, which took six days to complete.

Gradually a new feature was introduced, and the moralities succeeded the mysteries, when the virtues, vices, and passions were personified. These were acted in monasteries, in the halls of castles, and at court. They grew by degrees from Christmas masques and mummers, and slid gradually into plays. Bishop Bale, a great writer of the Middle Ages, is considered one of the founders of our national drama. He was author of several moralities, and at last ventured upon something like an historical play, and produced the drama of King John. A considerable number of pieces were also written, to be performed by the students of the inns of court and universities.

But the taste for dramatic entertainments grew, and at last a company was formed under the patronage of Elizabeth's favourite, and called the Earl of Leicester's Servants. A theatre was built on the north side of the Thames near Blackfriars, close by, if not on the spot where now stands the vast establishment of the *Times* newspaper; this was called "The Theatre," the first that ever was erected in England since the time of the Romans. But some cause—it is said the growing Puritanism of the City of London—soon drove the players over the water, and a new theatre, far more famous, was built, called "The Globe," on Bankside. "The Globe Theatre," says an article in the *Mirror*, "stood on a plot of ground now occupied by four houses contiguous

to the present Globe Alley, Maiden Lane, Southwark. These localities are all gone now. The theatre was of considerable size, and is believed to have been built in the year 1596," when Shakespeare at the height of his fame was issuing some of his finest plays. "It was an hexagonal wooden building, partly open to the weather, and partly thatched with reeds, on which as on other theatres, a pole was erected to which a flag was affixed during the hours of performance."

It was called "The Globe" from its sign which was a figure of Atlas supporting a globe, under which was written "Totus mundus agit histrionem (all the world's a stage)." This theatre was often open in summer, and the performances took place by daylight.

We have no description of the interior of "The Globe," but it must have been somewhat similar to our modern theatres with an open space on the roof, or perhaps it more resembled an inn yard; the galleries in both were arranged on the sides of the building, the small rooms as they were called answering to our boxes under the lowest gallery; the common people stood in what we now call the pit, from which circumstance they are called by Shakspeare "the groundlings," and by Ben Jonson the "*understanding* gentlemen of the *ground*."

The stage was erected in the area, with its back to the gateway where the admission money was taken. The price of admission, into the best rooms, was in Shakspeare's time, a shilling, though afterwards it appears to have risen to two shillings and half-a-crown. The galleries or scaffolds, as they were sometimes called, and that part of the house, which in private theatres was named the pit, seem to have charged the same price, which was sixpence, while in some meaner playhouses it was only a penny and others twopence.

The site of this theatre is now occupied by part of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' Brewery.

Among the names of the troupe of professional actors who played at "The Theatre," appear the names of Burbage (the great tragic actor of his day), and Greene or Shakspeare, two Warwickshire men, fellow townsmen, and the latter a relation of William Shakspeare.

And now that we have arrived at this honored name, let us leave Bankside for a time, and go far away together into the centre of England, amongst the magnificent woodland scenery of Warwickshire; and let us glean what we can of the life and character, and surroundings of the greatest Dramatic Author the world has ever seen; he who holds up a glass to nature more perfectly and more vividly than any single author has ever done before or since; whose creations are not only for his own, but "for all time;" whose collected works, are, next to his Bible, the pride of every Englishman.

But before I shew how proud we people of Southwark have a right to be of him, how we may contest the palm of giving expression, if not birth to his genius, even with Stratford, let us go down there, and see for ourselves what was the spot which gave England its Shakspeare. The river scenery of England is, confessedly, some of the most lovely in the world. Many rivers in England bear the British name for water, the Avon, but who, when he speaks of the Avon thinks of aught but Shakspeare's Avon, where "the alder tree droops its white blossoms over the brown rabbit burrows, and the golden cups of the yellow water-lillies lie brilliantly beneath on their green couches, and the reed-sparrow, and the willow-wren sing their small songs around us, and the stately heron flaps his heavy wings above."

And here at Stratford-on-Avon was Shakspeare born on the 23rd of April St. George's day, 1564. His father was a respectable burgess of Stratford, his mother, Mary Arden, was of knightly race, yet neither of his parents could read or write: but he himself attended the Free Grammar School of the town, which had been founded in the reign of Edward IV.

Ben Jonson his rival, and not too generous a one, says, that Shakspeare had small Latin and less Greek; it may have been so, but there are those to whom their whole life is an education.

And now the strong character, the over-powering genius, which drove Columbus to discover a new world, and Clive to conquer an empire, sent Shakspeare forth to earn a maintenance for his family, and to raise his father from such dire poverty, that when his goods were distrained to pay a fourpenny poor-rate, the return was—nothing. Thus the record stands "Johannes Shakspeare nihil habet unde distributio potest levari."

The last stroke that seems to have sent Shakspeare from his home, (from the country life and scenes he loved so passionately, and his family to which he was so tenderly attached,) is said to have been the stupid harshness of a local magnate, Sir Thomas Lucy, who treated a frolic in his park with such degrading insult that it drove the Poet forth to try his fortune in that wondrous London, of which he had so often heard. If it is true that it was Sir Thomas Lucy's harshness that drove Shakspeare from Stratford, the angry Knight deserves to be ranked amongst the greatest benefactors of mankind. How little could he have thought that his sole earthly immortality would be owing to the wild boy, the delinquent who stood before him for sentence. Shakspeare gibbets him as Justice Shallow, and to make sure that the sarcasm should be

appropriated to the right owner he gives the Justice the same arms as the Knight—three Luces.

I have already said that a troupe of actors had been formed, called "My Lord of Leicester's Servants," who, making the stage their profession, acted now regularly in London. Two of these, Burbage and Greene, were natives of Stratford; Greene was moreover a relation of Shakspeare, and, as now, when the Court was away, and London was dull, the troupe paid annual visits to the country, and constantly acted at Stratford. It was natural then that when Shakspeare went out to seek his fortune, his thoughts should turn to his fellow townsman and relation Greene, from whom he hoped to get some assistance. At any rate, to London Shakspeare came, and the struggle must have been a terrible one for some time, thrown amidst a wild, reckless, improvident troupe of actors, exposed to all the temptations and license of London life. But he was preserved by his home affections, and by his persevering industry, and we know in part what he was exposed to, for Marlowe, the finest dramatic writer before him, perished in a tavern brawl, and Greene died miserably in a wretched lodging, where he was taken care of by the charity of poor people. His bitterness against Shakspeare, who was succeeding in the position whence he had himself fallen, is shewn in a few lines of venomous feeling, the one exception to the otherwise invariable tone in which Shakspeare is mentioned by his contemporaries,—worthy, gentle, sweet, and beloved, being the epithets commonly applied to him by those who knew him best.

We have no certain record how Shakspeare passed this time of struggle. One tradition makes him call-boy at the theatre, another says that he held the gentlemen's horses who attended the play. No honest calling came

amiss. He had with him his poem of Venus and Adonis, written at Stratford, which though too highly coloured and sensuous to be altogether pleasing, contains passages of marvellous beauty; and now the great poet felt his mighty mind moving within him. He did not think yet of writing a play; his ambition had not yet reached so far; but he thought he could improve upon those then being acted, and he touched up first one, and then another, and added a passage which here and there stood out like a precious stone sparkling amidst dross. More and more he added in this way, his modesty, (the one virtue we could best have spared,) and his magnificent carelessness about the verdict of posterity, not allowing him to trouble himself to distinguish his own improvements and additions; but ever as he gained experience and confidence his magic touch turned the tinsel to pure gold, and what was weak and poor became a creation of marvellous beauty.

So extraordinary was this sublime modesty that amongst all his plays one only, "Love's Labour Lost," is believed to be his own, plot and all. For his history, he was indebted to North's lives of Plutarch and Holinshed's chronicles, for his tales, principally to Boccaccio, but when first he ventured on original composition, perhaps, he himself could not certainly have told. He seems to have glided gradually from improving the works of others into his own marvellous creations.

The earliest and most generous patron that Shakspeare ever possessed was Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, let his name be held in all honour! He was young, some years younger than Shakspeare, yet he seems to have been the first to apprehend his transcendant genius. His father-in-law, Sir Thomas Heneage, was Treasurer of the Chambers to the Queen, a post, evidently, much the same

as the Lord Chamberlain of the present day, and the rewarding of actors was part of his office, and so this generous young nobleman came to know the humble player and play-writer, and when Shakspeare ventured to publish an original work, it was to him that he dedicated his Venus and Adonis in 1593, and a year later he inscribed to him also his "Rape of Lucrece," but in words so much less formal and laboured, that it is evident their acquaintance was improved, and that he could look upon the Lord Southampton as his friend. As an instance of his liberality, he is said to have given Shakspeare £1,000, probably for the general purpose of improving the stage.

As an actor, Shakspeare never seems to have made much mark. The only two characters that we know with any certainty that he took were Old Adam, in "As you like it," and the Ghost, in "Hamlet." The last time his name appears in the bills was in Ben Jonson's play of Sejanus, in 1603; but we do not know which was his *rôle*, for though the players' names were inscribed on the bills, their parts were not appropriated to them.

Elizabeth and James I. were both equal admirers of Shakspeare, but whereas Elizabeth was content with giving her name and patronage, James conferred far more solid advantages. He formed the actors into three troupes, called respectively the Prince's (Prince Henry), the Queen's, and the King's, thus giving them a status they had never before held. It is worth noting that whilst the "Merry Wives of Windsor," one of the coarsest of Shakspeare's plays, was written at Elizabeth's command, he indited "The Tempest," one of the most graceful of his creations, to please King James, and it was first represented at Court on the occasion of the marriage of the King's daughter, Elizabeth Stuart, with the Elector Palatine, Prospero being,

in compliment to James's abstruse studies represented as a magician with more than earthly power, whilst Miranda pourtrays the Island Princess, now leaving her home, and going forth for the first time to mingle with the world beyond. This fact is curiously at variance with the generally received opinion of the grave stateliness of the Court of Elizabeth, and the coarse buffoonery of that of King James.

To both these sovereigns, however, Shakspeare contrived to pay the most appropriate compliments, perhaps none that ever courtly poet paid to a sovereign, was so happily conceived as that he addressed to the Virgin Queen, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," when Oberon, addressing Puck, says:—

> "That very night I saw (but thou could'st not)
> Cupid all armed; a certain aim he took
> At a fair vestal thronéd by the west
> And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
> But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
> Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
> And the imperial votaress passéd on
> In maiden meditation, fancy free."

In Henry VIII. we have the prophecy put into Cranmer's mouth of Elizabeth's future greatness, though that may possibly have been added by Fletcher, in conjunction with whom Shakspeare wrote the play. In Macbeth the future greatness of Banquo's descendants is prophesied by the witches, in the words "And some I see, that two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry," referring of course to James I., the first sovereign of the three kingdoms; but not even Shakspeare could foresee the vast dominions over which our present Queen sways the sceptre.

Though Shakspeare was so great a favourite with both

Sovereigns, it is remarkable that neither Elizabeth nor James appears ever to have visited either the Globe or the Rose, a smaller theatre on Bankside; but he and his troupe were often summoned to act at Court. Yet Queen Elizabeth often visited Bankside to be present at the bear-baitings.

In 1597, the spirit of Puritanism was spreading, the theatres on Bankside were voted nuisances, and we find that a petition was made to the Privy Council concerning the play-houses in the Parish, and that "four or two" of the Churchwardens, with a collection of the Boroughside, and another of Bankside, were to present the petition, but this seems to have produced no effect. In fact there were scarcely ever two Sovereigns more fond of masques, shows and plays than Elizabeth and James, and with no sort of consistency could they have prevented their subjects enjoying the same. And so, at last, not being able to suppress them, the Churchwardens endeavoured to turn them to account by obtaining tithes and poor-rates from the owners and managers of the theatres.

And now we must just take a glance at the work that Shakspeare was doing at this time, at the renown that he was, in his modest unconsciousness building up for himself in future ages in his Southwark home in Bear Garden, between Park Street and Bankside, where it is known that he lived for some years.

Thirty-two plays are, either wholly or in part, Shakspeare's own. They may be divided into four periods. In the first were "Titus Andronicus," not wholly his, but an old play retouched by him. Then the first part of Henry VI, "Love's Labour Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Midsummer Night's Dream," the most elegant and fanciful of all his plays, which, with its union of three distinct

stories, its wildly impossible mingling of Sylvan fairies, and English clowns, of Greek history and Greek legends, its laughing defiance of every rule of dramatic art, yet produces a graceful and harmonious whole; and though in the hands of any writer but Shakspeare, it would be an incongruous mixture of absurdities, in his it is a vision of delight. The rest of the works that mark this first period, are considered to be "All's well that ends well," "The Rape of Lucrece, "Richard II" and "III," a recasting of the second parts of "Henry VI" and "King John." And by this play of "King John," hangs a tale. It is in defiance of all historical truth that Shakspeare has represented Arthur as a child, instead of, as he was, a valiant young man capable of bearing arms, and who had distinguished himself in battle. Why was this? It was in the year 1596, that Shakspeare lost his only son Hanmet, and it was in the same year that this play was produced. To so loving a nature as Shakspeare's, the death of his child must have been a bitter stroke, and there can be little doubt that in his portrait of Arthur, he was drawing from the memory of his own lost son, and that in Constante's passionate grief he is but giving vent to his own. He would fain, like her, make

> "Grief fill up the room of his absent child,
> Put on his pretty looks, repeat his words,
> Remember him of all his gracious parts,
> Stuff out his vacant garments with his form."

And we may imagine him, when his friends (and they were many) gathered around him in his Southwark home to console him in his sorrow, with the platitudes, that all words of comfort seem at such a time, saying, at least in thought "They talk to me, that never had a son."

All Shakspeare's life was to him an education, and

it was probably this very deep grief that ripened and developed his faculties, that gave him deeper insight into the heart, larger views of human life, a wider though a sadder experience, for in "The Merchant of Venice," which critics place as the first drama in the second division of his works, Shakspeare arrived at the perfection of his art.

Following this comes, "The Taming of the Shrew," "The First and Second of Henry IV," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," making a trilogy of which Falstaff is the hero. Then the historical plays closed with Henry V, a splendid dramatic song to the glory of England, "Much Ado about Nothing," "As you like it," "Twelfth Night," "All's well that ends well," and so closes the second division.

In the third period, from 1602 to 1608, occur all Shakspeare's greatest tragedies. The last days of Elizabeth had come, troubles and sorrows were darkening around the poet. Of his friends, Southampton, his earliest and most ardent admirer, was in the Tower, Essex had perished on the scaffold; Pembroke was banished from court, and some think, judging from his sonnets, that he had some great personal and private grief of his own. In this third period, then, we count "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," "Julius Cæsar," "Othello," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Troilus and Cressida," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," and "Timon," only in part his.

And now comes his fourth period. He had earned an honourable competency, had provided for his family, and was able to return in peace to his home at Stratford, which he had always visited every year, and so kept alive and warm all his family affections. And now his writings are full of the breath of country air, of love and forgiveness. "The Winter's Tale" (with the sheepshearing, and Perdita,

the country lass), "Cymbeline," "Pericles," which he probably left unfinished, and which was completed by two later writers, and "The Tempest." Then, in conjunction probably with Fletcher, he wrote his last great work, "Henry VIII," and the prayer of Wolsey perhaps, reviewing his past life, and trusting to the mercy of God "to make it pure," may have been his own.

"For three years he kept silence," and then on the 23rd of April, 1616, his fifty-second birthday, he died. He died at New Place, Stratford, which he had purchased several years before. It was rendered by him a most pleasant spot. Here in peace and quiet happiness, surrounded by his family, he passed the last years of his life, and in the solemn words of his will, written, he himself says, when in perfect health and memory, a month before his death; he passed away "hoping and assuredly believing, through the merits of Jesus Christ his Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

Such was the close of the poet's life. I have shown how closely, he, the greatest boast of English literature, is identified with the Borough of Southwark, and how justly we may claim him as specially our own. It was here he lived, here he worked, here he acted, and still more, here he thought out those wonderful delineations of character, in which now, not only the English speaking race, but by the aid of translations the whole world, is claiming a part.

But in all the range of biography there is scarcely a more tantalising one than Shakspeare's; we know so little of the man himself. His works do not help us, for, as he describes evey shade of character, every grade of society, every phase of human life, we cannot lay our fingers upon any one of his personages and say this is the man himself.

We known him to have been the companion of the best, the wisest, and the wittiest of his own day. His wit combats with Ben Jonson are immortalised by Jonson himself, and by Fuller in his English Worthies, who says, "Many were the witty combats betwixt him and Benjamin Jonson, who (like a Spanish galleon) was built far higher in learning, solid, but slow in his performances, whilst Shakspeare (like an English man-of-war, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing) could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Many of these wit combats were held at the Falcon, near Bankside, said to have been the largest inn in Surrey. Of his personal character we know but this, that he was a good son, a good father, a generous friend, a joyous and beloved companion, a thrifty hard working man, and that moreover, in a profession which, of all others, is supposed to foster careless and improvident habits; and, withal, of so singular a modesty, that the very works which are now the delight of the whole civilized world he himself seems scarcely to have thought worthy of being preserved. The only piece of his handwriting that remains is his signature to his will, for all his original manuscripts were destroyed at Stratford, in a spasm of Puritanism a few years after his death.

A brother of his, Edmund Shakspeare, was buried in St. Saviour's Church; he probably came up to London to seek his fortune under his brother's patronage, but died here, and was buried amongst the many poets and actors who here found their last resting place.

But though Shakspeare stands so pre-eminent above all his compeers, yet even he must not engross the whole dramatic interest of Bankside. A goodly band they were, whose homes were wholly or in part on the bank; there

were Jonson and Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher. Of these "shining stars that ran their glorious course round Shakspeare's golden sun," Beaumont and Fletcher, those twin authors whose names are so inseparable, lived together in one house on Bankside till Beaumont married. Both were men of good family and high cultivation, both were University men, Beaumont whose name always comes first in the literary firm was the younger man. He was at Oxford, while Fletcher, the son of a Bishop, was educated at Cambridge. Their acquaintance appears to have begun at the Mermaid Club, of which they were members. Beaumont thus gives his account of what took place there :—

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life."

Sir Walter Scott, in his History of the Drama, says of these twin authors' plays, that the plot was extremely irregular, but the writing was highly poetic, the descriptions beautiful, and the dialogues tender and passionate, with brilliant wit and gaiety, or a feast of comic humour. Yet in spite of the beauty of detached passages, the indelicacy and coarseness of their plays makes them unfit for general perusal. And this is one point where Shakspeare stands out in such strong contrast from all his contemporaries; it is of course true that passages of his works can be omitted with advantage in reading or acting, but they are seldom woven into the plot, they are blemishes and excrescences, and in so coarse an age to have omitted them altogether would certainly have been untrue to life; but as a rule they do not

enter into the composition of the piece, but can be easily removed without injury to it as a work of art.

There is an amusing story told of Beaumont and Fletcher, which illustrates their way of working together. They met at a tavern, probably the Falcon, to arrange the share each was to take in a drama they were going to produce, when a bystander heard one utter a fierce ejaculation of "I'll undertake to kill the King." Brimful of importance, off went the informer to make known the fact of a plot against good King James's life, "and the poor dramatist, till he could explain, had a prospect of the block, which better fitted the blockhead that betrayed him." Fletcher is said to have written the "Two Noble Kinsmen" in conjunction with Shakspeare.

Ben Jonson, though more learned than Shakspeare, lacked the ease and carelessness of true genius; his works were heavy and laboured; though possessed of great merit, they were not popular, even in his own time; and the world has shown no disposition to reverse the opinion of its predecessors. His works, too, are disfigured by more than the coarseness of his age, and to a greater degree than any writer of real power except Swift. He lies in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, with the words "O rare Ben Jonson" as his epitaph

Before I close this record of some few of the wits and dramatic authors who lived on Bankside, I must say a few words of him who perhaps amongst them all stands second to Shakspeare, Philip Massinger. His father was a gentleman attached in some way to the family of Henry, second Earl of Pembroke; and he himself was born at Wilton, the seat of the Herberts, in the year 1584. Little is known of his life; he probably received the rudiments of his education at Wilton; he became a student at St. Alban's

Hall, Oxford, in 1602, in the eighteenth year of his age. He left college abruptly without taking his degree in 1608, probably on account of the death of his father, and going straight to London commenced play-writing. His earliest play is "the Virgin Martyr," a sort of religious mystery of great beauty. "A new Way to pay Old Debts" still keeps the stage, being sometimes acted even now. Many of his plays are lost. The story goes that "a Mr. Warburton, Somerset Herald, of the last century, formed an extensive collection of the writings of our old dramatists, which fell into the hands of—his cook! and when Warburton, after the lapse of years, condescended to revisit his hoards, they had been burnt from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper!" In this sacriligious way it has been conjectured were consumed about twelve of Massinger's plays, besides forty other manuscript plays of various authors.

Although Massinger appears to have led a more correct life than many of his contemporaries, it seems to have been one of poverty, misfortune and sadness. He probably never married, and to all appearance after his father's death had no relation of any kind alive. His death, like his life, was mysterious and lonely; it took place on the 17th of March, 1640. He went to bed apparently in good health, and was found dead in the morning at his own house at Bankside. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, and the comedians paid the last sad duty to his name by attending him to the grave. No stone or inscription of any kind marks his resting place, but on the authority of Sir Aston Cockagne, one of his most intimate acquaintances and warm admirers, it is said that he was buried in the grave of his brother dramatist, Fletcher.

Though we know that the word "Stranger" means

merely that he did not belong to the Parish, yet there is something deeply pathetic in the entry in the parish register, "March 20, 1639-40, buried Philip Massinger, a Stranger."

I may as well add here a few more items of information with regard to the Globe Theatre. It is not certain in what year it was built, but Hentzner, a German traveller, who gives an amusing description of London in the time of Queen Elizabeth, alludes to it as existing in 1598, it was probably not built long before 1596: it was burnt down June 29th, 1613. It is curious that the burning down of the Globe coincides with the appearance of the last play sent up to London by Shakspeare from his Warwickshire home. Could it be that when the old spot, the Globe, so identified with his fame, was gone, he cared not to write for the new theatre? He might almost have said with Sir Bevidere,

> "But now the whole *Round Table* is dissolved
> Which was an image of the mighty world;
> And the days darken round me, and the years,
> Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

For the drama had begun its decay almost before Shakspeare's death. However this may be, whether the burning of the Globe, and Shakspeare's silence, were merely one of those strange coincidences that so often occur, or whether the one was the cause of the other, I cannot say; the fact is certain.

An account of this accident is given by Sir Henry Wotton in a letter, dated July 2nd, 1613. "Now to let matters of State sleepe, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The King's players had a new play called "All is True," representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII., which set

forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage, the Knights of the Orders with their Georges and Garters, the guards with their embroidered cloaks and the like; sufficient in truth within awhile to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at this entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric wherein yet nothing did perish but *wood* and *straw*, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale."

From a letter of Mr. John Chamberlaine to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated July 8th, 1613, we find that the theatre had only two doors. "The burning of the Globe or play-house, on the Bankside on St. Peter's Day, cannot escape you, which fell out by a peal of chambers (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play), the tampin or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burn'd it down to the ground, with a dwelling-house adjoining, and it was a great marvaile and a fair grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out."

In 1613 was entered in the Stationers books "A doleful ballad of the general conflagration of the famous theatre called the Globe."

Taylor, the Water Poet, also commemorates the event in the following lines:—

"As gold is better that in fire's tried,
So is the Bankside Globe, that late was burn'd
For when before it had a thatched hide,
Now to a stately theatre 'tis turn'd;
Which is an emblem that great things are won;
By those that dare through greater dangers run."

Ben Jonson immortalizes it by some humourous verses called "An execration on Vulcan," in which he enumerates most of the great fires of history, but contrasting these with the loss of the Globe, considers *that* the heaviest, apparently because in it he lost many of his most valuable MSS. The Theatre was rebuilt with greater splendour in the following year.

We have not yet done with Bankside, for though the subject is not a pleasant one, we must not omit to mention the bear-baitings and bull-baitings, which, like the legitimate drama, had regular places of exhibition there. I am glad to know that these brutal sports were of foreign introduction, and that the first we hear of them in England was in the reign of King John, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, "where this strange passtyme was introduced by some Italyans for his highness' amusement, wherewith he and his Court were highly delighted." The amusements and the spectators were well matched, for they were on the whole less cruel than John's favourite one of torturing human beings.

One would like to know whether the bear-baiting took place as a supplementary amusement to the "gentle and joyous passage of arms" at Ashby, immortalised in the pages of Ivanhoe. Unfortunately, by-the-bye, that took place before John was King.

It is a fact, however, which we cannot deny that they became favourite pastimes with the English people, the spice of danger in them probably increasing their popu-

larity; for when a bull of great strength was roused to fury by the attacks of the dogs, it would sometimes break the cord which fastened it to a ring, and then, woe betide the lookers on.

Stowe, in his survey of London says: "As for the baiting of bulls and of bears, they are to this day much frequented, namely, in bear gardens on the Bankside, wherein be prepared scaffolds for people to stand upon. The spot on which they were held was called Paris gardens, the name Paris being believed to be a corruption of Paradise;" anything but a garden of Eden, one would think.

In No. 540 of "the Mirror" is a wood-cut representing the bull and the bear baiting theatres as they were in 1560. Each theatre looks rather like a miniature stonehenge, open at the top, and having an entrance left on one side. The people seem to have sat or stood all round, and the performance to have taken place in the pit in the middle.

We are told, "Those who go to Paris Gardens, the Bell Savage, or Theatre, to behold bear baitings, interludes or fence play, must not account of any *pleasant spectacle* unless they first pay one penny at the gate, another at the entry of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing." As pence were scarce in those days, of course this would of itself imply a comparatively select audience.

One Sunday afternoon in the year 1582 the scaffold, being overcharged with spectators, fell down during the performance, and a great number of persons were killed or maimed by the accident, which the Puritans of the time failed not to attribute to Divine judgement. On the 26th of May, 1599, Queen Elizabeth went by water with the French Ambassadors to Paris Gardens, where they saw a baiting of bulls and bears. Indeed, Southwark seems to have been of sporting notoriety, for, in "the Humorous

Lovers," printed in 1617, one of the characters says: "I'll set up my bills, that the gamesters of London, Horsly-down, *Southwark*, and Newmarket, may come in and bait him (the bear) before the ladies."

CHAPTER XI.

THE REIGN OF JAMES I.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.—BISHOP ANDREWES.

OUR subject in this chapter will not carry us far from Bankside. Beyond it is Clink Street, full of warehouses and wharfs. Here Winchester Wharf represents the spot where the Bishop of Winchester's Palace once stood, where the principal subject of this chapter, Bishop Andrewes lived, and where he died; let us pass on, going through the narrow arch in the depth of the massive wall, the sole remains of the ancient building, and we shall come out at St. Mary Overie's Dock, where possibly Mary of the Ferry (if ever she existed) plied her oar a thousand years before. Close at hand is the west door of the nave of St. Saviour's, and between it and the Dock is Montague Close.

Stowe, in his survey of London, calls it "St. Mary Overie's close in possession of Lord Montacute." It was on this spot that Lord Montacute and Lord Monteagle

are both said to have had houses. The tradition in the Borough is, that the famous letter which led to the discovery of the plot and which was intended for one of these Lords, and given by mistake to the other, was delivered in Montague Close. This tradition I had heard and believed as a matter of course, but on searching for its confirmation, I find that it is not borne out by either Speed's or Stowe's or Camden's authority, the two first positively stating that it was delivered in the Strand, for says Stowe, "about tenne dayes before the Parliament should begin, the Lord Monteagle, sonne and heire to the Lord Morley, being then in his owne lodging at the Strand, ready to go to supper at seven of the clocke, one of his footmen, whom he had sent of an errand over the streete, was met with an unknowne man of indifferent stature, who suddenly delivered him a letter, etc., etc." Possibly, therefore, the tradition is wrong, and arises simply from the fact of Lord Monteagle having had a house in the close. Mr. Walford in his Old and New London, repeats the tradition as if it were a matter of fact, and I find it also in the "British Traveller," by Charles Burlington, a thick folio exactly a hundred years old. Neither of these name their authority, the only confirmation they give is, the assertion, that in consequence of this discovery, Montague Close had the privilege of sanctuary granted it. But it is likely enough that from the anomalous position of the church after the Reformation, the precincts may have retained the privilege of sanctuary, and it would have been a very doubtful way of rewarding the service done in showing the letter to the ministers, seeing that sanctuary was abused, like the cities of refuge in old Jewish days, to serve as a harbour and resort for infamous characters, who would have been a very undesirable addition to his lordship's neighbourhood.

Let us now make our way from the outside of St. Saviour's, from that spot where once stood the cloisters of the old Priory, in later times, the Town Houses of two noblemen, and which is now a workman's yard, into the beautiful Lady Chapel, which, as all such chapels are, is situated eastwards beyond the choir, from the quaint yet pathetic mediæval idea that, as the ground plan of an old church or cathedral, with its choir, its transepts, and its nave represented the cross, our Lord's head would then, as it were, rest on his mother's bosom, as indeed it might possibly have done when he was taken down from the cross. We pass up the north aisle of the choir, where lies the great treasurer of the mighty Conqueror, and second founder of our church, William Pont de l'Arche, and enter the Lady Chapel; here, as I have told, was held the Bishop of Winchester's Consistory Court, where Gardener's condemnation of the Protestant Martyrs is commemorated by some very modern stained glass; but just behind the choir you will see an altar tomb, and on it in pious mediæval fashion, lies peacefully at rest, one who did the work that was given him to do, who finished his course and entered into his rest long years ago, the saintly Bishop Andrewes.

It is a handsome black and white marble monument, and like everything connected with St. Saviour's, has undergone great vicissitudes; but before I describe Bishop Andrewes's Monument, let me say somewhat of his life, for "he being dead, yet speaketh."

Lancelot Andrewes was born on the 25th of September, 1555, in Thames Street, in the Parish of All Hallows, Barking. At Merchant Taylor's School he so distinguished himself as to attract the notice of Dr. Watts, Archdeacon of Middlesex, who had newly founded some scholarships

at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and to the first of these Dr. Watts appointed him. In his first year he was elected Scholar of Jesus College, newly founded by Hugh Price. After he had been three years at the University, he was accustomed to go up twice a year to London to visit his parents, his father being now Master of the Trinity House. He performed the journey on foot till he became a Bachelor of Divinity, and professed that he would not have ridden on horseback then, but that divers friends began to find fault with him, as if he had foreborne riding, only to save the charges. During his stay in London his father was accustomed to procure for him the assistance of a master, that he might learn some language or art which he had not attained before.

In 1576, he was chosen a Fellow of his College, and he was now appointed Divinity Lecturer there. In this new capacity he delivered his celebrated catechetical lectures on the ten commandments, every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, and so eminent was his character, that not only the members of the University, but persons from the country flocked to hear him. It is a curious fact that these lectures were published on his own responsibility by Michæl Sparke, the Puritan publisher of Prynne's works, who, in his dedication, remarks that "the author of this book is enough praised in naming him, it was Dr. Andrewes, the late Bishop of Winchester, a man both at home and abroad of a good favour for his regular and strict life of whom the less is said, the more is said, for that to fetch lustre to his name from a mean style or pen, is to go northwards for heat."

This testimony from a Puritan to an English Catholic Divine speaks volumes.

Having been invited by Henry, Earl of Huntingdon,

to visit him, when he was president of the North, he employed himself during his visit in preaching, and was successful in bringing back many of those who had joined the Romish Church. By the influence of Sir Francis Walsingham he was appointed to the vicarage of St. Giles', Cripplegate, and in 1559 residentiary Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral; these were not sinecure appointments, for besides his duties at St. Giles', to which he payed exemplary attention, he delivered divinity lectures at St. Paul's three times a week. His assiduity in his pastoral duties, joined to his ascetic mode of life, impaired his health so much that for a time his life was despaired of. He was now appointed head of Pembroke Hall, "a place of credit but of little profit, for he ever spent upon it more than he received from it. He found the college in debt, but left, when he resigned the post, above £1,100 in the treasury toward improving the college estates."

He was appointed one of Queen Elizabeth's chaplains, and so delighted was she with him as a preacher, that she conferred upon him in 1601 the Deanery of Westminster. But notwithstanding his well-known piety and learning, he was not advanced in this reign to the Episcopate, and the reason was one which redounds to his credit but scarcely to the Queen's. He was offered more than one Bishopric, but consistently and piously rejected each offer, because there was attached to it a condition that he should alienate the revenues. The custom of selling as it were the Bishoprics of the church, by offering them to those who were prepared to alienate the estates to those lay reformers, who had not been rewarded for their exertions by the spoils of the monasteries, continued throughout the reign of Elizabeth, and we regret to state that before her reign, some even of the clerical reformers, Cranmer

for instance, had soiled their hands thus, in order to enrich their families.

But though Andrewes was on this account neglected by Queen Elizabeth and her counsellers, he was soon noticed by King James, and so honoured as a preacher that when speaking of him he is said to have asserted that for years together, whilst in Scotland, he prayed to God upon his knees before every sermon he was to hear, that he might hear nothing from the preacher that might afterwards grieve him. But after his coming into England he said it was his prayer to edify by what he heard. By King James, Andrewes was successively made Bishop of Chichester 1605, of Ely 1609, of Winchester in 1618. And so I have brought him fairly into our story, of which he henceforth forms a part.

He lived in the reigns of four sovereigns, and enjoyed the favour of three: Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. He was master of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, besides fifteen modern tongues, so that Fuller quaintly says: "The world wanted learning to know how learned this man was, so skilled in all, especially oriental languages, that some conceive he might, if then living, almost have served as Interpreter General at the confusion of tongues." This acquaintance with Eastern languages, combined with his fame as a learned Divine, and the known holiness of his life, caused him to be chosen as one of the translators of our Bible whose "uncommon beauty and marvellous English make it the admiration even of those who refuse to adopt it," as, in a number of the *Dublin Review*, says one who has left the mother church for another communion, the words of the English Bible "live on the ear, like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells, which the convert hardly knows how he can forego."

To the fidelity and marvellous beauty of this our authorised version, Bishop Andrewes was a great contributor. "The portion assigned to Andrewes and his company," says Collier, "was the Pentateuch, and the history from the Book of Joshua to the first Book of Chronicles exclusive."

From a description of his private chapel given us by a Puritan, it is evident that many of the ceremonies and ornaments, since branded as Popish, and which in our own day have caused so much heart burning and discussion, were retained in the church after the Reformation, and only lost sight of, at the Rebellion and Restoration, such as silver candlesticks with tapers, a silver and gilt canister for wafers, a chalice with the picture of Christ engraved on it, a tricanale or pot with three tubes for water to mix with the wine and holy water, a credence table, a censer to burn incense in, a little boat out of which frankincense is poured, etc. In his notes on the Common Prayer he gives directions for bowing when going up to the altar, and also at various parts of the service. Whatever then may be our opinion as to what is now called Ritualism, these forms are many of them plainly only revivals of what was an acknowledged part of our Church Service, under a strongly Anti-Roman Prelate, and *not* a return to Romish practices.

There is a story told of Bishop Andrewes by the poet Waller, who happened to be present on the occasion, which shows so much, both tact and humour, that it might well be put side by side with many another told of a later and equally famous Bishop of Winchester, the beloved and lamented Wilberforce. It is said that King James with his ultra notions of the Divine Right of Kings, was once conversing with Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, and Neale, Bishop of Durham, when his Majesty asked them, "My Lords," he said, "cannot I take my subjects' money

when I want it, without all this formality of Parliament?" The Bishop of Durham readily answered "God forbid sir, but you should, you are the breath of our nostrils!" Whereupon the King turned and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my Lord, what say you?" "Sir," replied the Bishop, "I have no skill to judge of Parliamentary cases." The King answered "no put offs my Lord, answer me presently." "Then Sir," said Andrewes, "I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neale's money because he offers it!"

We are told by Hacket, one of his pupils, and his biographer, of the good Bishop's tender and assiduous care for the Westminster scholars, when he was Dean of Westminster; how, when he took his favourite walk to Chelsea, he ever had two or three of them with him. Sometimes he supplied the place of the head master for a week together, and often had the best scholars at his lodgings, and himself instructed them in Greek and the elements of Hebrew. I cannot doubt but that when residing at Winchester House, he paid the like-loving care and attention to the boys of St. Saviour's School, which was then at his palace gates, but of this, unfortunately, I possess no record. Hacket in his passionate eulogy of his former master says, "This is that Andrewes, the ointments of whose name is sweeter than all spices; see Cant. IV. 10. This is that celebrated Bishop of Winton whose learning King James admired above all his chaplains, and that King being of most excellent parts himself, could the better discover what was eminent in another."

His almsgiving was so abundant we are told that in addition to his public contributions to charities, he gave away in private alms in the last six years of his life, £1,340. He died at Winchester House, in the old episcopal residence

on the Bankside, the last remains of which have so lately disappeared, in the second year of King Charles I. reign, on his seventy-first birthday, and was buried at St. Saviour's Church in a chapel at the east end of the Lady Chapel, called from that time the Bishop's Chapel.

When the approaches to the New London Bridge were being made in 1830, this Chapel, which was an excrescence, and by no means an ornamental one, was taken down, and the Bishop's tomb therefore had to be moved. It is an Altar tomb, as I have said, of black and white marble, with a recumbent figure of the Bishop in his scarlet robes as Prelate of the Order of the Garter. He wears a black cap and a small ruff, a book held in his right hand lies on his breast. He died in the year 1626. On taking down the monument they found the coffin which was enclosed in it, in an excellent state of preservation. It is formed of lead, and bears the initials L. A. on the lid, attached to it is a massive iron framework, with large rings at the head and foot. It rested on a cross of brickwork, the foot of the coffin on the upper part of the cross, which was placed eastward. The whole was carefully removed and re-erected in the Lady Chapel at the back of the Altar screen.

We, of St. Saviour's Parish, may well take pride and pleasure in the fact that to our glorious old church are entrusted the remains of one so saintly and eminent amongst all the Bishops of Winchester. I know of only one other Bishop of that See who is buried here, and that is William Wickham (not the celebrated William of Wykeham, for whom he has been mistaken), who was translated from the See of Lincoln to the Bishopric of Winchester, in the month of March, 1595, deceased the eleventh of June next following, and was buried here. One of my authorities says that there is still a stone in the Lady Chapel marking his resting place, but I have been unable to find it.

CHAPTER XII.

The Rebellion and the Restoration.

AND now we leave the peaceful days of the last of the Tudors and the first of the Stuarts, and pass from the consideration of public amusements and learned leisure to the time when the murmurs of war and strife were beginning to be heard.

It was in the year 1642 that the Common Council passed an "Act for the better defence of the City (against the King), by fortifying the same with outworks at divers places." All the passages and ways leading to the City with the exception of four or five were to be shut up. The works were begun with the greatest alacrity, and in a short time an earthen rampart or wall was erected round the Cities of London and Westminster, and Borough of Southwark.

But jealousies were growing up between the Parliament and the Army; the Army was no longer the Servant of the Parliament, but an independent power, and the City sided with the Parliament; and in 1547, when Fairfax was approaching London, orders were sent by Parliament that the Army was not to approach any nearer to the City: they nevertheless continued their advance, on which strong guards were placed round the Cities of London, and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark. Envoys passed backwards and forwards between the City and the Army, and when the discussion rose high and the Army halted, the Citizens thinking this proceeded from fear, valiantly

proposed to "march out and destroy them;" but when they heard the Army was in full march, their courage failed, and they cried out "treat, treat, treat." Meanwhile, the inhabitants of Southwark made a treaty on their own account, invited Fairfax, and delivered up the Borough to a party sent for that purpose.

But the Parliament at this time wanting money, and the City refusing the loan that was demanded, the Parliament and Army joined together to demolish the ramparts, bastions, and fortifications lately erected, which encircled London, Westminster and Southwark.

It is difficult to decide, apart from all questions of right and wrong, which behaved the most contemptibly of the three parties concerned, the Parliament, the Army or the City. Southwark whatever our opinion may be of the side it took, at any rate behaved with promptitude and common sense in its treaty with Fairfax.

I cannot find much to relate during the time of Cromwell and the Commonwealth; yet Southwark had its Confessors in those times. Peter Heylin, the well-known Carolinian divine and historian, was the original recorder of the ejected Episcopal Clergy in 1642. His book is earlier than the better-known "Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy." The heading to the last chapter of Heylin's "Aerius Redivivus" is as follows:—"A passed Bill of Mortality of the Clergy of London from 1641-1647 with the several casualties of the same, or a brief Martyrology and Catalogue of the Learned, Grave, Religious, and Painful Ministers of the City of London, who have been imprisoned, plundered, and barbarously used, and deprived of all Livelihood for themselves and their Families, for their Constancy to the Protestant Religion Established in this Kingdom, and their Loyalty to their Sovereign." Of those in Southwark he

mentions "St. Olave's, Dr. Turner sequestered, plundered, fetched up prisoner with a troop of soldiers, and afterwards forced to fly:" "St. Saviour's and St. Sepulchre's, Mr. Pigott, the lecturer, turned out:" "St. Thomas's, Mr. Spencer sequestered and imprisoned:" Walker adds the name of Joseph Draper, Curate of the Church and Hospital of St. Thomas, Southwark, and the Rector of St. George's, Southwark, name unknown. Both the writers narrate the cruel procedures of the Puritan Triers, etc., and the mockery of the nominal allowances of fifths to these ejected Royalist Clergy, whose places were of course immediately supplied by the Presbyterian and Puritan Ministers of the day.

It was in 1660 that Monk effected the restoration of the King, but as Monk marched from the North, Southwark had no part in the preliminary measures; but when the King was to make his triumphant entry, and there was question of processions, then you may be sure Southwark came to the front, and from Kent, not now rebellious or refractory, but loyal and jubilant, came the thronging crowds, "bringing back their King."

Lady Fanshawe, in her memoirs, begins with the embarkation from Breda, and tells how a hundred fair ships set sail before the wind with "trumpets and all other music," and "by the merciful bounty of God," the King was set safely on shore at Dover, in Kent, upon the twenty-fifth of May, 1660. He did not however proceed on his journey till the twenty-ninth, which was his birthday, and then she says "so great were the acclamations and numbers of the people, that it reached like one street from Dover to Whitehall."

From Dover to Southwark the advance seems to have been without break. Charles on horseback riding between his two brothers, the Duke of York and the young Duke

of Gloucester, came slowly over roads strewn with flowers, by conduits running wine, under triumphal arches and through streets hung with tapestry. "There," says Walter Scott, "were the citizens in various bands, some arrayed in coats of black velvet with gold chains, some in military suits of cloth of gold, or cloth of silver, followed by all those craftsmen who, having hooted the father from Whitehall, had now come to shout the son into possession of his ancestral palace."

On his progress through Blackheath, he passed that army which so long formidable to England herself, as well as Europe, had been the means of restoring the monarchy which their own hands had destroyed. But at Southwark the procession made the first and only pause of which we read, and the personal welcome from London began in the Borough and St. George's Fields, where he was met by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The Mayor delivering the City sword to his Majesty had it returned with the honour of Knighthood, and his Majesty, after thus receiving the homage of the City, rested to partake of some refreshment, which he must have needed after his ride from Dover. A magnificent tent was prepared in St. George's Fields, where he was able to repose for a time. Again he started, and through our streets, richly decorated, he passed over London Bridge, which, strangely enough, is not specially mentioned in any of the accounts that I have seen, and which, I suppose, therefore as being flanked on each side by houses, was only looked upon in in the light of a street. After this he was seven hours passing through the City, from two o'clock till nine. "I stood in the Strand," says Evelyn, and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was done without one drop of bloodshed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him;

but it was the Lord's doing, for such a restauration was never mentioned in any history, antient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish Captivity: nor so joyful a day and so bright ever seene in this nation, this hapning when to expect or to effect it was past all human policy."

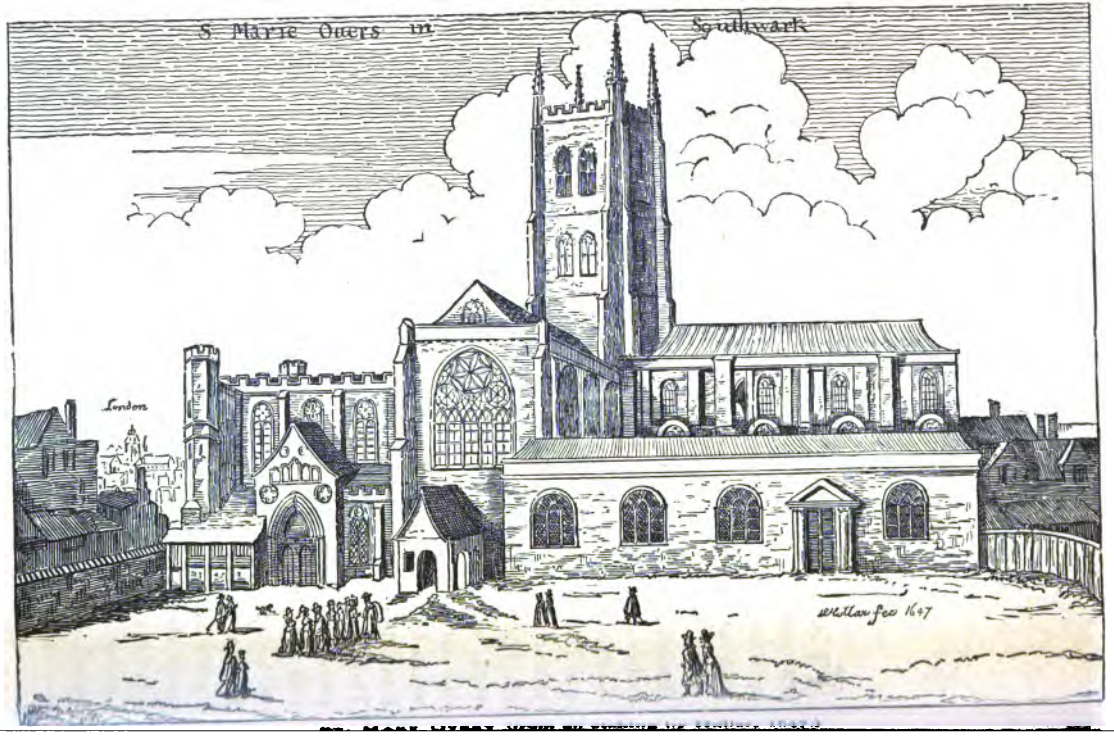
But with Charles's return came the necessity to arrange the relations of Church and State, and I shall scarcely be forgiven if I omit here the sufferings of the Nonconformist Ministers for conscience sake; Black Bartholomew's Day, 1662, or the day on which the Puritan Ministers were displaced from the livings into which they had been intruded, is still remembered by the Nonconformists, who, not many years ago, erected a hall in Farringdon Street in memory of their constancy. The names of the ejected Ministers (who, however, had the option of remaining if they conformed) in Southwark, were Henry Jessy, Rector of St. George the Martyr; John Busoe of St. Thomas's Church; Thomas Wadsworth, born in St. Saviour's Parish, of St. Mary Magdalene's; William Whitaker of Bermondsey, Southwark; Robert Terry, from the same. From St. Olave's, Southwark, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Ralph Venning were ejected. From St. Saviour's, Southwark, John Crodacoll and Stephen Watkins. Messrs. Cobb and Beremar from St. Thomas's. It is curious that Robert Brown, the founder of the Independents, who flourished in Queen Elizabeth's reign, is said in Brayley's History of Surrey, to have been a Schoolmaster at St. Olaves in Southwark, if so, one would suppose that he must have been nearly the first. After being a most violent opponent of the Church, he conformed, and was received into its Communion about the year 1590, and preferred to the Rectory of a Church near Thrapstone, in Northamptonshire, where, however, he

never resided; so that probably he held the Mastership of St. Olaves and the living in Northamptonshire at the same time. Fuller says of him, "that he had a wife with whom he never lived, and a church in which he never preached." He eventually died in Prison for an assault upon the Parish Constable, at the age of 80.

To Charles II. must be given the credit of having opposed persecution as far as possible, and done his utmost to make a compromise which would satisfy the Nonconformists, and include them in the Church. When this was found impossible by their refusing to give way, he granted of his own authority special licenses to many Nonconformist Ministers to hold meetings in different districts in Southwark and elsewhere. Winchester Yard, Southwark, St. Mary Overie's, Deadman's Place, near St. Saviour's, Southwark, Humphrey Addersley's House near Bridge House, London Bridge, are with others mentioned as spots where, by the King's license, meetings were held.

But of all the Nonconformists connected with our Borough, none is so remarkable as John Bunyan, the author of the most marvellous allegory ever produced. The Pilgrim's Progress still remains unapproached and unapproachable. Bunyan was the son of a travelling tinker, probably a gipsy, and was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in the year 1628. The Bible was his only school, his sole literary treasure, and the fact of such a literary work from such a man, is the most extraordinary tribute to the marvellous educating power of the Scriptures. Those who have banished the Bible from their schools (and I am glad to know, that at any rate Southwark is not amongst that number), deprive themselves, quite apart from its religious teaching, of this educating power, which no other book in the world can supply. This may be one of the lessons to be learnt from Bunyan's life.

His connection with Southwark was slight. Not far from where the Grammar School now stands is a narrow paved court, called Zoar Street; it was here that Bunyan preached to crowds as great, if not greater than attended Mr. Spurgeon's original chapel in Park Street twenty years ago. In number 1033 of the *Mirror*, is a picture of the very pulpit which Bunyan occupied; it was preserved in the Methodist Chapel, Palace Yard, Lambeth, in 1846, when the sketch was taken. We are told that it had been brought from "the meeting house in Zoar Street, where Bunyan was allowed to deliver his discourses by favour of his friend, Dr. Thomas Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, to whom *it* belonged." The paragraph is most mysterious. What was it that belonged to the Bishop of Lincoln? The meeting house or pulpit? and what possible jurisdiction had Bishop Barlow of Lincoln in Southwark? Zoar Street remains, but the Chapel, converted afterwards into a wheel-wright's shop, has long since disappeared. Here he preached whenever he visited London, and if only one day's notice was given, the place would not contain half the people who assembled. Three thousand persons have sometimes gathered together in that obscure street, and even on a dark winter's morning at 7 o'clock, not less than twelve hundred. His last work was one of charity; he was engaged on an errand of kindly intercession for a son who had offended his father. He succeeded in his work of mercy; when on returning he was caught in the drenching rain, and after ten days' illness, he died at the house of his friend, Mr. Strudwick, near Holborn Bridge, on the 31st of August, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was buried in Bunhill burying ground, where his tomb may still be seen.


S Marie Ouers in Southwark
London
Wenceslaus Hollar fecit 1647

CHAPTER XIII.

Plague, Fire, and Frost.

IT is well that we can secure the help of two such keen observers as Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, now that we have lost the guidance of the old Chroniclers. Both were men of position, socially and politically, in Charles II.'s reign. Evelyn was also a man of property and of good family, and withal accomplished, learned, and pious. His father and mother were married at St. Thomas's Church, Southwark, January 27th, 1613. John Evelyn's early life was in no way connected with our story, but in subsequent years, after the King's return, we constantly find him employed in honourable and onerous duties, and during 1664, when we were at war with Holland, he was appointed one of four Commissioners to take care of the sick and wounded from the Fleet, and on December 2nd we find him delivering letters from the Privy Council to St. Thomas's Hospital, desiring that half the house should be preserved for the sick and wounded, who should from time to time be sent from the Fleet: and on delivery of these papers, the Commissioners, all Members of Parliament, were invited by the Governors of the Hospital to a Banquet at Fishmongers' Hall. In 1665 came that most fearful visitation of the Plague, the last that England has ever known. Evelyn sent his wife and family to his brother at Wotton, "being resolved to stay at my house myselfe, and to look after my charge, trusting in the providence and goodness of God." His charge was, not

only the sick and wounded, but also all prisoners of war. On fifth September, he says, "To Chatham to inspect my charge with £900 in my coach (for the prisoners' necessities). On seventh came home, there perishing neere 10,000 poore creatures weekly; however, I went all along the Citty and suburbs from Kent Street to St. James's; a dismal passage and dangerous, to see so many coffines expos'd in the streetes, now thin of people; the shops shut up, and all in mournful silence, as not knowing whose turn might be next."

And then followed that fearful calamity of the Fire of London, one of the most providential judgments that ever occurred, for from that time the fearful pestilence called the plague, has never again appeared; and yet what has this to do with Southwark? that from Southwark alone could it be seen. The Southwark people in safety themselves, could watch the fearful sight from their own side of the river, which was thronged with spectators. The fire began on September second, and the next day Evelyn says, "I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, when we beheld the dismal spectacle, the whole City in dreadful flames neare the water-side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed. The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames and along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Street, Fenchurch Street, Gracious Street, and so along to Barnard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolding (for it was under repairs) contributed exceedingly."

He describes how "the Thames was covered with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other hand, the carts, etc., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as happily the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor will be out-done till the universal conflagration of it. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and crackling and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the aire so hot and inflam'd, that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clowds also of smoke, were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer fifty-six miles in length. It seemed a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*; the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more! Thus I returned home." There is much more of interest about the great fire, but it was not seen from Bankside and so must not have a place here.

But let me now give as a companion sketch Pepy's account of what he saw from the river; it is perhaps more graphic even than Evelyn's. "I to James's wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and

above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and then called Sir Richard Brown * to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below the bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming up on them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Bottolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what is to do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in it, but there was a pair of Virginals in it.

Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and then walked to St. James's Park, and then upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke, and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire drops. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between Churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. We staid till it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long, it made me weep to see it. The Churches, houses, and all

* Father-in-law to John Evelyn.

on fire, and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart."

In November of the same year, Hollar, the celebrated engraver, was sworn in the King's Servant, and received his commands to go on with his great map of the City, which he was engaged upon before it was burned. This map or plan of the City etched by him, was taken from the Tower of St. Saviour's Church.

In 1684, occurred the great frost. Evelyn begins his diary on that year, 1st January. "The weather continuing intolerably severe, streetes of booths were set upon the Thames, the aire was so very cold and thick, as of many years there had not been the like. 6. "The river quite frozen." 9. "I went cross the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to beare not only streets of booths in which they roasted meate, and had divers shops of wares quite across as in a towne, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over." 16. "The Thames was filled with people and tents, selling all sorts of wares as in the City." Nevertheless the distress was fearful, and hundreds died from cold and fog. I have met with no special details of the frost as connected with the Borough, except that the waterway being stopped necessitated an enormous amount of traffic through our streets, all goods having to come up by road. But these three sore judgments of plague and fire and frost seem to have had little or no lasting effect on King or people.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.

Tradesmen's Tokens.

AND now let me endeavour to reproduce some of the departed glories of one of the great amusements of the Southwark folk in olden times—their Fair.

The original grant for it was contained in the Charter given to the Borough by Edward IV. in 1462, when it was appointed to be held on the 7th, 8th, and 9th days of September, the Eve, the Feast, and the morrow of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, whence it was frequently called the Lady Fair. This fair, then, was no exception to the general custom of the middle ages, for it was held on the Feast Day of the adjoining Priory Church of St. Mary Overies, and indeed, on examination it will be found that almost all fair days coincide with the dedication feast of the principal monastic church in the neighbourhood. In later times, however, we find from Evelyn's Diary, that it had the name of St. Margaret's Fair, of course from St. Margaret's Church, on St. Margaret's Hill, which has now disappeared.

The Charter given by Edward IV. was confirmed by Edward VI., and a Court of Pye Powders was attached to the fair, with the "power of assisting and carrying away all felons to Newgate." Lest any of my readers should be as ignorant as I was myself as to the meaning

of this strangely named Court, I append the following explanation.

Blackstone in his commentaries, says:—"The lowest, and at the same time the most expeditious, Court of Justice known to the law of England is the Court of Pie Powder, *curia pedis pulverizati*, so called from the dusty feet of the suitors, or according to Sir Edward Coke, because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the foot, upon the same principle that Justice was administered among the Jews at the gate of the city. Another derivation, according to a modern writer, is from a *pied puldreaux* (a pedlar in old French), and therefore signifying the court of such petty Chapmen as resort to fairs or markets. The Court hath the cognizance of all matters of contract that can possibly arise within the precincts of that fair or market, only the injury must be done, complained of, heard, and determined, within the compass of one day."

This fair, however, seems to have been of little value in a commercial point of view, being, as Strype observes, "noted chiefly for shows, as dolls, puppet shows, rope dancing, music booths, and, alas! tippling houses." The time of its duration was extended by custom to a fortnight, but on September 10th, 1743, it was again limited to three days, and public notice given that any persons offering any interludes should be given up as vagrants. Previous to this it had been usual for many years for the keepers of booths and shows to make a collection for the debtors in the Marshalsea, but in consequence of this regulation, they declared themselves unable to contribute, which was so much resented by the prisoners that they threw stones on to the bowling green over the prison wall, when several persons were wounded, and a child killed.

The Fair was then removed to the Mint and Suffolk Street, and though on June 17th, 1762, the Common Council of London came to a resolution that the Lady Fair in the Borough should be neither proclaimed nor held for the future, yet it was not until 1763 that it was finally suppressed. On September in that year, however, the High Constable and upwards of an hundred inferior officers by order of the Borough Magistrates, went to Suffolk Place, and caused the persons who had begun to erect booths, etc., to take them down again, which proceeding entirely abolished the Fair in Southwark. Evelyn's notice of the Fair occurs on 13th September, 1660, he says "I saw in Southwark, at St. Margaret's Fair, monkies and apes dance, and do other feates of activity on the high rope, they were gallantly clad à la mode, went upright, saluted the company, bowing and pulling off their hats, they saluted one another with as good a grace as if instructed by a dancing master; they turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also with lighted candles in their hands and on their heads without extinguishing them, and with vessels of water without spilling a drop. I also saw an Italian wench daunce and perform all the tricks on the high rope to admiration; all the court went to see her. Likewise here was a man who tooke up a piece of iron cannon of about 400 lb. weight with the haire of his heade only."

The best memorial we have of this celebrated Fair is Hogarth's picture. Dr. Tussler in his quaint book called "Hogarth Moralized," enriched and enlarged with valuable notes by John Major, says, there is an extremely rare print from this picture, in the Hogarth collection in the print room at the British Museum, and to it is appended the following description in nine columns. This descrip-

tion is so clear, so ample, and so amusing, that I trust my readers will not be alarmed either at its length, or at its being in verse, for it contains a far better account than I could condense from various sources—

"From various parts, from various ends repair
A vast mix'd multitude to Southwark Fair,
Stage players now of Smithfield take their leave,
And hither come, more shillings to receive;
For this their painted-cloths, full-wide display'd,
Tell every branch of the dramatick trade.
Whether in tragedy you take delight;
Or comedy your fancy more invite;
Or Punch's opera best entertain;
Or the stage mutiny's rebellious train;
Or Monsieur Bag-pipes little dancing twain.
All, down to lowest farce and raree show,
Are here exhibited, to high and low;
Harper and Lee their Trojan horse display.
Troy's burnt, and Paris kill'd, nine times a day;
Here Maximilian does himself uprear;
To whom like pigimies all the rest appear.
The fall of Bajazet, alas! too true!
Cibber and Bullock here present to view.
Ambitious Pug, advanced, thus chatt'ring cries;—
While great men fall, see how we monkeys rise;
The Court of France, all fresh and in its prime
May here be seen too, without loss of time;
On the parades the players march along,
Each proper habited, a shining throng!
Our merry Andrews, joking swell the train,
To tempt the gazers to fall in amain;
While the fair drummer, beating loud alarms,
Invites you to her—show, as well as—arms.
So from the steeple Violante flies,
Loud shouts and acclamations rend the skies,
This dame the slack rope volts with equal ease,
Both which, by different ways, surprise and please;

The prize-fighter, so daring to behold,
And the fire-eating man, need not be told.
Some come with more intent to see those shows,
Gaming and drinking many more propose.
Others, how few, blest with love's purest flames
Come to divert their children and their dames.
Sharpers of every rank, with box and dice
To gull young heirs and 'prentices to vice.
Ev'n catchpoles too, like tyger's seeking prey,
Hither repair, poor debtors to dismay;
Nor kings, nor emperors, these furies spare,
But as they plague the world, disturb the Fair."

From the same source, "Hogarth Moralized," I will give a few notes illustrating the above description, the more needed as I cannot reproduce here, Hogarth's picture. "The Court of France" was a set of models, à la Madame Tussaud (but said *not* to be of wax), of the Court of Louis Quinze, "dressed in habits given by these great personages out of their respective wardrobes, to the artist."

Signora Violante was a rope dancer who distinguished herself in the reign of George I. But the man seen gliding down the rope from the battlements of St. George's Church, Southwark, is one Cadman a noted steeple-flyer; he ultimately broke his neck at Shrewsbury in 1740. In the "Daily Post" of Monday, September 10th, 1733, there is a bill which accurately describes the performance of "Lee and Harper's" great Theatrical Booth, on the Bowling-green, behind the Marshalsea in Southwark during the time of the Fair, when was to be represented a celebrated droll (or farce) called "Jephthah's Rash Vow; or The Virgin's Sacrifice." A note tells us that the Book of the droll is printed and sold by G. Lee, in Blue Maid-alley, Southwark.

The siege of Troy which is alluded to in the "Trojan

Horse display, when Troy's burnt and Paris killed, nine times a day," was first brought to perfection by a Mrs. Mynnes and her daughter Mrs. Lee, and when the fair was suppressed, a petition was presented to the House of Commons by them, stating that they had lived thirty years in the parish during which they had yearly, by their servants, performed drolls at the Fair in two booths, which with their contents were worth £2,000, and asserted as a proof of their public utility, that they first introduced on the stage these eminent actors Powell and Booth. The petitioners prayed a compensation, but it was rejected.

In an eulogium upon Boheme the actor, Mr. Victor says, that "His first appearance was at a booth in Southwark Fair, which, in those days lasted two weeks, and was frequented by persons of all ranks. He acted the part of Menelaus in the best droll I ever saw, called the Siege of Troy."

The whole description of the Fair is of course of the times of George I. and II., but, doubtless, with a little alteration it would serve as well for the middle ages. At least we know that the Charter of the Fair lasted exactly 300 years, and the Fair itself was almost certainly in existence many years before, for in mediæval times "when martial hardihood was the only accomplishment likely to confer distinction, when war was thought to be the most honourable pursuit, and agriculture deemed the only necessary employment," there was little social intercourse, and retail dealers were so few, that men had no easy means of procuring those articles which they occasionally wanted. To remove this inconvenience it was found necessary to establish some general mart where they might be supplied, fairs were therefore instituted, as a convenient medium between buyer and seller, and were at first considered as

merely places of trade. They were generally held on the eve of the Saint's day. Some of them continued open many weeks (as the fairs abroad do now), and were granted peculiar privileges to encourage the attendance of those who had goods upon sale.

On 16th June, 1670, ten years after his visit to the Fair, Mr. Evelyn "went with some friends to the bear garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, beare and bull-baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceedingly well, but the Irish wolfe-dog exceeded, which was a tall grey-hound, a stately creature indeede, who beate a cruell mastiff. One of the bulls toss'd a dog full into a *lady's lap*, as she sate in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poore dogs were kill'd, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and I, most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seene, I think, in twenty years before."

Evelyn also gives the following curious reason for the suppression of puppet shows at the fair. "The dreadful earthquake in Jamaica, this summer, (1692) was profanely and ludicrously represented in a puppet play, or some such lewd pastime, in the fair at Southwark, which caused the Queene to put downe that idle and vicious mock shew."

In 1676 there occurred a great fire in Southwark, but I have not met with any detailed account of it.

It is a matter of difficulty at times to find the right opportunity for inserting any disconnected items of information, and this seems as good a place as any for alluding to the Southwark Tradesmen's tokens, of which many still remain.

From the time of Queen Elizabeth to Charles II., the tradesmen, victuallers in particular, and indeed all the

pleased, coined small money or tokens for the benefit or convenience of trade.

On the Old St. Olave's Grammar School which was situated in Church Passage, Tooley, being sold in 1830, and taken down to make the approaches to New London Bridge, many antiquities were found amidst the ruins, and among them several Southwark tradesmen's tokens.

Plates of some of these appear in the "Mirror" for April, 1839, in the possession of the editor of which the originals were: On the obverse of one is the image of a drum in the centre, with Will. Greenington around it, and on the reverse at Bridge Foote Street, with C.W.I. in the centre, and two stars. Another has three tobacco pipes in the centre, with At Tobacco Pipes as the legend on the one side, and in St. Olave's Street with M.C. in the centre on the reverse. Edith Eddinson exhibits a hand and a pair of scissors as her sign, while on the reverse is. "In St. Toole's Street, 1665," surrounding "Her Halfpenny" in the centre. There are others which I need not enumerate.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ACQUITTAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

QUEEN ANN'S REIGN.—DR. SACHEVERELL.

"QUEM Dens vult perdere prius dementat." And certainly that judicial blindness or judicial madness seems to have fallen upon James II., when he so insanely

persecuted those Fathers of the Church who refused to allow his illegal proclamation to be read in their Churches. We all know the story of the seven Bishops being sent to the Tower, and their triumphant acquittal in Westminster Hall, but one little anecdote connects this touchingly with our Story. On their return home, "Bishop Ken" of Bath and Wells, the most saintly of the seven, "came with the Archbishop in his coach to Lambeth over London Bridge and through Southwark, which took them up several hours as the concourse of people was innumerable the whole way, hanging upon the coach, and insisting upon being blessed by these two prelates who with much difficulty and patience at last got to Lambeth."*

With this exception the Revolution does not seem to have affected the Borough except that James in his hurried journeys to and from Rochester, when still uncertain whether to fly or not, must I suppose have passed several times through our streets.

But in Queen Ann's reign the great trial of Dr. Sacheverell must detain us a little, for this man, made so famous by circumstances, was one of the Chaplains of St. Saviour's.

"Perhaps the driest and most intolerable passage in all political domestic history is that called the affair of Dr. Sacheverell," so says Miss Strickland, and I can only hope that it may prove the driest and least tolerable part of my story, and I shall then have some confidence that what I have hitherto written is neither dry nor intolerable, as the episode seems to me both amusing and exciting, and of course specially interesting to all connected with Southwark, for he is, as far as I know, the only chaplain of St. Saviour's that has ever become celebrated.

* From the statement drawn up by Mrs. Prowse, daughter of Bishop Hooper, Ken's most intimate friend.

Before I enter into the details of the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, it is first necessary to understand somewhat of the state of affairs at the time. Mary and Ann, the two daughters of James II. by Ann Hyde, were, strangely enough, by Charles II.'s orders brought up as members of the English Church, notwithstanding that he himself was a concealed Romanist, and their father an avowed one. The consequence was that the people bore the illegal attempts of James to restore popery, from the hope that when either of the sisters mounted the throne, things would right themselves. But when Mary of Modena, James's queen and second wife, had a son, all hope of the Protestant succession vanished; James was thrust from or abdicated his throne, whichever way one cares to put it, and amongst those who forced him from the throne was not only Mary, who might be supposed to act under her husband's influence, but Ann, who, though married to Prince George of Denmark, was entirely a free agent. Time passed on; neither Mary, on taking possession of her father's palace, nor Ann, in her more retired position, shewed the smallest feeling or consciousness of having broken the only "commandment with promise." Even when Ann lost successively in infancy, no less than twelve children, not even then did it strike her that her disobedience was receiving its just reward. But when her last and only child, the promising young Duke of Gloucester, looked upon by William, by the country, and by herself, as heir to the throne, taking cold after the celebration of his eleventh birthday, died five days afterwards, Ann recognised in this blow a divine judgment, and left her child's death-bed only to write a letter of deep penitence to her father, for her undutiful conduct to him, declaring her conviction that her bereavement was

sent as a visible punishment from heaven for her behaviour to him, and promising moreover "that she would use her utmost endeavours to effect the restoration of her brother if ever she came to the throne, and that she would only accept that dignity in trust for him. Thus it was that Ann ascended the throne, a childless Queen, with a deep weight on her heart and conscience.

But it is easier to do wrong than to undo it, and this Ann found. She would have restored her brother if she could; she could not, and was forced to bear the joyless weight herself, and for half the time unshared even by her beloved (though except in point of physical presence), very insignificant spouse, Prince George of Denmark. From this time, if not before, Ann was at heart a Tory; her feelings and her principles were slow and not easily roused, but very tenacious; she was attached to high principles of government, both in Church and State, and silently she worked and hoped on that she might be allowed to atone for her filial impiety by reinstating her brother. The people, disgusted by the cold unsympathizing selfishness of William, detested the idea of another foreigner for a King, and so it came to pass that gradually the tide of popular feeling turned, and those who had driven out James looked forward, if not to his son's restoration, at least to a change in the Whig oligarchy, which then ruled the nation.

The silencing of Convocation in the year 1709, brought to the front Dr. Henry Sacheverell, Chaplain of St. Saviour's, and one of the Proctors in Convocation. He sprang from an old Norman family, whose name occurs on the Battle Abbey Roll. He had inherited the courage and grandeur of person of his ancestors. His name may be found in the ranks of both Roundhead and Cavalier, but his father

was, however, a staunch Royalist. Joshua Sacheverell was rector of St. Peter's, Marlborough, but his family being large, his son Henry was indebted for his education to an apothecary named Hearst, who was his godfather, and after his death his widow sent young Sacheverell to Magdalen College, Oxford. He obtained a Fellowship in his College, and was appointed tutor, and in that capacity had the honour of educating several men who afterwards attained to eminence. Whilst at College, Addison was his intimate friend, and shared his rooms, and his "Account of the most eminent English Poets," was dedicated to Sacheverell. It is simply incredible therefore, that he was the "noisy, roystering, arrogant, thick-headed bigot," that he has been called. That he had more zeal than discretion is likely enough, nay, quite certain; but he was neither knave nor fool, as it has been the fashion for historians to represent him. He was gifted with great powers of eloquence, and when speaking or preaching, simply carried away his hearers' hearts with him.

The great point of the discourse which caused so much commotion seems to have been, to use his own words, "unconditional obedience to the supreme power *in all things lawful*," and the application of St. Jude's burning words, "filthy dreamers," who "despise dominion and speak evil of dignities," to those who oppose lawful authority in Church and State. This famous sermon was preached on the 5th November, at St. Paul's Cathedral, before the Mayor and Corporation. It was considered so inflammatory that they declined to give the usual vote of thanks, but he had the courage privately to print it, with the connivance, it is said, of the Lord Mayor.

A preacher on that day was expected to celebrate the two great deliverances from Popery, the discovery of the

Gunpowder Plot and the landing of King William III., of both which events this was the anniversary; and to give at the same time a prospective glance at the 17th of the same month and make allusion to the Accession of Queen Elizabeth on her birthday. In this sermon, which lasted three hours and yet tired no one of his crowded audience, he specially alluded to Lord Godolphin by the name of Volpone. Godolphin flew to the Queen, and "in an agony of rage and passion claimed the character of Volpone as his own," in which, says Miss Strickland "he behaved far more like a goose than a fox." The result was that Dr. Sacheverell was imprisoned and had to prepare for impeachment at the ensuing session of Parliament. The consequences in case of his condemnation were those to which death seems a trifle, the lash—the pillory—loss of ears—imprisonment for life. Such had been dealt out in Queen Ann's time, not for reviling Church and Queen, but for libelling any member of Parliament. Defoe had lost his ears, and Edmund Curl, his ears or rather the remains of them thrice, "In short it was not fashionable for political authors and booksellers to possess ears. Wigs were mighty convenient."

Directly the Queen consented to the incarceration of the Champion of High Church, all London rose *en masse* against the Godolphin administration. Vast mobs paraded the City; the streets and courts round St. James's rang with the cries of "God save the Queen and Dr. Sacheverell." The following verses were left on the Queen's toilet:—

"O Anna, see the prelude has begun,
Again they play the game of forty-one;
And he's the traitor that defends the throne,
Thus Laud, and thus thy royal grandsire died;
Impeached by clamour, and by faction tried.
Hoadley's cried up, who dares thy right oppose,
Because he crowns the Whigs, and arms thy foes.

O stop the dire proceedings, ere too late
And see thy own in poor Sacheverell's fate.
Fatal experience bids thee now be wise—
At him they strike, but thou'rt the sacrifice,
Let one blest martyr of thy race suffice."

In the midst of these stormy contests Queen Ann emerged from the seclusion of her widowhood to open Parliament in person November 15th, 1708. Miss Strickland says, "that she possessed, like our present Queen, a most melodious voice, with a remarkably clear intonation," but on this day, we are told, her speech was delivered in a fainter voice than usual. Public events were unpropitious; she longed for peace, and yet was compelled to keep on the war: but these internal troubles were perhaps even more actually trying to the poor sad and worried Queen.

Westminster Hall, notwithstanding its vast size was, on the morning of February 27, 1710, full to overflowing. The Queen herself went in her sedan chair, and the people, as they pressed near, raised the shout of "God bless your Majesty and the Church," and some confidentially added "We hope your majesty is for the Church and Dr. Sacheverell." A box was erected for the Queen, as she wished to witness the trial in private. The counts against him were shortly, first, that he had reflected on the late Revolution; secondly, that he had cast reflections on Archbishop Grindal and others; thirdly, that he had opposed toleration and wrested passages of scripture to suit his purpose, and had suggested that the Church was in danger; and fourthly, that he had called the Lord High Treasurer Godophin, Volpone. This was all! and the frivolous nature of the articles proves the stainless character of the man, for had they had one stronger word to say against him they would assuredly have said it.

Sacheverell defended himself with the eloquence that

was his greatest gift. On the second day of the trial the excitement of the people burst all bounds; the mob attacked Dr. Burgess's meeting house, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, and various others in the metropolis; and St. John's Chapel, Clerkenwell, was burnt down in detestation of the Whig Bishop Burnet, who lived in that district. While the meeting-houses were burning, another mob assailed the Bank of England. The Earl of Sunderland went to the Queen, who ordered him to "send her foot and horse guards forthwith, and disperse the rioters." Captain Horsey, who was on duty, was summoned; he was ordered to use discretion, and not to proceed to extremities. "Am I to preach to the mob," said Captain Horsey, "or to fight? If you want preaching please to send some one who is a better hand at holding forth than I am. If you want fighting, it is my trade, and I will do my best." Colonel Horsey told the historian Calamy that he ventured his neck by going upon verbal orders, for the hurry was so great he had no warrant till his return.

The trial lasted three weeks, and the sentence was, that Sacheverell should be suspended from preaching for three years, and that the sermon which had caused all the commotion, and another previously preached at Derby, should be burnt by the common hangman. This sentence, mild, when one knows what it might have been, was looked upon in the light of a triumph. In order to while away the time during his suspension, Dr. Sacheverell made a tour through the country, which the zeal of the people converted into a sort of triumphal progress. As soon as the term of his suspension was over, the Queen presented him to the living of St. Andrew's Holborn, and shortly afterwards he delivered a sermon before the House of Commons, for which he received their thanks. But with the period of his suspension

his connection with St. Saviour's seems to have ceased. Soon after this a considerable estate was left him by one of his relations, and he died in 1724.

CHAPTER XVI.

Barclay & Perkins's Brewery.—The Thrales and Dr. Johnson.—Marshal Haynau.

Goldsmith.—Guy's Hospital.

OUR story has left behind the amusing old chronicles. It has extracted all that suits our purpose from those fascinating diarists, Evelyn and Pepys, and we now turn to the veriest gossip that ever existed, James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck.

But gossip though he was, he was the prince of biographers. And here again we find a great literary name connected with Southwark, for Johnson's intimacy with the Thrales, then owners of the renowned brewery, made him a constant visitor, and at times almost a resident, at their house in the Borough.

The first owner of the Brewery was Edmund Halsey. He had an only daughter who married Lord Cobham, and that nobleman not caring to engage in the business, transferred it to Thrale's father. He, says Johnson, had worked for six shillings a week in the brewery, for twenty years, and afterwards married Mr. Halsey's sister, and

was a sensible, honest and active man He took the brewery for £30,000, security being held upon the property, and in eleven years had paid the purchase money. The story of Thrale's having occupied so inferior a position for so long a time, is however, doubtful, as his family were of some distinction at St. Alban's, where a tomb to the memory of Mr. John Thrale, late of London, merchant, his wife and family, was formerly, and perhaps is still to be seen in the Abbey church, with arms and crest upon it.

However, this may be, the elder Thrale acquired a large fortune, and lived to be Member of Parliament for Southwark. His son and daughter received the highest education, the son going to Oxford and mixing in the best society; after he left college his father allowed him £1,000 a year. This son, Dr. Johnson's friend, carried on his father's business, but having only daughters, the property was sold at his death. It is not necessary in these days to make any apology for trade, but I cannot resist inserting here a note which occurs in Boswell's life of Johnson, and which bears his own signature, he says, "Mrs. Burney informs me that she heard Dr. Johnson say, 'An English merchant is a new species of gentleman.' He perhaps had in his mind the following ingenious passage in the 'Conscious Lovers,' when Mr. Sealand thus addresses Sir John Bevil. "Give me leave to say, that we merchants are a species of gentry that have grown into the world this last century, and are as honourable and almost as useful as you landed folks, that have always thought yourselves so much above us, for your trading, forsooth, is extended no further than a load of hay or a fat ox. You are a pleasant people indeed, because you are generally bred up to be lazy, therefore I warrant you industry is dishonourable."

In the time of Henry Thrale, the brewery was superin-

tended by Mr. Perkins, as manager, on a salary of £500 a year. After his death, when it was sold for the benefit of Mrs. Thrale, it was bought by Messrs. Barclay, Perkins & Co., for £135,000. Robert Barclay, the first of the three names in the firm, was a descendant of the famous Barclay who wrote the apology for the Quakers. In 1791 Boswell says, "Mr. Perkins now resides in Mr. Thrale's house in Southwark which was the scene of so many literary meetings, and in which he continues the liberal hospitality for which it was eminent. Dr. Johnson esteemed him much. He hung up in his counting house a fine proof of the admirable mezzotinto of Dr. Johnson, by Doughty, and when Mrs. Thrale asked him somewhat flippantly, "Why do you put him in the counting house." He answered, "Because, Madame, I wish to have one wise man there." "Sir," said Johnson, "I thank you. It is a very handsome compliment, and I think you speak sincerely."

The house in Park Street in which Dr. Johnson visited the Thrales, was destroyed in the fire of 1832.

In Thrale's time, Dr. Johnson tells us, that the great brewer paid £20,000 a year to the revenue, and that he had four casks, each of which held sixteen hundred barrels —above a thousand hogsheads. Peter Cunningham, in Murray's guide-book to modern London for 1856, says that Barclay's Brewery, extending over 11 acres, brews 600 quarters of malt daily. Among the many vats is one containing 3,500 barrels of porter, which at the selling price would yield 9,000. The water used is drawn from a well 367 feet deep. One hundred and eighty horses are employed in the cartage department. They are brought principally from Flanders, cost from £50 to £80 each, and are noble specimens of the cart-horse breed; and he adds that whilst Johnson mentions that Mr. Thrale paid £20,000

a year to goverment, the amount at present paid to the revenue by the firm is *nine times* that sum.

Having now given a slight sketch of this, the largest establishment in the Borough, and whose history dates back at least 150 years, let me bring up my notice of Dr. Johnson to the time when he became acquainted with the owner.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, was the son of Michael Johnson, a bookseller, of Lichfield. His mother was Sarah Ford, descended of an ancient race of substantial yeomanry in Warwickshire. In his day there was no bookseller's shop in Birmingham, and so old Mr. Johnson used to open one there every market day. It was from his father that Samuel Johnson acquired his high church and Jacobite predilections. He was, when quite an infant, afflicted with the king's evil, and when thirty months old was taken to London to be touched for it by Queen Anne. It seems curious that with his Jacobite tendencies he should have believed in the virtue of the touch of one, who in his opinion could not have been the lawful Queen: probably he considered the miraculous cure resided in the touch of one who was an anointed Sovereign. One thing is certain that the cure was *not* effected.

The subject of my last chapter, Sacheverell, is oddly enough brought into contact with Johnson's early life. In 1712 when Johnson was three years old, and just as Sacheverell's suspension from preaching expired, he visited and preached in Lichfield. Boswell gives the story as he received it from Miss Mary Adye, of Lichfield. "When Dr. Sacheverell was at Lichfield, Johnson was not quite three years old. My grandfather, Hammond, observed him at the cathedral, perched upon his father's shoulders, listening and gaping at the much celebrated preacher. Mr.

Hammond asked Mr. Johnson how he could possibly think of bringing such an infant to church, and in the midst of so great a crowd. He answered because it was impossible to keep him at home; for young as he was, he believed he had caught the public spirit and zeal for Sacheverell, and would have stayed for ever in the church satisfied with beholding him." In a note in the edition of Boswell's Johnson published in the National Illustrated Library, the editor says, "It appears by the books of the corporation that Sacheverel visited Lichfield in June, 1710, at which time Johnson was only nine months old;" but he seems to forget that in 1710 Sacheverell was inhibited from preaching, and that it is quite possible that a city which had so suffered for the cause of Charles I. in the famous siege, may have continued the tradition of its loyal feeling, and probably invited Sacheverell, on his return from his three years tour, and when the prohibition was removed, to preach in the cathedral.

Of Johnson's early struggles with fortune, the domineering temper which, made him like his namesake Ben, the Autocrat of the literary society he delighted in, and his ponderous style which is alluded to by George III. who, when speaking of the sceptic Hume and his followers, said "I wish Johnson would mount his dray horse and ride over them," nothing need be said here. We pass on to the year 1765, when he was first introduced into the family of the Thrales. That Johnson's introduction which contributed so much to the happiness of his life, was owing to Mrs. Thrale's desire for his conversation is a probable supposition, says Boswell, but not the truth. Mr. Murphy, who was intimate with Mr. Thrale, having spoken very highly of Dr. Johnson he was requested to make them acquainted. This being mentioned to Johnson,

he accepted an invitation to dinner at Thrale's and was so much pleased at his reception, both by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and they were so much pleased with him, that his invitations were more and more frequent, till at last he became one of the family, and an apartment was appropriated to him both in their house at Southwark and at Streatham. Johnson's own opinion of them was as follows: "I know no man," said he, "who is more master of his wife and family than Thrale. If he but holds up his finger he is obeyed. It is a great mistake to suppose that she is above him in literary attainments. She is more flippant, but he has ten times her learning; he is a regular scholar, but her learning is that of a schoolboy in one of the lower forms" Boswell describes their personal appearance "Mr. Thrale was tall, well proportioned and stately. As for madam, or my mistress, by which epithets Johnson used to mention Mrs. Thrale, she was short, plump, and brisk." She has herself given us a lively view of the idea Johnson had of her person on her appearing before him in a dark coloured gown. "You little creatures should never wear these sort of clothes, however, they are unsuitable in every way. What! have not all insects gay colours?" Mr. Thrale understood and valued Johnson from their first acquaintance to the day of his death. Mrs. Thrale was enchanted with Johnson's conversation for its own sake, and had also a very allowable vanity in appearing to be honoured with the attention of so celebrated a man.

Nothing could be more fortunate for Johnson than this acquaintance. At Mr. Thrale's he had all the comforts and even luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened by association with an agreeable and well ordered family. He found here what gave him the highest enjoyment—the society of the learned,

the witty and the eminent in every way, and this called forth his wonderful powers, and gratified him with admiration, to which no man could be insensible.

In the October of the same year Johnson gave to the world his edition of Shakspeare, "in the preface to which," says Boswell, "the excellencies and defects of that immortal bard are displayed with a masterly hand. A blind indiscriminate admiration of Shakspeare had exposed the British nation to the ridicule of foreigners." It is curious and instructive to notice how, in this century the "Foreigners" have taught *us* how to appreciate our Shakspeare. Schlegel, in his Dramatic Literature, which contains a review of the drama from the earliest times, Greek, Roman, Italian, French, Spanish, and English, in a book of 520 pages, devotes more than 100 to Shakspeare alone.

But the greatest work that Johnson produced, and the most extraordinary for a man to attempt unaided, was his Dictionary of the English language. No such work existed, and alone he performed a task which the French Academy delegated to Forty to accomplish.

But to return to Johnson's friendship for the Thrales; perhaps the strongest proof of it occurs on the death of their only son. In 1776 Johnson and Boswell, being together at Lichfield, the former received a letter which much agitated him, and he exclaimed, "One of the most dreadful things that has happened in my time." When asked what it was, he answered, "Mr. Thrale has lost his only son! This is a total extinction of their family, as much as if they were sold into captivity;" he added, "I would have gone to the extremity of the earth to have preserved this boy."

Henry Thrale had succeeded his father as member for Southwark, and in 1780, a new Parliament being called,

he contested the representation again, and Johnson is said to have written advertisements and letters for him, but he was unsuccessful, and Johnson, in a letter to Boswell, attributes Mr. Thrale's failure to his bad health. After the contest, Johnson accompanied his friends to Brighton.

We find that the Thrales still continued their literary and social gatherings, though Mr. Thrale's loss of health seems to date from his only son's death. On Sunday, April 1, 1781, Johnson, Boswell, Sir Philip Jenning Clerk, and Mr. Perkins dined with the Thrales, and Boswell reports the conversation that took place, but concludes with "Mr. Thrale appeared very lethargic to-day." On Monday evening he was not thought to be in immediate danger, but on Wednesday he expired. Johnson was with him, and says "I felt almost the last flutter of his pulse, and looked for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect and benignity." Upon that day there was a call of the Literary Club; but he apologized for his absence by the following note:

"Mr. Johnson knows that Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the other gentlemen will excuse his compliance with the call, when they are told that Mr. Thrale died this morning."

Thrale's death made a great blank in Johnson's life, who lost in a great measure the comfort which his family had afforded him. He was left two hundred pounds, as executor, but his friends were disappointed that some adequate provision had not been made for him. His new office as executor seems to have afforded him a great deal of pleasurable excitement, and even Boswell cannot help being amused at "the pompous manner in which he talks of the concerns of the brewery." There is a good and characteristic story told by Boswell, for which, however,

he does not vouch. "When the sale of the brewery was going on, Johnson appeared bustling about with an ink-horn and pen in his button-hole, like an exciseman; and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered "We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." It was Johnson, therefore, who assisted in transferring this vast concern from his friend Thrale to its present owners.

Mrs. Thrale justified his opinion of her by marrying one Piozzi, an Italian music master. In a letter on the subject Johnson says "Poor Thrale! I thought that either her virtue or her vice would have restrained her from such a marriage. She is now become a subject for her enemies to exult over; and for her friends, if she has any left, to pray for her." Nevertheless, Piozzi was, I believe, a worthy man.

In the year before Thrale's death occurred the Lord George Gordon riots, of which Dr. Johnson gives the following account in a letter to Mrs. Thrale. "On Friday the good Protestants met in St. George's Fields (Southwark) at the summons of Lord George Gordon, and marching to Westminster (through the Borough), insulted the Lords and Commons, who all bore it with great tameness. At night the outrages began by the demolition of the mass-house by Lincoln's Inn.

"An exact journal of a week's defiance of government I cannot give you. On Monday Mr. Strahan, who had been insulted, spoke to Lord Mansfield (who had, I think, been insulted too) of the licentiousness of the populace, and his lordship treated it as a very slight irregularity. On Tuesday night they pulled down Fielding's House,

and burnt his goods in the street. They had gutted on Monday Sir George Savile's house, but the building was saved. On Tuesday evening, leaving Fielding's ruins, they went to Newgate to demand their companions who had been seized demolishing the chapel. The keeper could not release them but by the Mayor's permission, which he went to ask. At his return he found all the prisoners released, and Newgate in a blaze. They went to Bloomsbury and fastened upon Lord Mansfield's house which they pulled down; and as for his goods they totally burnt them. They have since gone to Caen Wood, but a guard was there before them. They plundered some papists, I think, and burnt a mass house in Moorfields the same night.

"On Wednesday I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. They were not, I believe, a hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place. On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood Street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners.

"At night they set fire to the Fleet, and to the King's Bench, and I know not how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful. Some people were threatened. Mr. Strahan advised me to take care of myself. Such a time of terrors you have been happy in not seeing.

"The King said in Council that the 'magistrates had not done their duty, but that he would do his own' and a

proclamation was published, directing us to keep our servants within doors, as the peace was now to be preserved by force. The soldiers were sent out to different parts, and the Town is now (June 9) quiet. The soldiers are stationed so as to be everywhere within call: there is no longer any body of rioters, and the individuals are hunted to their holes, and led to prison; Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes (*the* John Wilkes who was committed to the Tower in 1757, for his personal attack upon the King in 45th number of his seditious paper, the North Briton, now an Alderman of London, and supporting the King's personal authority), was this day in my neighbourhood, to seize the publishers of a seditious paper.

"Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered, but the high sport was to burn the gaols. This was a good rabble trick. The debtors and the criminals were all set at liberty, but of the criminals as has always happened, many are already retaken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves and it is expected they will be pardoned.

"Government now acts again with its proper force; and we are all under the protection of the King and Law. I thought it would be agreeable to you and my master (Mr. Thrale) to have my testimony to the public security: and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you were safe. There has indeed been a universal panic, from which the King was the first that recovered. Without the concurrence of his Ministers, or the assistance of the Civil Magistrates, he put the soldiers on motion, and saved the Town from calamities, such as a rabble's government must necessarily produce.

"The public have escaped a very heavy calamity. The

rioters attempted the Bank on Wednesday night, but in no great number, and, like other thieves with no great resolution. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed that if they had seized the Bank on Tuesday, at the height of the panic, when no resistance had been prepared, they might have carried irrecoverably away whatever they had found. Jack, who was always zealous for order and decency, declares that if he be trusted with power, he will not leave a rioter alive. There is however, now no longer any need of heroism or blood shed, no blue riband (blue ribbons were worn by Lord George Gordon and his followers) is any longer worn."

Such is Johnson's account of these memorable riots which began like so many other City distubances on the south side of the river.

Dr. Johnson's connection with Southwark ceased with the death of Mr. Thrale. He died December 13th, 1874.

Before we leave the Brewery, let me here anticipate a little, and recall a circumstance that took place there in 1850. The "Times" says, on Wednesday, 4th September, "shortly before 12 o'clock three foreigners, one of whom wore long moustachios, presented themselves at the Brewery, in order to visit the establishment.

"It became known over all the Brewery that one of these was Marshal Haynau, the late commander of the Austrian forces in the Hungarian wars, and before the General had crossed the yard, nearly all the labourers and draymen were out with brooms and dirt shouting "down with the Austrian butcher," etc. The General took to flight, ran down Bankside, pursued by a mob consisting of coal heavers, brewers' men and others armed with all sorts of weapons. He rushed in a frantic manner along Bankside, till he came to the "George" public house, when forcing

open the doors, he rushed up stairs, and made his way into one of the bed-rooms, to the utter astonishment of the landlady.

"The mob rushed after him, but bewildered by the number of doors, they, happily for him, did not succeed in reaching him before the arrival of a body of police. He was placed in safety in a police galley and rowed to Somerset House amid the shouts and execrations of the mob."

It is a curious incident and like most other things has a double aspect. It was, undoubtedly, a brutal and unprovoked attack on an elderly gentleman, a foreigner and a visitor. Yet on the other hand, there is an element of rough gallantry in it. Marshal Haynau had been accused of great brutality in the Hungarian war, even it was said of causing women to be flogged; and the men did not care to see hospitality and courtesy extended by their firm to a man who had shown such savage brutality. Let us hope that none of the self-constituted judges and executioners had ever appeared in the police-court for beating their own wives!

But we will not finally leave the once literary neighbourhood of Bankside, with this scene of riot, for we have not even yet exhausted its list of celebrities.

In a house still standing near the Blackfriars Station, Sir Christopher Wren resided, while the new St. Paul's was rising under his direction on the opposite side of the river, and took boat daily for the scene of his labours.

Not far off, a few years later, Goldsmith, that charming unthrifty Irishman, at once Poet, Play writer, Novelist, Historian, Zoologist, Humourist, and Physician, practised medicine, but his patients were, unfortunately, more numerous than his fees, and he deserted our classic neighbourhood for the richer and more fashionable one of the Temple.

And here seems the best place to introduce a short notice of one of the most noble-hearted men, and one of the most munificent foundations that even London has to boast of. Thomas Guy, the founder of Guy's Hospital, was a benefactor not only to the Borough, not only to the sick for whose benefit the endowment was made, but to the whole world, by the splendid School of Medicine he here inaugurated. Guy's Hospital was the first of all the Hospitals of London, designed and built for that special purpose. Guy at whose sole cost and charge it was founded, was born in the year 1645, in the Parish of St. John's, Horsleydown, in Southwark. In the year 1660, he was bound apprentice to a bookseller; in 1668 he started in business at the little corner house of Lombard Street and Cornhill. He was extensively engaged in printing Bibles, having obtained from the University of Oxford an assignment of their privilege. In 1695 he entered the House of Commons as Member for Tamworth, and sat in every Parliament from that date till the first of Queen Anne.

He stinted himself that he might have the more to give, not ostentatiously, but privately and without parade. To many of his poor relations he made yearly allowances; debtors, he released from prison; deserving young men he assisted with loans, unburdened with interest, to enable them to set up in business. When he met with any sick and in want, he was not content with giving them an order to St. Thomas's Hospital, of which he was a Governor, but had them clothed and supplied with necessaries at his own expense; in fact, in his own person he seems to have practised all the seven works of mercy. He was a great benefactor to St. Thomas's Hospital, building and endowing three wards at his own expense for sixty-four patients.

In 1720 his wealth being much increased by the

advantageous sale of some large investments in South Sea Stocks, he made a noble use of this money, which came to him before the bursting of the unhappy bubble. That same year he leased a piece of land from St. Thomas's Hospital for 999 years, and the ground was at once cleared; he lived to see the building completed, but died the same year at the age of eighty years. In little more than a week after his death, the Hospital was opened, and sixty patients admitted. After bequeathing numerous legacies and annuities, he left the residue of his property to the Hospital which bears his name. He is one whose good deeds went before him instead of lamely halting after him, and they still continue to bear fruit to our own time.

CHAPTER XVII.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

AND now that my story is nearing its close, we come back again to the point from which we started—old London Bridge.

We have watched the tide of life ebbing and flowing over it century after century, now the steady stream of commerce, now the gay pageant, and now the rush of battle. But old age and infirmity have broken it down,

and like all other human things it must vanish, and "leave not a wrack behind."

But a new London Bridge could never be to London and Southwark what the old one was. Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges were now built, and both trade and pleasure would choose the nearer and more direct routes. But before it disappears with all its associations and its picturesque and terrible memories, let us look back a moment on the history of this spot, perhaps with the exception of Jerusalem and Rome, the most famous in the records of the world, which for well nigh one thousand years served as the chief means of communication between the two divisions of our great city, and note a few matters of interest which have been overlooked, or lightly touched in the general story.

In Chapter II. some account has been given of the early history of London Bridge. We do not know who originally built it, though tradition points to the Canons of St. Mary Overies; and it is supposed that the tolls taken on the Bridge replaced the income derived from the ferry. Then came its destruction by St. Olave, and (though we have no actual record of this) its rebuilding by Canute. We next had to notice its overthrow in 1091 by wind and tide; and again, after being restored by William Pont de l'Arche, its destruction by fire in 1136. Again it was rebuilt first of wood and then of stone, Peter of Colechurch being Architect; and so at last we find ourselves fairly landed on what is always called "Old London Bridge." Between the years 1170-1182 when the wooden bridge was still in existence, and the stone bridge rising by its side, there lived and wrote one of those dear old gossiping Chroniclers, Fitz Stephen who gives us the first account extant of London. He

mentions a curious custom of the times, that at Eastertide the people would throng the bridge, brimful of laughter when the sport of boat-tilting was exhibiting on the river. "In Easter holidays" he says, "they fight battles upon the waters. A shield is hanged upon a pole fixed in the middle of the stream. A boat is prepared without oar, to be borne along by the violence of the water; and in the forepart thereof standeth a young man, ready to give charge upon the shield with his lance. If so be that he break his lance against the shield, and doth not fall, he is thought to have performed a worthy deed. If without breaking his lance he runs strongly against the shield, down he falleth into the water; for the boat is violently forced with the tide; but on each side of the shield ride two boats furnished with young men, who recover him who falleth soon as they may."

The foundations of Peter's new Bridge were piles driven into the bed of the river, much no doubt as we saw done twenty years ago for the foundations of new Blackfriars Bridge: upon these, only three feet below low water mark were laid the stone piers. Stowe gives the following account of the building, "Now touching the foundation of the stone bridge, it followeth; about the year 1176, the stone bridge over the river Thames at London was began to be founded by the aforesaid Peter of Colechurch, near unto the bridge of timber, but somewhat more towards the west, for I read that Buttolfe Wharf was, in the Conqueror's time, at the head of London Bridge, The King (Henry II) assisted this work; and Richard Archbishop of Canterbury, gave one thousand marks towards the foundation. The course of the river for the time was turned another way about, by a trench cast for that purpose, beginning, as is supposed, east about Redriffe and ending

in the west about Patricksey, now termed Battersey. This work, to wit, the arches, chapel and stone bridge over the river Thames, having been thirty-three years in building was in the year 1209 finished by the worthy merchants of London, Serle Mercer, William Almaine, and Benedict Botewrite, principal masters of that work; for Peter of Colechurch, deceased four years before, and was buried in the chapel on the bridge in the year 1225." Before the bridge was finished two kings had passed away, Henry II and the valiant King Richard. So that when Richard and his crusaders marched to Dover, where they took ship for France, on their way to Palestine, they must have passed over Peter of Colechurch's first or wooden bridge. And doubtless in that time of misrule and disorder it was hard to find the funds for carrying on the works.

When Peter died and the bridge was still unfinished, King John must needs interfere and chose to recommend to the mayor and citizens one "Isembert, Maister of the schools at Xaintes," to superintend the completion of the work, in the following letter, says Chamberlain, which is preserved in the Tower of London.

"John, by the grace of God, King of England, etc., to his faithful and beloved the mayor and citizens of London, greeting:

"Considering how the Lord in a short time hath wrought in regard to the Bridges of Xaintes and Rochelle, by the care and pains of our faithful, learned and worthy clerk, Isembert,* master of the schools of Xaintes, we, therefore, by the advice of our reverend father in Christ, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and that of others, have desired, directed and enjoined him to use his best endeavours in

* Query? Was he an ancestor of the Isambard branch, who 700 years after constructed the Thames Tunnel.

building your bridge, for your benefit and that of the public, for we trust in the Lord that this bridge, so necessary for you, and all who pass the same, will, through his industry and the divine blessing, soon be finished. Wherefore, without prejudice to our right or that of the city of London," (it belonging as far as I can discover neither to the one or the other) "we will and grant, that the rents and profits of the several houses, that the said master of the schools shall cause to be erected upon the bridge aforesaid, be for ever appropriated to repair, maintain and uphold the same. And seeing the necessary work of the same bridge cannot be accomplished without your aid and that of others, we charge and exhort you, kindly to receive and honour the above-named Isembert, and those employed by him, who will perform everything to your advantage and credit, according to his directions, you affording him your joint advice, and assistance in the premises. For whatever good office or honour you shall do to him, you ought to esteem the same as done to us. But should any injury be offered to the said Isembert, or to the persons employed by him (which we do not believe there will) see that the same be redressed as soon as it comes to your knowledge. Witness myself at Molinel the eighteenth day of April." Of this wondrously pious letter of King John nobody seems to have taken the slightest notice. The three worthy citizens mentioned above, saw the work completed according to the architect's plans, and buried Peter in his own beautiful chapel on the bridge. This Chapel of St. Thomas à Becket was built on the east side of the bridge on the ninth pier, from the north end; it was sixty feet long, twenty feet and a half wide, it consisted of two chapels an upper one and a crypt. The lower chapel or crypt was of early English work, twenty

feet high, the vaulted roof of which was supported by clustered columns of great elegance, having an entrance from the river by means of a flight of stairs leading from the starling (a projection of wooden piles externally strengthening the bridge) as well as others from the upper room, and from the street. Judging from existing prints this lower chapel must have been very beautiful, and have remained uninjured by time or restoration, till it was taken down with the bridge itself. The entrance from the bridge and that from the river were paved with black and white marble.

Both chapels, the upper and lower, were lighted by rows of arched windows looking out upon the water. The upper chapel, judging also from prints of it, must have been rebuilt, perhaps more than once, after the many injuries by fire and flood, from which the bridge at different times suffered. The windows at least, appear to have been of perpendicular work.

Stowe gives us this account of the Chapel:—"King John gave certain void places in London to build upon, the profits thereof to remain towards the charges of building and repairing the same bridge; a mason, being master workman of the said bridge, builded from the foundation the larger chapel on the bridge of his own charges, which chapel was then endowed for two priests, four clerks, &c., besides chantries since founded for John Hatfield and others, so that in the twenty-third year of Henry VI. there were four chaplens in the said chappell. After the finishing of this chappell, which was the first building upon those arches, sundry houses at times were erected, and many charitable men gave lands, tenements, or sums of money towards maintenance thereof. I find by the account of William Mariner and Christopher Eliot,

wardens of London Bridge (22nd Henry VII.) that in one whole year all the payments and allowances came to £815 17*s.* 2½*d.* as there is shown by particulars, by which account then made, may be partly guessed the great charges and discharges of that bridge at *this* day, when things be stretched to so great a price."

Somehow or other, from that time the bridge was looked upon as Royal property, and was afterwards probably sold to the corporation. The mason alluded to by Stowe as having built the chapel at his own charge was, doubtless, Peter of Colechurch, who was Grand Master of the Freemasons, as was William of Wykeham in later times. The sacred services, which had been continued in the chapel for more than three hundred years, were discontinued at the Reformation, for of course the revenues for chanters and priests were seized by Henry VIII.

The Crypt, says Knight, was last used as a paper warehouse, and although at high-water mark the floor was always from ten to twelve feet under the surface, yet such was the excellence of the materials and the masonry, that not the least damp or leak ever happened, and the paper was kept as safe and dry as it would have been in a garret. Such was the way our forefathers built. The starling or trowel shaped abutment which strengthened each pier was, in the case of the pier on which the chapel stood, carried out much further to the east, and here a fish pond, grated over, had been made. When the tide was over the starling, or sterling, the fish were carried in at the bars, and at ebb they were left in the pool. Persons used to go down through the chapel to fish in this pool. The last transformation the chapel underwent, some time before its final destruction, was the shrouding the upper part under brick work and boarding, whilst a crane for taking in

goods from the river for the paper warehouse, assisted to render the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket as unlike itself in former times, as anything could well be. On taking the chapel down they came upon Peter of Colechurch's Tomb, but no search seems to have been made for the Architect's body, which one would have thought if his remains had existed might have been reverently and appropriately removed and buried at St. Saviour's, or in the Church where he himself ministered, St. Mary Colechurch, Coney-hoop Lane, now Grocer's Alley.

The terrible disaster that I described in my second chapter, when more than 3,000 people were burnt or drowned on or under London Bridge, happened only three years after it was finished in the year 1212. It of course greatly injured the bridge, which never seems to have been thoroughly repaired all through Henry III.'s reign, and in 1280 it was in so ruinous a condition that Edward I. granted to the keeper of the bridge, his license to solicit the charitable donations of his subjects towards keeping the same in repair. In the middle ages the repair of roads and bridges was looked upon as second only among meritorious actions to the building or rebuilding churches or religious houses. The King authorised agents, by "our special licence and protection, to collect everywhere throughout our realm the assistance of our pious and well disposed subjects," and orders them "to admit them friendly at the contemplation of God (?) and in regard of charity, and for show of devotion, to cheerfully contribute thereto." But Edward's exhortation, in spite of its earnestness, not meeting with a ready response, he empowers the city to take a toll on the bridge specially for the purpose of repairs. This proclamation is dated from Chester, 6th day of July, 1281.

In 1282 a very severe frost, accompanied by a deep snow, produced such prodigious floods and immense drifts of ice, that five arches of the bridge were broken down.

It is a relief to turn from all these disasters by fire and flood to a romantic story, better known than most of the more serious events, of which the bridge has been the scene. It was in 1536 that one Sir William Hewet, clothworker, lived in one of the houses on London Bridge; his servant, playing with his only child, a daughter, dropped her from a window which overhung the water. Edward Osborne, apprentice to Hewet, who witnessed the accident, instantly sprang into the river, and brought her safe to land. When she was of age sufficient, several persons of rank paid their addresses to her, among others, the Earl of Shrewsbury, but Sir William gratefully decided in favour of Osborne. "Osborne," said he, "saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her." In her right he possessed a large fortune, became Sheriff of London in 1575, and Lord Mayor in 1582. He was the ancestor of the present Duke of Leeds. Sir Edward Osborne, Knight, his grandson, raised forces in defence of Charles I., and *his* son, Sir Thomas Osborne, was successively made Baron Osborne, Viscount Latimer, Earl of Danby, Marquis of Carmarthen, and Duke of Leeds by Charles II.

The splendour of the bridge about this time is well depicted by Norden, in his topographical description of Middlesex in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, who says, "This famous bridge, is adorned with sumptuous buildings, and statelie and beautiful houses on either side, inhabited by wealthy citizens, and furnished with all manner of trades, comparable in itself to a little citie, whose buildings are so artificially contrived, and so firmly combined, as it seemeth more than an ordinary streete;

for it is as one continual vaulte or roofe, except certain void places reserved from buildings, for the retire of passengers from the danger of carres, carts, and droves of cattle, usually passing that way. The vaults, sellers (cellars), and places in the bowels, as it were, of the same bridge, are many and admirable, which arte cannot discover to the outward view."

Soon after, however, in February, 1632, a fire broke out near St. Magnus' Church, by which forty-two houses on the bridge were burnt. There being a severe frost at the time, the difficulty of obtaining water caused the fire to rage without power of extinguishing it. In this ruinous condition the bridge remained for several years, but in the year 1645 and 1646 several houses on the north side were rebuilt with timber in a strong and handsome manner. Again in 1666 the great fire which laid the City in ruins destroyed most of the houses on the bridge, and the stone-work was so damaged that it cost £1,500 to restore it before the houses could be rebuilt.

The traffic on the bridge increased so much that in 1722 a special enactment had to be made to regulate it, and three persons were to be constantly maintained, one by St. Thomas's Hospital, one by the Ward of bridge within, and the other by the bridge master, to keep the traffic in regular lines; that from Southwark going to the west side of the bridge, that from the City to the East side. In 1725 another fire greatly damaged the gate and houses at the south end of the bridge. This gate was afterwards rebuilt with stone, with two posterns for the convenience of foot passengers, and was completed in 1728. In 1746 the Surveyor of the City of London was ordered to draw out plans for taking down the houses on the bridge, and widening and enlarging the arches. The estimate was

for £95,000. "For some years before the houses on London Bridge were taken down, they leaned in such a manner over the river, that a humane person could not look at them without terror, when he considered that many of them were inhabited."

An Act of Parliament was passed to enable these improvements to be made, and after the houses were removed a strong wooden bridge was erected, resting on the starling on the west side of the bridge. This was burnt down, it is believed, by incendiaries, but for what object one cannot imagine, and the stone bridge was in such a condition as to be perfectly impassable. Communication between the two banks of the river was, therefore, entirely stopped for the time at that point, and of so great importance was the matter considered, that "the Lord Mayor waited on Mr. Secretary Pitt, with the *shock-news* of this disaster." The authors were never discovered, though a reward of £200 was offered.

By working night and day without intermission, in a fortnight a new temporary wooden bridge was erected, and a grant of £15,000 made by Parliament to the Common Council for the work of reparation.

Chamberlain's history and survey of London, published in 1768, ends the story of Old London Bridge with the following reflections: "London Bridge has been denominated by ancient writers 'The Bridge of the World,' 'The wonder of the World,' and 'The Bridge of Wonders,' but we shall hardly suffer ourselves to be deceived by these pompous titles if we consider it even in its much improved state; for the wretched disproportion of its arches, and the great fall of water by which the lives of so many of his Majesty's subjects are annually lost, are a disgrace to this City; but we hope the time is advancing, when a sense of dangers

and inconveniences of this bridge, will inspire those in whose power it is, to apply for the aid of Parliament towards erecting a superb and magnificent structure, which may do equal honour to the taste, policy, and humanity of the present age."

When the houses and other building were removed from the bridge, however it may have been improved as a thoroughfare and means of communication, its old historic character was destroyed.

But the last infirmities of old age were now fast coming upon Peter of Colechurch's handiwork. For more than a century, as we have seen, it was only sustained in a serviceable condition by continual tinkering and patching. The less service too it was able to render, the more was required of it; for while it was growing old and crazy, mighty London was becoming every day more extensive, more populous, more alive with the spirit of traffic and industry. It was slowly and reluctantly, however, that the Londoners gave up the idea of repairing their old bridge. After Westminster Bridge was built, a demand arose for a new bridge in the City. One was built at Blackfriars; still the traffic over London Bridge and the consequent strain upon it seemed scarcely diminished.

In 1761, Smeeton, the engineer, who had been hurriedly called in upon some alarming appearances presenting themselves, found, besides other dilapidations, that one of the piers had sunk six feet, and was in such a state that in a few days it must have fallen. The City gates had just been taken down, and the stone lay ready in a builder's yard at Moorfields: it was procured, and on a Sunday morning brought as fast as carts could carry it to support the tottering pier.

For sixty years more the patching went on, and, at last,

in spite of the corporation, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1823 for the erection of a new bridge. It was commonly said that old London Bridge was built upon woolpacks! because the money is supposed to have been raised by a tax upon wool; but however it was built, or whatever it was built upon, it is certain that the original work must have been of marvellous strength to have stood the assaults of fire and flood, frost and fierce tempest, and, perhaps, still more trying than all, the patching and botching of so many years.

The Act of Parliament being passed, six months' notice was given, and prizes were offered for the three best designs for the new bridge. Fifty-two were sent in, and from these three were selected. But none even of these being deemed satisfactory, John Rennie was appointed engineer, whether by a fresh competition, or by direct appointment, I do not know; probably the latter, he having just finished Waterloo Bridge, then considered the most magnificent in the world. Rennie died, however, before the work was begun, but his designs were followed, and the work entrusted to his son, Sir John Rennie.

The first pile of the first cofferdam, being that of the south pier, was driven on Monday, 15th March, 1824. The foundation stone was laid by Lord Mayor Garratt, in the presence of the Duke of York and other distinguished persons, on 15th of June, 1825; and the finished bridge, was opened by William IV. and Queen Adelaide, with great state on the 1st of August, 1831. It stands about 180 yards higher up the river than the old bridge, which was left till its successor was built; nor was its last arch pulled down till towards the end of the year 1832.

There they stood for a short time—many must remember them—side by side. They seemed, indeed they were,

representatives of Old and New London, of the picturesque memories we have been endeavouring to recal on the one hand; on the other, of modern civilization, of the practical as opposed to the ideal, of traffic and labour.

Old London Bridge marked the spot where, gradually and unnoticed, the governing power had passed silently across the river from the south to the north bank of the Thames. In old times Southwark was of equal, if not greater, importance than London. In the middle ages it was the home of mediæval art. There are, says Knight, "some interesting records which have been preserved, as to the mode of proceeding in those days, from which it appears that when a king wanted some grand *chef-d'œuvre* of the arts, he had only to send his commands to that land of romance —in the days of Henry VI., as well as in the days of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson—Southwark, and the matter was in effect settled. At the time fixed there were the windows, or doors, or roofs required; or, in fine, a St. George's, a King's College, or a Henry VII's Chapel. In these records, we find for instance contracts for the windows of King's College, and for the orient colours and imagery, with which they were to be adorned, drawn up in the same matter of fact manner that one would now employ if a number of modern sashes were concerned, and yet the orient colours and imagery came."

Such was Southwark in the days of old London Bridge.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

ST. MARY OVERIES; OR, ST. SAVIOUR'S.

LET us turn now to what the new bridge represents, Industry, Traffic, Toil, and what is called Progress. "The old order changeth, giving place to new." Southwark appears to have forgotten the exquisite fancies, the marvellous taste, the delicate handiwork, much of which, however, still remains for our wonder and delight, (though not in Southwark itself), to show what our craftsmen did in ancient days. The hop merchants of the Borough, the leather-sellers of Bermondsey, the vast engineering shops, themselves almost towns, seem to have engrossed, in the substantial and the practical, all the inventive power that formerly adorned our public buildings, or was dedicated to God's service.

I once greatly enjoyed a visit to one of the largest of these huge engineering establishments. We saw an enormous casting made, and the liquid iron glowing like molten gold, as it was poured from the vast troughs or scuttles suspended from huge cranes, into the large earthen mould, when in a moment up burst the escaping gas in brilliant jets of many coloured flames, dancing on the surface. We went through all the different shops. We saw engines preparing for gigantic works in every part of the Queen's dominions, and many also for foreign lands, Egypt, Turkey, and Russia. It was a sight never to be forgotten, and perhaps gave a

greater idea of the enormous industry and wealth, and with it the power of our country, than anything else could have done. Strange to say, as we passed along through the busy lines of workmen, one was pointed out to us, a handsome stalwart man, and we were told he was a Sobieski, a descendant of the line of Poland's Kings: nor indeed do sons of England's best blood disdain to go through hard, toilsome, mechanical drudgery in the school of the engineer's workshop. I felt that the romance of life has not quite died out, though one could no more if one would, bring back the picturesque scenes of mediæval times.

Yet life is often very hard and gloomy to the toil-worn workmen of the courts and alleys of Southwark, alike on Sundays and weekdays. For when you have enticed the "working man" into a dreary church, cold and comfortless, and placed him in the seats up the middle aisle, in the draught of the great west door, gazed at by his richer "brethren," in their cushioned pews, and he is asked to take part in a dreary, cold service, with a long wearisome sermon, and then, perchance, to join in some hymn which suggests that this worshipping in God's house on earth is only a foretaste of what it will be in the Courts above, is it wonderful, that he should be careless about getting to such a dreary Heaven, and prefer the flaring gin-palace below? And this thought leads me on from London Bridge to my next subject. Step by step, only pausing a moment at the top, to survey the exquisite east end of the Lady Chapel, and beautiful grouping of Tower and Chancel and Chapel, let us go down together into St. Mary Overie's Close, now St. Saviour's Churchyard. There stands, what was once, and in some respects is still, the finest church in London, excepting the Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. What would it not be for Southwark, if the interior of St.

Saviour's once again presented the grand space that it should, where all worshippers would be equally welcome. where the pealing organ, and the glorious cathedral music, and the daily services might make the poor and rich exclaim, "I was glad when they said unto me we will go into the house of the Lord. We will go into His Tabernacle and fall low on our knees before His footstool." Surely all Surrey and the grand old Dioceses of Winchester, and Rochester, and London itself will help the wealthy merchants of Southwark to make St. Saviour's what it should be, the rich man's delight and the poor man's home.

But let us now take a rapid review of the history of St. Saviour's, as in my last chapter we did of that of London Bridge, and see whether we are not bound to hand down unimpaired to our own children the noble work we owe to our forefathers.

A religious house for women existed here in very early times; but a St. Swithin, and almost certainly that good, holy, and wise man, who was Ethelwulf's friend and counsellor in all matters, ecclesiastical and spiritual, and to whose wise counsels, therefore, probably our great and good King Alfred owed much, turned the convent of nuns into a monastery for Canons regular, and their chief endowment may have consisted of the profits of the Ferry. For a bridge existed, as we have seen, before Canute's time, and possibly they had the tolls. But when the Normans came to England, they found both bridge and priory in a somewhat decayed state; or it may well be that the Normans in their insolent recklessness may have injured both, or probably burned them when the ruthless Conqueror passing on gave Southwark to the flames, and did not cross the Thames till he came to Wallingford.

It was in William Rufus' time that the Conqueror's

treasurer, William Pont de l'Arche and another Norman knight William Dauncy rebuilt both bridge and priory. A beautiful old doorway of Norman work remained so short a time ago, that it seems the more grievous that it should have disappeared under the hands of those modern Goths who destroyed the remains of both Norman and so-called Gothic work. There is a description of it in Nightingale's history of St. Mary Overie's with its chevron mouldings, and its deep cut flower tracery; but it has gone. The two knights were assisted in their pious work by Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, one of four brothers, who came over with the Conqueror. He is said to have built the nave at his own cost, and also at the same time to have erected the Bishop's Palace on Bankside. He thus secured a serviceable position at this end of his vast diocese, close to the rising City of London, which every year was increasing in importance, whilst at Winchester he was in what was still the capital city of the kingdom. It is probably owing to this foresight of Bishop Gifford that the Bishops of Winchester played so important a part in our history, and still remain among the three of highest rank, and largest emoluments, though wofully reduced since Bishop Summer's resignation and death. There still exists a confirmation to St. Mary Overie's of a grant, made by King Stephen of "the stone house in Dowgate" which had belonged to William Pont de l'Arche.

I have spoken of the terrible fire in King John's reign, and the consequent foundation of St. Thomas's Hospital. The Priory was not rebuilt till Peter de Rupibus, or des Roches, Bishop of Winchester, one of Henry III.'s governors during his minority, both restored it and also built the spacious chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, used afterwards as a parish church by the inhabitants.

After the reign of Edward I. the Priory seems to have fallen into a great state of decay, and in the reign of Richard II. to have again been damaged by fire. It was rebuilt, some say, at the sole expense of Gower, the poet; but this is scarcely possible. He was, however, there is no doubt, a great benefactor to the church, but a large part of the early English work of Henry III.'s time was still left, and even some of the more ancient Norman architecture. The Chantry and Chapel of St. John, which disappeared with the destruction of the nave were founded by him.

On 24th of January, 1406, Edmund Holland, Earl of Kent, grandson to Joanna, wife of Edward the Black Prince, by her first husband, was married at St. Mary's with great pomp to Lucia, eldest daughter of Barnaby, Lord of Milan; the King, Henry IV., attended the wedding, and gave the bride away. Her marriage portion is said by Stowe to have been 100,000 ducats.

Next in order comes the time of Cardinal Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and the marriage of James I. of Scotland, of which I have given an account.

In 1469, when Edward IV. was King, the vaulting of the nave fell in; it was replaced by a timber roof, the work it is said of Fox, Bishop of Winchester, who also at the same time, placed the reredos or altar screen at the east end of the choir. This is particularly cited by Parker, in his Glossary of Architecture, as a fine example of its kind. I believe there is no certain record left as to the fact of Fox having erected this screen; but there can be little or no doubt that he was the author of it, as the pelican, his favourite emblem, appears in the ornamentation.

An article in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1834, gives the following account of it, which I have slightly

abridged. It says:—"The screen, "was probably erected shortly after he had bestowed on his Cathedral at Winchester the one which still remains there resplendent in its architectural beauties. The two screens agree in several important particulars, not only in the arrangement and general design, but in the actual number of niches; a coincidence which can alone be attributed to the circumstance of both being the work of one hand.

"The height and breadth are both divided into three portions, thus preserving in its parts an allusion to the sacred number three. In the centre of the lower division a space is left for the altar, above which was a blank, occupied at Winchester by a painting, and here by three niches—designed by the restoring architect—and intended, apparently for inscriptions. The side divisions shew a doorway, with a depressed ogee arch in the last stage of declension, and which, when compared with the pointed arch of Winchester, plainly shows that this is the later work of the two. In the spandrils are grotesque carvings, they represent human figures chasing some animal, and in the centre is a fool with a bauble. In the Winchester example no such incongruities occur, owing, perhaps, to the work being executed more immediately under the eye of the Bishop. There the corresponding subjects are the Annunciation and the Visitation. A frieze of Angels in the Act of Adoration are introduced in the first and second stories. The third, and last story, is nearly a copy of the preceding, except that the canopy of the central niche is of a more prominent character than those which are immediately below it, and what is called a fascia of lambs and pelicans is introduced. The whole of this screen has been beautifully restored, as far as it goes, but imagination

takes one back to the time when each niche had its statue of saint or angel; when sculpture and painting alike lent their aid to complete and embellish this sumptuous display of architecture. Upon the altar and under the central canopy was our Blessed Lord upon the Cross (which, with the Church's modern name, would be more appropriate now than even when first it was set up). In the large niche above must have stood the statue of the Blessed Virgin, then the Patron Saint of the Church, and the corresponding niche on the upper range we may confidently assign to the representaton of the Holy Trinity. Above the whole, the design was carried on in the east window, enclosed as it were in a richly sculptural frame. In this perfect state, what a magnificent scene must the choir have displayed." May we not yet hope to see the work of restoration completed?

The ancient materials used in this work were Caen and fire stone; it was restored with stone from Painswick in Gloucestershire, which harmonises well with the former material.

After Bishop Fox's restoration of and benefaction to the church, it must have been in its greatest beauty and perfection, and how little could anyone have foreseen the years of neglect, ruin, and desolation that awaited the venerable building.

"On November 11th, 1535, there was a great procession by the King's command, at which were the Canons of this Church, with their crosses, candlesticks, and berzers before them, all singing the Litany," so says Nightingale in his history of St. Saviour's, but what is his authority, or what was the occasion, I cannot say. It could scarcely be what has been rather happily, though satirically, called an "office for deconsecrating" the church, such as has been

used in our own day in the City churches; for it was not till the 14th of October, 1541, six years afterwards, that Bartholomew Linsted, the last prior, surrendered the church, and all belonging to the ancient priory to Henry VIII., and as some compensation, received £100 a-year for his life. The property at the dissolution was valued at £656 10*s*., according to Speede, and according to Dugdale at £624 6*s*. 6*d*.

And now let us pause for a moment and think what the dissolution implies. At this spot, close to London Bridge, stood the Priory of St. Mary Overies, the great Abbey of Saviour's, of Bermondsey, and the Hospital of St. Thomas.

All were swept away by the word of an unscrupulous avaricious tyrant. The daily prayers and chanted psalms, the works of exquisite handicraft carried on in the Monastery, the homes for the weary, the desolate, and the sick, were all closed; the schools for the young shut up; the daily doles from the Monastery gate, (and even the most virulent opposers of the religious orders never denied them the virtues of hospitality, and alms giving), all gone. We know that St. Mary's Church and St. Thomas's Hospital were saved by the fine spirit of the people, and the piety of the Boy King; but what grief, and sorrow, and desolation, and misery, must have been first endured.

Let even Bishop Gardiner have his due; he, as Bishop of Winchester and a resident in Southwark assisted the people to buy back the Priory Church on easy terms, and turn it into a Parish Church. But, alas! how fearful was the desecration that followed. First it was used by Gardiner himself as his ecclesiastical court, where many pious and holy men, the Protestant Martyrs, were condemned to the flames; and then, fitting retribution, the very same chapel, which Gardiner had so polluted, became first an oven and then a pig stye!

In the Bishop's Palace adjoining, Bonner is said to have been imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth. There, as I have noticed, Bishop Andrews died; and again in the Civil Wars, it became a prison, but now for the Royalists. After that the Bishops ceased residing there; palace and church were neglected, and the whole place seems to have gradually become ruinous.

It was in the 17th century that Wenceslaus Hollar, a Bohemian, drew his celebrated views of London from the Tower of St. Saviour's Church. He died in 1677.

Various restorations, more or less injurious were made in the 17th and 18th centuries. In 1703, Bishop Fox's fine Altar Screen, which I have just been describing in its restored state, was encased with oaken columns, painted commandments, and other tables, whole length portraits of Moses and Aaron, flying Cherubim, etc.; the ancient stalls were removed, pews erected, and the Cathedral character of the Church entirely destroyed. As early as 1618 the fine uninterrupted view of nave and choir was spoilt by an organ screen set up at the west end of the choir, in place of the ancient Rood-loft. In 1621-2 the greater part of the west front and north side was coated with brick.

The church was now neglected till 1734 when considerable repairs were executed in the nave, and the stonework was cased with barbarous brick, as was the south transept in 1735, when doubtless the elegant rose window was destroyed, as well as some of the most beautiful features in the moulded tracery of the six east and west front windows, of the time of Edward III., or, perhaps somewhat earlier. Probably about the same time the northern front of the north transept was removed and timber framework covered with tiles put up as a substitute.

At length, early in the present century, the greater part

of the building was found to be fast approaching that degree of dilapidation, which shews in what state a building can be without actually falling down. The parishioners were alarmed, and appointed a committee to conduct the repairs. But still nothing was done till in 1818, during the wardenship of Mr. John Crawford—let his name remain as an example to all future churchwardens—it was resolved to begin by repairing the tower. In fact he "did what he could."

The pinnacles and embattled parapets were rebuilt; new windows were inserted in the bell-loft and bellfry, and the tower, split in every direction by the violent vibratory action of the bells, and exhibiting fissures three and four inches in breadth, was secured by encircling it with cast iron ties of three tiers in height, so concealed within the masonry as not to be perceptible, and so contrived as not to injure the work by contraction or expansion. In the repairs of the tower, the original has been followed with a scrupulousness which was the result of the conscientious researches of the architect, Mr. Gwilt, who seems to have been a man much in advance of his time. His whole desire was to restore these remains of the piety of our forefathers simply to their original condition.

In 1821 a proposition was made to rebuild the church, to match the tower, but the parishioners were not imbued with patriotic, ecclesiastical, antiquarian, or religious enthusiasm sufficient to take in hand such a work. Still, there were some worthy descendants of the old 16th century inhabitants of the Borough, and a great battle commenced between those who favoured retrenchment and reform, and those who would fain see their old church restored to its former grandeur. As I have mentioned, they actually talked of removing the exquisite Lady Chapel

altogether, to make room for the approaches to London Bridge. Happily, the antiquarian, if not the religious, feeling throughout the country was aroused, and this desecration was spared.

At last the fight in part at least was won; the Lady Chapel and the Choir were to be restored. Mr. Gwilt was again the architect and nobly he did his work. All the designs and supervision of the Lady Chapel were carried out at his own expense.

The principal part of the masonry was executed with a sharp grit stone from the Houghtree Quarries, in the vicinity of Kirkstall Abbey, in Yorkshire, the rest of the facing is made out with surface flints which are found upon many of the high lands in various parts of Surrey. And so under the enthusiastic and loving care of Mr. Gwilt rose again in something of their former beauty, the Choir and Lady Chapel of St. Saviour's. Still the transepts had to be dealt with and these were restored under the direction of Mr. R. Wallace, a worthy successor to Mr. Gwilt. Groined roofs were added to both of them, and an exquisite circular window designed from that in the ruins of Winchester Palace, which had been lately laid open by a fire on Bankside, was placed in the south transept; in the south was introduced a window of circular tracery, copied from one in Westminster Abbey.

The nave remained for repairs. Its clustered columns had been strapped with iron, and its walls had grown dark with apparent decay. The whole building was considered insecure; its repair was regarded by the parishioners as a frightful expense, and the only result of their deliberations was the removal of the roof by "an order of vestry!" This roof was a noble specimen of the skill of our forefathers. Some of the timbers are said to have been in fine

preservation, and many of the bosses are still preserved in the Lady Chapel.

"Thus," says the "Mirror" for July 20th, 1833, "dismantled and desolate, a splendid ruin, stand the sides and west end of the Nave with its Tudor doorway; the organ has been moved up to form a temporary end to the choir, and thus matters rest in this part of the building." Would they had been allowed to rest, till better times, and a purer taste, and a nobler spirit had revived in Southwark, but alas! it was not to be. Let me continue the quotation from the "Mirror," "The choir and transept are now used for Divine Service, and together have the sublime grandeur of a Cathedral; though description will but ill convey an idea of the four magnificent arches which support the Tower, or the lofty and massive character of the several arches and columns. The unique effect is likewise aided by the substitution of open seats for pews. The cost of this work will be £2,500 (little enough one would think), but the funds we fear are somewhat deficient. Our readers may remember the arduous struggle made for the preservation of this interesting memorial. The cause has been a national one, and its result will be doubtless honourable to the country." Would that I could make these words echo and re-echo again; there is not an Englishman who should not be interested in the restoration of this noble and historical structure!

It was in 1840, that the nave was taken down and the present unsightly structure erected in its stead. I do not care to go into the miserable details. How with such a model before them as the choir, transepts and Lady Chapel, they could ever have fastened on such an excresence, and then left that exquisite restoration silent and desolate, one cannot tell. More than a generation has passed away

since this *truly* Gothic work was perpetrated; is it too much to hope that the present generation may repair the misdeeds of their fathers?

I have all but finished my story with regard to St. Saviour's, but before I close this chapter let us turn from God's temple of wood and stone to the living temples of His Word. I have spoken of many of the Bishops of Winchester who used this grand old church as their town cathedral. Let us come down to those of our own time. Twenty years ago Bishop Sumner was Bishop of Winchester; and if it be said that he was more of the Peer than the Bishop, that he was not as much seen in the dark places of his diocese as two Bishops since his time have been, we must remember that he belonged to another order of things. But the vast revenues of his diocese he dispensed with princely liberality. A lease, falling in, brought him £30,000, and the whole sum was surrendered to the needs of South London. Sumner Street, named after him, bears witness to his generous co-operation with the Messrs. Pott in giving up part of the land of the Bishopric for the re-building of the Grammar School of St. Saviour's, when the building of the new Borough Market necessitated the erection of the school from the shadow of the old church.

But the grand princely-hearted old man was past his work; the new act, which provided for the retirement of aged bishops, came into being, and Bishop Sumner resigned. And then a revolution began. Bishop Wilberforce had shewn in Oxford what his idea of a bishop and a bishop's work was, and when he was removed to Winchester it was as though the whole diocese was transformed into one body through which nerves ran in every direction, bearing the influence of the organising brain to every part; or it seemed fitted with wires, along which ran the electric

current unceasingly. At once the power, and the personal presence, of the Bishop was not only felt but seen in every part of his vast diocese. In Southwark, particularly, we seemed to realise for the first time what a bishop was. As he himself said, "Where the fight is hottest, there should the leader be.".

But it is not, perhaps, so well known how earnestly he had at heart the restoration of St. Saviour's.

His successor the present Bishop of Winchester carried out the long desired division of the Diocese. It was hoped that Southwark would now have had a Bishop of its own, with St. Saviour's as its Cathedral. But this was not to be, and Southwark became part of the Diocese of Rochester. It would not be becoming to indulge in a panegyric on one still labouring among us. May God in His mercy grant that he may long be spared, and that his grand ideas may be fulfilled and his zeal and good works bear fruit. At any rate we know that the restoration of St. Saviour's to its pristime grandeur of proportion and beauty is his most earnest desire.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Fire in Tooley Street, 1861.

The Princess of Wales's progress through the Borough, 1863.

THE year 1861 was a memorable one for England and its Queen; but before I touch upon that event which

has made the 14th of December so sacred a date, and so strangely memorable for evermore with its threefold anniversary of chequered grief and joy, I cannot omit in my story of Southwark some notice of the great fire in Tooley Street.

It was on Saturday evening, June 22nd, that the news ran through the Borough, of a fire of no ordinary magnitude. As the night drew on the fire increased instead of lessening. Of our own household one had a full view all night long from Billingsgate. Servants and others spent the night on the roof of the house, whilst I betook myself to Southwark Bridge, which, being then a toll-bridge, had a comparatively select crowd of spectators. Of the actual fire itself from the obstruction of the bridges and the bend of the river, much could not be seen, but the glare was terrific. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing was to see the impossible myth of one's nursery days realised by the Thames being literally on fire.

Cotton's Wharf, the one on fire, was filled with jute, fat and grease of various kinds, and every sort of inflammable material. Rivers of burning fat ran over the water, and one saw not merely the golden reflection of the fire, but streams of fire itself blazing up from the water to the sky. Boats with adventurous lads danced like dark specks on the water, to be suddenly enveloped by rings of flame, and the boys in peril of their lives from the rival elements were rescued by others who ran as great danger whilst endeavouring to save them.

One curious episode of interest was caused by a barque in dock, which the water was not sufficiently high to float. Again and again the rigging caught fire, again and again it was extinguished by anxious watchers, it was for a time a race between fire and water, and much fear was there lest

fire should gain the day. At last we gazers on Southwark Bridge heard one of those mighty shouts which arise from a multitude, the tension of whose nerves has been strained to the uttermost with alternations of hope and fear, and at the same moment out glided into the river tall and dark against the tremendous glare, the fine vessel whose fate had hung so long in the balance. From our position, we heard the shout, but did not know the whole story till the next day.

That same evening Mr. Braidwood, the indefatigable head of the fire brigade, met his death by the fall of a wall, whilst he was serving refreshments to his men.

On Sunday, the day after the breaking out of the fire, we determined to go to church in the City, in order by passing over London Bridge to be able to judge for ourselves of the state of the fire. The crowd was simply terrific; the fire shewed no signs of abating, and the mighty stream of water sent forth by Shand and Mason's powerful land steam engine, then, I believe, used for the first time, looked scarcely more than a tiny dribble in comparison with the volume of flames. Days passed on, the wildest stories were afloat; the sewers were filled with fat, and we were told that there was imminent danger from confined gas of the sewers bursting at any moment and in any direction: as one of them ran under our house the prospect was not reassuring. But these threatened dangers had no effect upon the mud-larks, who descended into them, and stole quantities of the valuable though unsavoury grease; they laughed defiance at the police as they came up loaded with their booty, knowing they were perfectly safe from the fangs of the guardians of the law, who, in their correct costume, would not have touched them with the end of their staves. On Sunday, four weeks after the breaking out of the fire, we crossed London

Bridge once more, to show a West End friend the smoking ruins, and, as we were looking at them, a jet of flame burst out, I know not how many feet high; of course water was still constantly playing on the smoky ruins. I have given an account of so much of this fire, (the most remarkable of modern times,) as fell within my own observation, and is firmly fixed in my memory; the story of what I saw, rather than an exhaustive or statistical report of it.

But it is not this that makes the year 1861 so well remembered by Queen and people. On December 14th occurred an event that touched the heart of the nation to the quick.

It was in 1861 that our Queen first made acquaintance with real personal grief and sorrow: in the spring she lost her mother, the Duchess of Kent; in December, her husband, the Prince Consort, and the nation grieved with and for her, at the breaking up of the marvellous happiness of her crowned and wedded life.

Who can forget the deep note of the death-bell of St. Paul's, as it came moaning across the river at midnight? Who that was present can forget St. Paul's on the day of his funeral, crowded, packed at each service, though only the ordinary weekday service? For no such gathering had been foreseen or prepared for; every soul of those vast assemblies in black, and by far the greater proportion of them busy city men, all drawn, with one overpowering impulse to relieve their own sorrow of heart, and to pour forth prayers for their Queen.

It was a sight never to be forgotten, and yet I may well be asked what has it to do with Southwark and its Story? Just this. No one who did not realize the gloom which then settled down upon the great city, can realize the enthusiastic joy of the people, when they, who had so faithfully mourned with her, could now rejoice in and with

her and hers. This dark back ground did at the time, and should in the retrospect, heighten the description of the Princess's reception among us. One must remember that such mourning as it had been, implied no Court, no season in London, and the consequent depressing effect upon trade, and the loss of all that makes London bright and joyous, for many months.

Then, when the news came of the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the young Danish Princess; when we heard that she was fair, and good as she was fair, London shook off the nightmare which had oppressed it, opened wide its arms and roused itself to receive the fair Danish bride and welcome her to her adopted land.

The 7th of March, 1863, presented, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary spectacles that England has ever seen. It was a whole people throwing off their mourning and rejoicing with a joy almost as unselfish as their grief had been, and looking back over just eighteen years, we feel thankful to know that the heroine of the day has never disappointed the passionate hopes then expressed. We have seen her in her youthful beauty and promise; we have followed her as she grew to matronly dignity; we have watched with her by her husband's sick bed; we have seen her taking her place in court festivities, herself the fairest of the fair; and in all and every position she has won to herself the homage and love of the British people.

The "Times" for that day thus expresses the hopes of the people. "The world ever starts afresh from day to day, from year to year, from reign to reign, and from one beginning more or less auspicious to another. Another father of his race, and another mother of Princes, another national alliance, with many other circumstances equally

new appear before us. It is a few years back that we had such another renewal of the monarchy, most singularly interesting as regarded the character of the new Sovereign, but in days far less trustful and hopeful than these. Though a cloud of sorrow has darkened that family group and closed that brief period, yet it has left grateful memories and a hallowing influence. There is no quarter of a century in our annals to be looked upon with such satisfaction. As far as this Royal marriage is a new beginning, may we hope that it will be as the last royal marriage, and that like the Prince Consort lately removed from us, they may earn a name for England ever to love and honour."

Perhaps the most striking point in this day's proceedings was that it was so emphatically the people's reception. The Princess's procession consisted but of six carriages with footmen, coachmen, etc., in scarlet and blue, with the mourning band for the Prince Consort still round their arms. No state carriage, no state liveries. The decorations that lined the streets, the arches, the banners, the masses of people all shewed it was a nation's welcome. From Gravesend to Windsor, a distance of nearly 60 miles, there was not a town, not a village, which did not throw itself into the spirit of the loyal scheme, and do the very utmost honour to the fair young Dane who had come to make her home among us. Half England kept holiday, and watched for the hourly telegrams from London which told how the national welcome given in the name of all was progressing there. The same feeling which led the poor labourers of Kent to put flags on their hay stacks, which drew the citizens of Southwark and London to fill the windows and galleries, and crowd the streets, drew also the *elite* of the aristocracy to the windows of Pall

Mall and Piccadilly, and from the moment of her first landing at Gravesend till the Princess drove beneath the towers of the oldest and stateliest of all the kingly seats of Europe, the feeling was the same throughout—one honest hearty welcome, tendered with a blessing and goodwill.

The reception began when boat and yacht and steamer crowded the Victoria and Albert, as it rounded Coalhouse Point. The Royal Yacht was gaily trimmed with flags, the Prince of Wales's banner and the Royal Flag of Denmark flying at the main. The men of war's men manned the yards. Old Tilbury gave the first thundering salute, and the men of war followed instantly gun for gun from each broadside; and ships, as if by magic, were dressed from stem to stern with fluttering designs of every hue. Then came an outbreak of cheers and clapping of hands and waving of handkerchiefs, as the sweet face of the lovely Princess flitted from window to window of the cabin, as her eyes sought him, who was coming to fetch home his bride. The earnest and hearty kiss with which the Prince greeted her, as he met her when she came from the cabin, as he stepped on deck, showed, if assurance had been wanting how entirely it was a marriage of affection. And *his* tender attention in her illness; and *her* devotion when death had so nearly snatched him from her, the dart only held back as it seemed by the prayers of not one nation only, but a whole Empire of various nations, races, and creeds; her voyage, too, to meet her husband and greet him on his return from India on the sea itself, as he once came to greet her, have shown that their affection has not waned.

In a few moments the pair, in their youthful grace, passed through the file of sixty young ladies, dressed in

red and white, the Danish colours, and strewing flowers before them on the pier, and stood on English ground. But we need not trace each step : suffice it that they arrived in due time at the Bricklayer's Arms, in the Old Kent Road, and were in Southwark.

The galleries, on the platform, and in the reception rooms, were filled with ladies, mostly wearing red and white favours. Every seat in the quadrangle was occupied. Mr. Layard and Mr. Locke, the Borough members, had been early on the scene, the first in ministerial costume, the second in full Court dress. They were quickly followed by the county members, and Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary. The equipages of the Lord Mayor (himself a Southwark man) and Sheriffs, attended by their respective chaplains, and the City sword bearer and mace bearer came next. Mr. Gresham, the High Bailiff of Southwark, was also among the early comers, and Sir Richard Mayne, Chief Commissioner of Police, in full uniform.

A troop of Life Guards, a detachment of Grenadier Guards, and the 60th Rifles, 500 strong, gave brightness to the scene. The Commander-in-Chief (the Duke of Cambridge), the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Prince of Prussia, and the Count of Flanders, stood apart from the rest, ready to give the first greeting to the Royal pair. As they passed from the railway carriage to the platform all rose to greet them. The Princess was dressed in a mauve silk dress, with a violet coloured velvet mantle, richly embroidered, and a white bonnet; the Prince was in ordinary morning dress. After partaking of a *déjeuner* provided in the elegantly adorned saloon at the station, the Prince and Princess entered an open carriage with her royal parents the Prince and Princess of Denmark, the two ladies sitting in the hind seat, and the gentlemen opposite,

the Princess on her mother's right hand. There they waited a few moments as the occupants of the other five royal carriages took their seats and passed on. Thus marshalled, with the carriages containing the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, the members for the County and the Borough, the High Bailiff, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs and their retinue leading the way, and under an escort of Life Guards, the cavalcade passed under the first triumphal arch, amidst the tremendous shouts of the populace, mingled with alternate strains of the English and Danish National Anthems.

Hitherto the weather had been most propitious, but now came down such a sharp shower as necessitated umbrellas. The rain lasted a few moments, and with clearing skies returned unclouded brightness to countless faces. The cavalcade went at an even pace along the Old Kent and Dover Roads, hailed with such deafening cheers as only English lungs and English hearts can give; the shouts being caught up and re-echoed throughout the vast line until they swelled into a tumultuous chorus at once indescribably grand and sublime.

A rush was here made to follow the carriage, but the police, who were strongly posted at this part of the route, managed with some difficulty to restrain their loyal but ill-judged impetuosity. Great Dover Street soon came in sight, banked with continuous terraces of seated thousands, the pavements also swarming from curbstone to wall with such densely packed myriads on foot as to make it a mystery that even so gigantic a population as that of London could at one time furnish such an unparalleled gathering, or one so orderly, so happy, so wrought upon by one mighty consentaneous and generous impulse. Every available shop front, window, balcony, and housetop

had been dismantled to add its own contingent of human faces; not a building, however, mean and humble, could be descried from which did not wave some flag, floral device, or other token of jubilation, the whole route too being almost literally over-arched with a canopy of banners, garlands, streamers, and every variation and periphrasis of the simple English dissyllable, "Welcome."

Striking into the Borough High Street by St. George's Church, the bells of which gave forth a merry peal, answered by the ringers of St. Saviour's and a dozen other churches, making the air vocal with their joyous clamour, the procession held its course through the living tide amidst continuous acclamations, which the Princess acknowledged by cheerful smiles and graceful bows. A fine triumphal arch, some fifty feet high, adorned with allegorical figures and appropriate devices, spanned the broadest part of the High Street, and was marked with interest by the august personages in whose honour it was reared. As the procession passed onwards and came opposite to the Town Hall, the voices of the school children of Southwark, grouped with their bannerettes on a raised platform near by, were heard above the din, pouring forth their shrill treble notes to fill up the great gamut of popular welcome. The unsightliness of ruined blank walls, laid bare by the work of demolition incident to the opening of the new thoroughfare, running westwards from the High Street, was ingeniously masked by a liberal use of red and white paint, even the low, heavy, coffin-like railway arch that spans the Borough at the foot of London Bridge, had apparently made some slight effort to imitate the festive air of all around it, but the attempt only ended in making it the more hideous.

This passed, the procession reached London Bridge, where a more splendid, though not more enthusiastic spectacle, awaited it.

London Bridge presented an appearance wholly new in the way of ornamentation: as a graceful compliment to the Princess the parapets were ornamented with statues of the Kings of Denmark, from the earliest periods, including that of the reigning sovereign, affixed to standards some thirty feet high, which in turn were surmounted by gilt figures of ravens and elephants, the national emblems. Between the standards, tripods were placed, from which burning incense arose. At the south and north approaches to the bridge, elegant pedestals were erected, bearing statues of fame, surrounded by Danish warriors holding the Danebrog, or national flag. The whole effect was very splendid. On the northern side of Adelaide Place, at the entrance to King William Street, an imposing triumphal arch about sixty feet high, supported by Corinthian columns, had been constructed, on the south side of which, fronting the Borough, and in the centre, immediately over the carriage way, were placed the united arms of England and Denmark, right and left, and over the footways, medallions of the Prince and Princess. The columns were ornamented with statues of four eminent Danes, Saxo-Grammaticus, Holberg, the poet, Thorwalsden, the sculptor, and Juel, the painter. In the pediment and in gilt letters, appeared the following lines, adapted from the "Tempest."

> "Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
> Long continuance and increasing,
> Hourly joys be still upon you,
> England showers her blessings on you."

A painting beneath represented Britannia with Sea-Gods and Goddesses, and Fame heralded the approach of the Princess. A portrait of Queen Victoria within a wreath of laurels, and with a crown above, supported by figures

symbolical of Wisdom and Strength, adorned the north front of the arch. The columns supported statues of Fame, and above the footway the Royal Arms of England and Denmark were displayed.

The shipping of the Thames was all profusely decked with streamers and flags. Every conceivable place swarmed with spectators. The Fishmongers' Company, whose hall is at the north-west side of the bridge, had invited about 1,000 people, to see the procession from their fine hall, and from thence the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary (now Duchess of Teck), had the pleasure of witnessing it.

And here I must take up my own narrative, having hitherto followed with tolerable fidelity, but adding and omitting as convenient, the "Times" account of the day By the kind courtesy of the rector of St. Magnus, we witnessed the proceedings from his house. His drawing room forms the ceiling to the steps, which lead down into Thames Street on the north-east side of the bridge, consequently any one at the window was very slightly raised above the procession as it passed. At about half-past ten o'clock we made our way across the bridge, but it was a work not only of difficulty, but of danger, so densely was it packed. Later on, carriage traffic was stopped, and about twelve o'clock a compact body of mounted police, assisted by some cavalry, proceeded to clear the bridge of foot passengers. They planted themselves in the middle, and endeavoured to sweep the people half into the Borough, half into the city, but the greater number managed to get past them into King William Street, already packed, roadway and all, as full apparently, as it would hold. And then was seen a strange sight—London Bridge perfectly empty, at midday, save for a few soldiers and police left to guard it.

At half-past two o'clock the Royal Party came in sight; they drove slowly over the bridge, and paused there some minutes to admire the decorations. To understand what followed, I must remind you that the great Triumphal Arch which spanned the road, completely hid the sight of King William Street from the Royal Party. Hitherto, though they had passed through enthusiastic crowds, the roadway had been well kept, and they had been escorted by a splendid troop of cavalry; but when they emerged from the solitude of London Bridge, they came suddenly upon a marvellous sight—one dense mass of human beings as far as the eye would reach. Even the carriages of the Corporation, who were struggling through, endeavouring to receive and escort the Prince and Princess into their own wondrous kingdom of Cockaigne, were scarcely to be distinguished in the mass.

Out drove the carriages one by one; we were so placed that we could see equally well on both sides of the Arch, but as the carriage containing the Prince and Princess drove from under the Triumphal Arch, and they saw themselves apparently without escort, simply at the mercy of a crowd so vast that as the carriage moved step by step, the people like the waves of the sea, closed around it on every side, a great emotion touched them both at the same moment; she, the beautiful Princess, turned perfectly white, and the Prince, coloured all over with excitement. The emotion overpowering as it was for the moment, passed off, and it was a fair sight to see that lovely girl wearied as she must have been with the continuous strain, bowing incessantly right and left, with the sweetest smile of answering welcome. No less striking was the Prince's manner; as he lifted his hat to the people, his whole air expressed as well as words could have said, "It is all in

her honour, it is *her* day of triumph, let them see and welcome the bride of my choice." It was a wondrous and soul-stirring sight, though one could not but tremble lest some accident should happen. Close by the carriage rode Lord Alfred Paget, and to him in all justice should be accorded a great part of the praise due to those who piloted the royal pair successfully through the dense masses. We who saw it, sympathized with his tribute to the people's behaviour afterwards in the House of Commons. "It was *not* a mob" he said, "it was a crowd of well-behaved people." To his extreme good humour and tact, however, was owing in a great measure the fact of there being nothing to mar the day's success, which was perfect. For six hours that strain was borne cheerfully. It was half-past six o'clock before the royal carriage drove into Windsor Castle.

Not so successful was the night of illumination on the evening of the marriage. I will not speak of the sad accidents which marred that night, nor will I describe the illuminations, which were of course far grander in the City and West End than on the south of the river. I will but give my own experience; and that of hundreds, if not thousands more. London Bridge, with its magnificent decorations, was to be illuminated, and of course, all Borough people intended to see it. The accidents of that night taught a le son, happily learnt and adhered to since, to forbid carriage traffic on such occasions. A large party of friends from the suburbs had hired a light open waggon, which we joined, and up the Borough from Kennington we made our way. One of the party more waywise than the others, as we saw the crowds of vehicles in front and the crowds still pressing on behind, suggested our turning off at Westminster Road, making the western tour first, and

returning by London Bridge. But this idea was rejected, and on we went on our tedious way. I cannot say that we saw *no* illuminations, for the triumphal arch in the Boro' was illuminated; but we never reached London Bridge, and after eight hours wandering, almost frozen with the cold of a March night, like John Gilpin "where I did first get up I did at last get down," for close to our own house the waggon stopped hopelessly, and on getting out and running home I discovered some of our party, who had left us hours before and gone on an exploring journey on foot, waiting comfortably for us by the fire.

Of the result of the marriage on that day celebrated, we can speak thankfully, we know that the heroine of the day has never belied her promised sweetness, and that she has proved her goodness to be equal to her beauty, and has never lost the high place she on that day won in the affections of the people.

With this the latest historical procession through our Borough I end my story. I can but hope that in years to come, if any one takes up the pen to pursue the same subject, they may have to tell of the raising of the masses, of the brightening of their homes, of the wholesomeness of their amusements, of the improvement in the street architecture, and last, though not least, my own heart's desire, the restored glory of St. Saviour's Church. And though I have never professed to do more than select the most picturesque incidents which mark the life of Southwark, and have never intended to do more than trace its story, leaving its statistical and industrial history to other hands. I cannot but hope that those who have followed me have learned to take more interest in their home, and to look with more respect on our ancient Borough.